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SHAKESPEARE REPRINTS.

II.

HAMLET

PARALLEL TEXTS

OF THE

FIRST AND SECOND QUARTOS AND THE FIRST FOLIO.

EDITED BY

WILHELM VIETOR, PH. D.

Professor in the University of Marburg.

MARBURG

N. G. ELWERT'SCHE VERLAGSBUCHHANDLUNG.

1891.

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PROVO, UTAH

PREFACE.

THE aim of the present volume is simply to place before the reader exact reprints of the two earliest Quartos and the first Folio text of *Hamlet* arranged in parallel columns for ready reference. Collations of other editions would, of course, also have been desirable, but as these would have inconveniently swelled the bulk of the volume, and are easily accessible in the *Cambridge Edition*, or in Furness's *Variorum Shakespeare*, they have been dispensed with.

The First Quarto (Q_1), of 1603, is here reprinted from the facsimile in photo-lithography by W. Griggs, reproduced from the Duke of Devonshire's copy, the last leaf, which is wanting in the Duke's copy, being supplied from that in the British Museum. Its title is as follows:

> THE | Tragicall Hiſtorie of | HAMLET | *Prince of Denmarke* | By William Shake-ſpeare. | As it hath beene diuerſe times acted by his Highneſſe ſer- | uants in the Cittie of London: as alſo in the two V- | niuerſities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elſe-where | [*Vignette.*] | At London printed for N. L. and Iohn Trundell. | 1603.

Our reprint of the Second Quarto (Q_2), of 1604, is likewise made from Mr. Griggs's facsimile in photo-lithography of the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the original, with the following title-page:

> *THE* | Tragicall Hiſtorie of | HAMLET, | *Prince of Denmarke.* | By William Shakeſpeare. | Newly imprinted and enlarged to almoſt as much | againe as it was, according to the true and perfect | Coppie. | [*Vignette.*] | AT LONDON, | Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be ſold at his | ſhoppe vnder Saint Dunſtons Church in | Fleetſtreet. 1604.

The First Folio text (of 1623) has been taken from the Reduced Facsimile Edition by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps (London 1876). In correcting the proof-sheets, the reprint made by Lionel Booth (London 1864) has been collated throughout, and on all doubtful points the British Museum copy C. 39. i. 12 of the original has been consulted, either by myself (for pp. 1—160), or by Dr. Wieck (for pp. 161—317).

In addition to the numbers of the pages in the original texts, those of the acts, scenes, and lines in the Globe Edition have been marked in the margin (left side).

A list of corrections and notes will be found at the end of the volume.

W. V.

HAMLET.

The Tragicall Hiſtorie of
HAMLET
Prince of Denmarke (Q_1).

Globe
I. i.

Enter two Centinels.

1. STand: who is that?
2. Tis I.

1. O you come moſt carefully vpon your watch,

2. And if you meete *Marcellus* and *Horatio*,
The partners of my watch, bid them make haſte.
1. I will: See who goes there.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And leegemen to the Dane,

THE TRAGEDIE OF
HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke (F_1).

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Globe
I. i.

Enter Barnardo and Franciſco two Centinels.

Barnardo.

WHo's there?

Fran. Nay anſwer me: Stand & vnfold your ſelfe.

Bar. Long liue the King.
Fran. *Barnardo?*
Bar. He.

The Tragedie of
HAMLET
Prince of Denmarke (Q_2).

obe
. i.

Enter Barnardo, and Franciſco, two Centinels.

Bar. VVHoſe there?
Fran. Nay anſwere me. Stand and vnfolde your ſelfe.
Bar. Long liue the King,
Fran. *Barnardo.*
Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come moſt carefully vpon your houre,
Bar. Tis now ſtrooke twelfe, get thee to bed *Franciſco*,
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
And I am ſick at hart.
Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouſe ſtirring.
Bar. Well, good night:
If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The riualls of my watch, bid them make haſt.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, ſtand ho, who is there?
Hora. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leedgemen to the Dane,
Fran. Giue you good night.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Fran. You come moſt carefully vpon your houre.
Bar. 'Tis now ſtrook twelue, get thee to bed *Franciſco*.
Fran. For this releefe much thankes: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am ſicke at heart.
Barn. Haue you had quiet Guard?
Fran. Not a Mouſe ſtirring.
Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make haſt.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.
Fran. Giue you goód night.

I. i.

O farewell honeſt ſouldier, who hath releeued you?
1. *Barnardo* hath my place, giue you good night.
Mar. Holla, *Barnardo.*
2. Say, is *Horatio* there?
Hor. A peece of him.
2. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*
Mar. What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.
2. I haue ſeene nothing.
Mar. Horatio ſayes tis but our fantaſie,
And wil not let beliefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight twice ſeene by vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him a long with vs [3
To watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approoue our eyes, and ſpeake to it.
Hor. Tut, t'will not appeare.
2. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe
Affaile your eares that are ſo fortified,
What we haue two nights ſeene.

Hor. Wel, ſit we downe, and let vs heare *Bernardo* ſpeake of this.
2. Laſt night of al, when yonder ſtarre that's weſtward from the pole, had made his coarſe to
Illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes,
The bell then towling one.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Mar. O farwel honeſt Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?
Fra. *Barnardo* ha's my place: giue you goodnight.
Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla *Barnardo.*
Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Hor. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*
Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.
Bar. I haue ſeene nothing.
Mar. Horatio ſaies, 'tis but our Fantaſie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded ſight, twice ſeene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,

. i.

Mar. O, farwell honeſt ſouldiers, who hath relieu'd you?
Fran. *Barnardo* hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*
Mar. Holla, *Barnardo.* [3
Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Hora. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,
Hora. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night?
Bar. I haue ſeene nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* ſaies tis but our fantaſie,
And will not let beliefe take holde of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight twice ſeene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this appariſion come,
He may approoue our eyes and ſpeake to it.
Hora. Tuſh, tuſh, twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe aſſaile your eares,
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we haue two nights ſeene.
Hora. Well, ſit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* ſpeake of this.
Bar. Laſt night of all,
When yond ſame ſtarre thats weaſtward from the pole,
Had made his courſe t'illume that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my ſelfe
The bell then beating one.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approue our eyes, and ſpeake to it.
Hor. Tuſh, tuſh, 'twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a-while,
And let vs once againe aſſaile your eares,
That are ſo fortified againſt our Story,
What we two Nights haue ſeene.
Hor. Well, ſit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* ſpeake of this.
Barn. Laſt night of all,
When yond ſame Starre that's Weſtward from the Pole
Had made his courſe t'illume that part of Heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my ſelfe, [152b
The Bell then beating one.

l. i.

Enter Ghoſt.

Mar. Breake off your talke, ſee where it comes againe.
2. In the ſame figure like the King that's dead,
Mar. Thou art a ſcholler, ſpeake to it H*oratio.*
2. Lookes it not like the king?
Hor. Moſt like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.
2. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Queſtion it H*oratio.*
Hor. What art thou that thus vſurps the ſtate, in
Which the Maieſtie of buried *Denmarke* did ſometimes
Walke? By heauen I charge thee ſpeake.

Mar. It is offended. *exit Ghoſt.*
2. See, it ſtalkes away.
Hor. Stay, ſpeake, ſpeake, by heauen I charge thee ſpeake.
Mar. Tis gone and makes no anſwer.
2. How now H*oratio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this ſomething more than fantaſie?
What thinke you on't?
Hor. Afore my God, I might not his beleeue, without the ſenſible and true auouch of my owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King? [4
Hor. As thou art to thy ſelfe,
Such was the very armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Mar. Peace, breake thee of: *Enter the Ghoſt.*
Looke where it comes againe.
Barn. In the ſame figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholler; ſpeake to it *Horatio.*
Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio.*
Hora. Moſt like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder
Barn. It would be ſpoke too.
Mar. Queſtion it *Horatio.*
Hor. What art thou that vſurp'ſt this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Maieſty of buried Denmarke
Did ſometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee ſpeake.
Mar. It is offended.

I. i.

Enter Ghoſt.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.
Bar. In the ſame figure like the King thats dead.
Mar. Thou art a ſcholler, ſpeake to it *Horatio.*
Bar. Lookes a not like the King? marke it *Horatio.*
Hora. Moſt like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.
Bar. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Speake to it *Horatio.*
Hora. What art thou that vſurpſt this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maieſtie of buried Denmarke
Did ſometimes march, by heauen I charge thee ſpeake.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it ſtaukes away.
Hora. Stay, ſpeake, ſpeake, I charge thee ſpeake. *Exit Ghoſt.* [4

Mar. Tis gone and will not anſwere.
Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this ſomthing more then phantaſie?
What thinke you-ont?
Hora. Before my God I might not this belieue,
Without the ſencible and true auouch
Of mine owne eies.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hora. As thou art to thy ſelfe.
Such was the very Armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Barn. See, it ſtalkes away.
Hor. Stay: ſpeake; ſpeake: I Charge thee, ſpeake.
Exit the Ghoſt.
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer.
Barn. How now *Horatio?* You tremble & look pale:
Is not this ſomething more then Fantaſie?
What thinke you on't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleeue
Without the ſenſible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy ſelfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th'Ambitions Norwey combatted:

[l. i.

So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He ſmot the ſleaded pollax on the yce,
Tis ſtrange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead hower,
With Marſhall ſtalke he paſſed through our watch.

Hor. In what particular to worke, I know not,
But in the thought and ſcope of my opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to the ſtate.

Mar. Good, now ſit downe, and tell me he that knowes
Why this ſame ſtrikt and moſt obſeruant watch,
So nightly toyles the ſubiect of the land,
And why ſuch dayly coſt of brazen Cannon
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why ſuch impreſſe of ſhip-writes, whoſe ſore taske
Does not diuide the ſunday from the weeke:
What might be toward that this ſweaty march
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. Mary that can I, at leaſt the whiſper goes ſo,
Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-
Braſſe of *Norway*,

Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulous cauſe, dared to
The combate, in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteemed him,
Did ſlay this Fortenbraſſe,
Who by a ſeale compact well ratified, by law

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He ſmot the ſledded Pollax on the Ice.
'Tis ſtrange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iuſt at this dead houre,
With Martiall ſtalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the groſſe and ſcope of my Opinion,
This boades ſome ſtrange erruption to our State.

Mar. Good now ſit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſeruant Watch,
So nightly toyles the ſubiect of the Land,
And why ſuch dayly Caſt of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:

I. i.

So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He ſmot the ſleaded pollax on the ice.
Tis ſtrange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead houre,
With martiall ſtauke hath he gone by our watch.
Hora. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the groſſe and ſcope of mine opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our ſtate.
Mar. Good now ſit downe, and tell me he that knowes,
Why this ſame ſtrikt and moſt obſeruant watch
So nightly toiles the ſubiect of the land,
And with ſuch dayly coſt of brazon Cannon
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why ſuch impreſſe of ſhip-writes, whoſe ſore taske
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward that this ſweaty haſt
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who iſt that can informe mee?
Hora. That can I.
At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo; our laſt King,
Whoſe image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was as you knowe by *Fortinbraſſe* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteemd him)
Did ſſay this *Fortinbraſſe*, who by a ſeald compact
Well ratified by lawe and heraldy

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Why ſuch impreſſe of Ship-wrights, whoſe ſore Taske
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſt
Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?
Hor. That can I,
At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo: Our laſt King, [153a
Whoſe Image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a moſt emulate Pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras*: who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,

I. i.

And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all thoſe
His lands which he ſtoode ſeazed of by the conqueror,
Againſt the which a moity competent,
Was gaged by our King:

Now ſir, yong Fortenbraſſe,
Of inapproued mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here und there, [5
Sharkt vp a ſight of lawleſſe Reſolutes
For food and diet to ſome enterpriſe,
That hath a ſtomacke in't: and this (I take it) is the
Chiefe head and ground of this our watch.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Did forfeite (with his life) all thoſe his Lands
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
Againſt the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he bin Vanquiſher, as by the ſame Cou'nant
And carriage of the Article deſigne,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now ſir, young *Fortinbras*,
Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,

I. i.

Did forfait (with his life) all theſe his lands [5
Which he ſtood ſeaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Againſt the which a moitie competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbraſſe*,
Had he bin vanquiſher; as by the ſame comart,
And carriage of the article deſſeigne,
His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young *Fortinbraſſe*
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there
Sharkt vp a lift of laweleſſe reſolutes
For foode and diet to ſome enterpriſe
That hath a ſtomacke in't, which is no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our ſtate
But to recouer of vs by ſtrong hand
And tearmes compulſatory, thoſe foreſaid lands
So by his father loſt; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The ſource of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this poſt haſt and Romadge in the land.
Bar. I thinke it be no other, but enſo;
Well may it ſort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ſo like the King
That was and is the queſtion of theſe warres.
Hora. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:
In the moſt high and palmy ſtate of Rome,
A little ere the mightieſt *Iulius* fell
The graues ſtood tennatleſſe, and the ſheeted dead
Did ſqueake and gibber in the Roman ſtreets
As ſtarres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
Diſaſters in the ſunne; and the moiſt ſtarre,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Shark'd vp a Lift of Landleſſe Reſolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to ſome Enterprize
That hath a ſtomacke in't: which is no other
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recouer of vs by ſtrong hand
And termes Compulſatiue, thoſe foreſaid Lands
So by his Father loſt: and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations,
The Sourſe of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this poſt-haſt, and Romage in the Land.

I. i.

Enter the Ghoſt.

But loe, behold, ſee where it comes againe,
Ile croſſe it, though it blaſt me: ſtay illuſion,

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may doe eaſe to thee, and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy countries fate,
Which happly foreknowing may preuent, O ſpeake to me,

Or if thou haſt extorted in thy life,
Or hoorded treaſure in the wombe of earth,
For which they ſay you Spirites oft walke in death, ſpeake to me, ſtay and ſpeake, ſpeake, ſtoppe it *Marcellus.*

2. Tis heere. *exit Ghoſt.*
Hor. Tis heere.
Marc. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being ſo maieſticall, to offer it the ſhew of violence,
For it is as the ayre invelnorable,
And our vaine blowes malitious mockery.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Enter Ghoſt againe.

But ſoft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:
Ile croſſe it, though it blaſt me. Stay Illuſion:
If thou haſt any ſound, or vſe of Voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me; ſpeak to me.
If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) Oh ſpeake.
Or, if thou haſt vp-hoorded in thy life
Extorted Treaſure in the wombe of Earth,

I. i.

Vpon whoſe influence *Neptunes* Empier ſtands,
Was ſicke almoſt to doomeſday with eclipſe.
And euen the like precurſe of feare euents
As harbindgers preceading ſtill the fates
And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
Haue heauen and earth together demonſtrated
Vnto our Climatures and countrymen.

Enter Ghoſt.

But ſoft, behold, loe where it comes againe [G
Ile croſſe it though it blaſt mee: ſtay illuſion, *It ſpreads*
If thou haſt any ſound or vſe of voyce, *his armes.*
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee doe eaſe, and grace to mee,
Speake to me.
If thou art priuie to thy countries fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd
O ſpeake:
Or if thou haſt vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the wombe of earth
For which they ſay your ſpirits oft walke in death. *The cocke*
Speake of it, ſtay and ſpeake, ſtop it *Marcellus.* *crowes.*

Mar. Shall I ſtrike it with my partizan?

Hor. Doe if it will not ſtand.

Bar. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone.

We doe it wrong being ſo Maieſticall
To offer it the ſhowe of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

(For which, they ſay, you Spirits oft walke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and ſpeake. Stop it *Marcellus.*

Mar. Shall I ſtrike at ir with my Partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.

Barn. 'Tis heere.

Hor. 'Tis heere.

Mar. 'Tis gone. *Exit Ghoſt.*

We do it wrong, being ſo Maieſticall
To offer it the ſhew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.

I. i.

2. It was about to ſpeake when the Cocke crew.
Hor. And then it faded like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull ſummons: I haue heard
The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning,
Doth with his earely and ſhrill crowing throate,
Awake the god of day, and at his ſound,
Whether in earth or ayre, in ſea or fire,
The ſtrauagant and erring ſpirite hies
To his confines, and of the trueth heereof
This preſent obiect made probation.
Marc. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,
Some ſay, that euer gainſt that ſeaſon comes,
Wherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning ſingeth all night long, [6
And then they ſay, no ſpirite dare walke abroade,
The nights are wholeſome, then no planet ſtrikes,
No Fairie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charme,
So gratious, and ſo hallowed is that time.
Hor. So haue I heard, and doe in parte beleeue it:
But ſee the Sunne in ruſſet mantle clad,
Walkes ore the deaw of yon hie mountaine top,
Breake we our watch vp, and by my aduiſe,
Let vs impart what wee haue ſeene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*: for vpon my life
This Spirite dumbe to vs will ſpeake to him:
Do you conſent, wee ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needefull in our loue, fitting our duetie?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Barn. It was about to ſpeake, when the Cocke crew.
Hor. And then it ſtarted, like a guilty thing
Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding Throate
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hyes
To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,
This preſent Obiect made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
Some ſayes, that euer 'gainſt that Seaſon comes
Wherein our Sauiours Birth is celebrated,

I. i.

Bar. It was about to ſpeake when the cock crewe.
Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull ſummons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill ſounding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or ayre
Th'extrauagant and erring ſpirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This preſent obiect made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some ſay that euer gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning ſingeth all night long,
And then they ſay no ſpirit dare ſturre abraode
The nights are wholſome, then no plannets ſtrike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme
So hallowed, and ſo gratious is that time. [7
Hora. So haue I heard and doe in part belieue it,
But looke the morne in ruſſet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eaſtward hill
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduiſe
Let vs impart what we haue ſeene to night
Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vppon my life
This ſpirit dumb to vs, will ſpeake to him:
Doe you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

The Bird of Dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then (they ſay) no Spirit can walke abroad,
The nights are wholſome, then no Planets ſtrike,
No Faiery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:
So hallow'd, and ſo gracious is the time. [153ᵇ
Hor. So haue I heard, and do in part beleeue it.
But looke, the Morne in Ruſſet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Eaſterne Hill,
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice
Let vs impart what we haue ſeene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*. For vpon my life,
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will ſpeake to him:
Do you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?

l. i. *Marc.* Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know,
Where we ſhall finde him moſt conueniently.

l. ii. *Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Leartes, Corambis, and the two Ambaſſadors, with Attendants.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we ſhall finde him moſt conueniently. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

II. ii. *Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Siſter Ophelia, Lords Attendant.*

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death
The memory be greene: and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet ſo farre hath Diſcretion fought with Nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow thinke on him,

I. i.

Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
Where we ſhall find him moſt conuenient. *Exeunt.*

. ii. *Floriſh. Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertradt he Queene, Counſaile: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes, Hamlet, Cum Alijs.*

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death
The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our harts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe
Yet ſo farre hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrowe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our ſelues:
Therefore our ſometime Sifter, now our Queene
Th'imperiall ioyntreſſe to this warlike ſtate
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auſpitious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirdge in marriage,
In equall ſcale waighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue we heerein bard
Your better wiſdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now followes that you knowe young *Fortinbraſſe*,
Holding a weake ſuppoſall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our ſtate to be diſioynt, and out of frame

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Together with remembrance of our ſelues.
Therefore our ſometimes Sifter, now our Queen,
Th'Imperiall Ioyntreſſe of this warlike State,
Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated ioy,
With one Auſpicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife; nor haue we heerein barr'd
Your better Wiſedomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weake ſuppoſall of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be diſioynt, and out of Frame,

I. ii.

King. Lordes, we here haue writ to *Fortenbraſſe*,
Nephew to olde *Norway*, who impudent
And bed-rid, ſcarcely heares of this his
Nephews purpoſe: and Wee heere diſpatch

Yong good *Cornelia*, and you *Voltemar*
For bearers of theſe greetings to olde
Norway, giuing to you no further perſonall power
To buſineſſe with the King,
Then thoſe related articles do ſhew:
Farewell, and let your haſte commend your dutie.
Gent. In this and all things will wee ſhew our dutie.
King. Wee doubt nothing, hartily farewel:
And now *Leartes* what's the newes with you?
You ſaid you had a ſute what i'ſt *Leartes?*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Colleagued with the dreame of his Aduantage;
He hath not fayl'd to peſter vs with Meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe Lands
Loſt by his Father: with all Bonds of Law
To our moſt valiant Brother. So much for him.
Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.
Now for our ſelfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the buſineſſe is. We haue heere writ
To Norway, Vncle of young *Fortinbras*,
Who Impotent and Bedrid, ſcarſely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpoſe, to ſuppreſſe
His further gate heerein. In that the Leuies,
The Lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubiect: and we heere diſpatch

I. ii.

Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage
He hath not faild to peſtur vs with meſſage
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his father, with all bands of lawe
To our moſt valiant brother, ſo much for him:
Now for our ſelfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the buſines is, we haue heere writ
To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbraſſe*
Who impotent and bedred ſcarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpoſe; to ſuppreſſe
His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
The lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubiect, and we heere diſpatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giuing to you no further perſonall power
To buſines with the King, more then the ſcope
Of theſe delated articles allowe:
Farwell, and let your haſt commend your dutie.

Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we ſhowe our dutie.

King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.
And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?
You told vs of ſome ſute, what iſt *Laertes?*
You cannot ſpeake of reaſon to the Dane
And loſe your voyce; what wold'ſt thou begge *Laertes,?*
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy asking,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further perſonall power
To buſineſſe with the King, more then the ſcope
Of theſe dilated Articles allow:
Farewell and let your haſt commend your duty.

Volt. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.

And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?
You told vs of ſome ſuite. What is't *Laertes?* | 154a
You cannot ſpeake of Reaſon to the Dane,
And looſe your voyce. What would'ſt thou beg *Laertes*,
That ſhall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?

Lea: My gratious Lord, your fauorable licence,
Now that the funerall rites are all performed,
I may haue leaue to go againe to *France*, [7
For though the fauour of your grace might ſtay mee,
Yet ſomething is there whiſpers in my hart,
Which makes my minde and ſpirits bend all for *France*.

King: Haue you your fathers leaue, *Leartes?*

Cor. He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt,

And I beſeech you grant your Highneſſe leaue.

King With all our heart, *Leartes* fare thee well.

Lear. I in all loue and dutie take my leaue.

King. And now princely Sonne *Hamlet*, *Exit*.
What meanes theſe ſad and melancholy moodes?
For your intent going to *Wittenberg*,
Wee hold it moſt vnmeet and vnconuenient,
Being the Ioy and halfe heart of your mother.
Therefore let mee intreat you ſtay in Court,
All *Denmarkes* hope our cooſin and deareſt Sonne.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

The Head is not more Natiue to the Heart,
The Hand more Inſtrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
What would'ſt thou haue *Laertes?*

Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To ſhew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your Fathers leaue?
What ſayes *Pollonius?*

I. ii.

The head is not more natiue to the hart
The hand more inſtrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,
What would'ſt thou haue *Laertes?*

Laer. My dread Lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to Fraunce,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,
To ſhowe my dutie in your Coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty done
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe toward Fraunce
And bowe them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what ſaies *Polonius?*

Polo. Hath my Lord wroung from me my ſlowe leaue
By labourſome petition, and at laſt
Vpon his will I ſeald my hard conſent,
I doe beſeech you giue him leaue to goe. [9

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will:
But now my Coſin *Hamlet*, and my ſonne.

Ham. A little more then kin, and leſſe then kind.

King. How is it that the clowdes ſtill hang on you.

Ham. Not ſo much my Lord, I am too much in the ſonne.

Queene. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids
Seeke for thy noble Father in the duſt,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Pol. He hath my Lord:
I do beſeech you giue him leaue to go.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will:
But now my Coſin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?

Ham. A little more then kin, and leſſe then kinde.

King. How is it that the Clouds ſtill hang on you?

Ham. Not ſo my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye look like a Friend on Denmarke.
Do not for euer with thy veyled lids
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the duſt;

I. ii.

Ham. My lord, ti's not the fable ſute I weare:
No nor the teares that ſtill ſtand in my eyes,

Nor the diſtracted hauiour in the viſage,
Nor all together mixt with outward ſemblance,
Is equall to the ſorrow of my heart,
Him haue I loſt I muſt of force forgoe,

Theſe but the ornaments and ſutes of woe.
King This ſhewes a louing care in you, Sonne *Hamlet,*

But you muſt thinke your father loſt a father,
That father dead, loſt his, and ſo ſhalbe vntill the
Generall ending. Therefore ceaſe laments,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Thou know'ſt 'tis common, all that liues muſt dye,
Paſſing through Nature, to Eternity.
Ham. I Madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be;
Why ſeemes it ſo particular with thee.
Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Cuſtomary ſuites of ſolemne Blacke,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,
Nor the deiected hauiour of the Viſage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, ſhewes of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed Seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:

I. ii.

Thou know'ſt tis common all that liues muſt die,
Paſsing through nature to eternitie.
Ham. I Maddam, it is common.
Quee. If it be
VVhy ſeemes it ſo perticuler with thee.
Ham. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not ſeemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother
Nor cuſtomary ſuites of ſolembe blacke
Nor windie ſuſpiration of forſt breath
No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye,
Nor the deiected hauior of the viſage
Together with all formes, moodes, chapes of griefe
That can deuote me truely, theſe indeede ſeeme,
For they are actions that a man might play
But I haue that within which paſſes ſhowe
Theſe but the trappings and the ſuites of woe.
King. Tis ſweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To giue theſe mourning duties to your father
But you muſt knowe your father loſt a father,
That father loſt, loſt his, and the ſuruiuer bound
In filliall obligation for ſome tearme
To doe obſequious ſorrowe, but to perſeuer
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornes, tis vnmanly griefe,
It ſhowes a will moſt incorrect to heauen
A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient
An vnderſtanding ſimple and vnſchoold

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

But I haue that Within, which paſſeth ſhow;
Theſe, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.
King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable
In your Nature *Hamlet*,
To giue theſe mourning duties to your Father:
But you muſt know, your Father loſt a Father,
That Father loſt, loſt his, and the Suruiuer bound
In filiall Obligation, for ſome terme
To do obſequious Sorrow. But to perſeuer
In obſtinate Condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſſe. 'Tis vnmanly greefe,
It ſhewes a will moſt incorrect to Heauen,
A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,
An Vnderſtanding ſimple, and vnſchool'd:

I. ii.

It is a fault gainſt heauen, fault gainſt the dead,
A fault gainſt nature, and in reaſons
Common courſe moſt certaine,
None liues on earth, but hee is borne to die.

Que. Let not thy mother looſe her praiers H*amlet*,
Stay here with vs, go not to *Wittenberg*.
Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obay you madam.
King Spoke like a kinde and a moſt louing Sonne,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

For, what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſence,
Why ſhould we in our peeuiſh Oppoſition
Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
A fault againſt the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common Theame
Is death of Fathers, and who ſtill hath cried,
From the firſt Coarſe, till he that dyed to day,
This muſt be ſo. We pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs [154b
As of a Father; For let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our Throne,
And with no leſſe Nobility of Loue,
Then that which deereſt Father beares his Sonne,

I. ii.

For what we knowe muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſence, [10
Why ſhould we in our peuiſh oppoſition
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theame
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cryed
From the firſt courſe, till he that died to day
This muſt be ſo: we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the moſt imediate to our throne,
And with no leſſe nobilitie of loue
Then that which deareſt father beares his ſonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent
In going back to ſchoole in *Wittenberg.*
It is moſt retrogard to our deſire,
And we beſeech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, coſin, und our ſonne.

Quee. Let not thy mother looſe her prayers *Hamlet,*
I pray thee ſtay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg.*

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obay you Madam.

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our ſelfe in Denmarke, Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my hart, in grace whereof,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire:
And we beſeech you, bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheefeſt Courtier Coſin, and our Sonne.

Qu. Let not thy Mother loſe her Prayers *Hamlet*:
I prythee ſtay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt
Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
Be as our ſelfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart; in grace whereof,

I. ii.

And there's no health the King ſhall drinke to day,
But the great Canon to the clowdes ſhall tell [8
The rowſe the King ſhall drinke vnto Prince H*amlet.*

Exeunt all but H*amlet.*

Ham. O that this too much grieu'd and ſallied fleſh
Would melt to nothing, or that the vniuerſall
Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!
O God within two moneths; no not two: maried,
Mine vncle: O let me not thinke of it,
My fathers brother: but no more like
My father, then I to *Hercules.*
Within two months, ere yet the ſalt of moſt
Vnrighteous teares had left their fluſhing
In her galled eyes: ſhe married, O God, a beaſt
Deuoyd of reaſon would not haue made
Such ſpeede: Frailtie, thy name is Woman,
Why ſhe would hang on him, as if increaſe
Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.
O wicked wicked ſpeede, to make ſuch
Dexteritie to inceſtuous ſheetes,
Ere yet the ſhooes were olde,
The which ſhe followed my dead fathers corſe
Like *Nyobe*, all teares: married, well it is not,
Nor it cannot come to good:
But breake my heart, for I muſt holde my tongue.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clowds ſhall tell,
And the Kings Rouce, the Heauens ſhall bruite againe,
Reſpeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too ſolid Fleſh, would melt,
Thaw, and reſolue it ſelfe into a Dew:
Or that the Euerlaſting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainſt Selfe-ſlaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seemes to me all the vſes of this world?
Fie on't? O fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and groſſe in Nature
Poſſeſſe it meerely. That it should come to this:

I. ii.

No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the cloudes ſhall tell.
And the Kings rowſe the heauen ſhall bruit againe,
Reſpeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Floriſh.* *Exeunt all,*
Ham. O that this too too ſallied fleſh would melt, *but Hamlet.*
Thaw and reſolue it ſelfe into a dewe,
Or that the euerlaſting had not fixt
His cannon gainſt ſeale ſlaughter, ô God, God,
How wary, ſtale, flat, vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vſes of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden
That growes to ſeede, things rancke and groſe in nature,
Poſſeſſe it meerely that it ſhould come thus.
But two months dead, nay not ſo much, not two, [11
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a ſatire, ſo louing to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen
Viſite her face too roughly, heauen and earth
Muſt I remember, why ſhe ſhould hang on him
As if increaſe of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman
A little month or ere thoſe ſhooes were old
With which ſhe followed my poore fathers bodie
Like *Niobe* all teares, why ſhe
O God, a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

But two months dead: Nay, not ſo much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a Satyre: ſo louing to my Mother,
That he might not beteene the windes of heauen
Viſit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Muſt I remember: why ſhe would hang on him,
As if encreaſe of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere thoſe ſhooes were old,
With which ſhe followed my poore Fathers body
Like *Niobe,* all teares. Why ſhe, euen ſhe.
(O Heauen! A beaſt that wants diſcourſe of Reaſon
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,

I. ii.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Hor. Health to your Lordſhip.

Ham. I am very glad to ſee you, (Horatio) or I much forget my ſelfe.

Hor. The ſame my Lord, and your poore ſeruant euer.

Ham. O my good friend, I change that name with you: but what make you from *Wittenberg* Horatio?
Marcellus.

Marc. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to ſee you, good euen ſirs:
But what is your affaire in *Elſenoure?*
Weele teach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.

Hor. A trowant diſpoſition, my good Lord. [9

Ham. Nor ſhall you make mee truſter
Of your owne report againſt your ſelfe:
Sir, I know you are no trowant:
But what is your affaire in *Elſenoure?*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to *Hercules.* Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt vnrighteous Teares
Had left the fluſhing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to Inceſtuous ſheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordſhip.

Ham. I am glad to ſee you well:
Horatio, or I do forget my ſelfe.

Hor. The ſame my Lord,
And your poore Seruant euer.

I. ii.

My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Hercules*, within a month,
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt vnrighteous teares,
Had left the fluſhing in her gauled eyes
She married, ô moſt wicked ſpeede; to poſt
With ſuch dexteritie to inceſtious ſheets,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my hart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordſhip.

Ham. I am glad to ſee you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my ſelfe.

Hora. The ſame my Lord, and your poore ſeruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from *Wittenberg Horatio?*
Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to ſee you, (good euen ſir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg?*

Hora. A truant diſpoſition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enimie ſay ſo,
Nor ſhall you doe my eare that violence
To make it truſter of your owne report
Againſt your ſelfe, I knowe you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elſonoure?*
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F$_1$).

Ham. Sir my good friend,
Ile change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio?*
Marcellus. [155a

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to ſee you: good euen Sir.
But what in faith make you from *Wittemberge?*

Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not haue your Enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you doe mine eare that violence,
To make it truſter of your owne report
Againſt your ſelfe. I know you are no Truant:
But what is your affaire in *Elſenour?*
Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.

I. ii.

Hor. My good Lord, I came to ſee your fathers funerall.
Ham. O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow ſtudient,
I thinke it was to ſee my mothers wedding.
Hor. Indeede my Lord, it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, H*oratio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my deereſt foe in heauen
Ere euer I had ſeene that day *Horatio*;
O my father, my father, me thinks I ſee my father,
Hor. Where my Lord?
Ham. Why, in my mindes eye H*oratio*.
Hor. I ſaw him once, he was a gallant King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not looke vpon his like againe.
Hor. My Lord, I thinke I ſaw him yeſternight,
Ham. Saw, who?
Hor. My Lord, the King your father.
Ham. Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.
Hor. Ceaſen your admiration for a while
With an attentiue eare, till I may deliuer,
Vpon the witneſſe of theſe Gentlemen
This wonder to you.
Ham. For Gods loue let me heare it.
Hor. Two nights together had theſe Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vaſt and middle of the night.
Beene thus incountered by a figure like your father,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Hor. My Lord, I came to ſee your Fathers Funerall.
Ham. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)
I thinke it was to ſee my Mothers Wedding.
Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift *Horatio:* the Funerall Bakt-meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the Marriage Tables;
Would I had met my deareſt foe in heauen,
Ere I had euer ſeene that day *Horatio.*
My father, me thinkes I ſee my father.
Hor. Oh where my Lord?
Ham. In my minds eye (*Horatio*)
Hor. I ſaw him once; he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:
I ſhall not look vpon his like againe.

I. ii.

Hora. My Lord, I came to ſee your fathers funerall. | 12
Ham. I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe ſtudient,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.
Hora Indeede my Lord it followed hard vppon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my deareſt foe in heauen
Or euer I had ſeene that day *Horatio*,
My father, me thinkes I ſee my father.
Hora. Where my Lord?
Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio.*
Hora. I ſaw him once, a was a goodly King.
Ham. A was a man take him for all in all
I ſhall not looke vppon his like againe.
Hora. My Lord I thinke I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. ſaw, who?
Hora. My Lord the King your father.
Ham. The King my father?
Hora. Seaſon your admiration for a while
With an attent eare till I may deliuer
Vppon the witnes of theſe gentlemen
This maruile to you.
Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?
Hora. Two nights together had theſe gentlemen
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch
In the dead waſt and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Hor. My Lord, I thinke I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw? Who?
Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.
Ham. The King my Father?
Hor. Seaſon your admiration for a while
With an attent eare; till I may deliuer
Vpon the witneſſe of theſe Gentlemen,
This maruell to you.
Ham. For Heauens loue let me heare.
Hor. Two nights together, had theſe Gentlemen
(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch
In the dead waſt and middle of the night
Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,

I. ii.

Armed to poynt, exactly *Capapea*
Appeeres before them thrife, he walkes

Before their weake and feare oppreffed eies.
Within his tronchions length,
While they diftilled almoft to gelly.
With the act of feare ftands dumbe,
And fpeake not to him: this to mee
In dreadfull fecrefie impart they did.
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had deliuered forme of the thing.
Each part made true and good,
The Apparation comes: In knew your father,
Thefe handes are not more like.

Ham. Tis very ftrange.
Hor. As I do liue, my honord lord, tis true,
And wee did thinke it right done,
In our dutie to let you know it.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,
Appeares before them, and with follemne march
Goes flow and ftately: By them thrice he walkt,
By their oppreft and feare-furprized eyes,
Within his Truncheons length; whilft they beftil'd
Almoft to Ielly with the Act of feare,
Stand dumbe and fpeake not to him. This to me
In dreadfull fecrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,
Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
Thefe hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?

I. ii.

Armed at poynt, exactly *Capapea*
Appeares before them, and with ſolemne march,
Goes ſlowe and ſtately by them; thrice he walkt
By their oppreſt and feare ſurpriſed eyes
Within his tronchions length, whil'ſt they diſtil'd
Almoſt to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and ſpeake not to him; this to me

In dreadfull ſecreſie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes: I knewe your father,
Theſe hands are not more like. [13
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord vppon the platforme where we watch
Ham. Did you not ſpeake to it?
Hora. My Lord I did,
But anſwere made it none, yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addreſſe
It ſelfe to motion like as it would ſpeake:
But euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſt away
And vaniſht from our ſight.
Ham. Tis very ſtrange.
Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true
And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie
To let you knowe of it.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watcht.
Ham. Did you not ſpeake to it?
Hor. My Lord, I did;
But anſwere made it none: yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addreſſe
It ſelfe to motion, like as it would ſpeake:
But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;
And at the ſound it ſhrunke in haſt away,
And vaniſht from our ſight.
Ham. Tis very ſtrange.
Hor. As I doe liue my honourd Lord 'tis true;
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.

I. ii.

Ham. Where was this?
Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watched.
Ham. Did you not ſpeake to it?
Hor. My Lord we did, but anſwere made it none,
Yet once me thought it was about to ſpeake,
And lifted vp his head to motion,
Like as he would ſpeake, but euen then
The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all haſte,
It ſhruncke in haſte away, and vaniſhed
Our ſight.
Ham. Indeed, indeed ſirs, but this troubles me:
Hold you the watch to night?
All We do my Lord.
Ham. Armed ſay ye?
All Armed my good Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. My good Lord, from head to foote.
Ham. Why then ſaw you not his face?
230 *Hor.* O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp.
Ham. How look't he, frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in ſorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, verie pal
Ham. And fixt his eies vpon you. [11
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Hor. It would a much amazed you.
Ham. Yea very like, very like, ſtaid it long?
Hor. While one with moderate pace
Might tell a hundred.
Mar. O longer, longer.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to Night? [155b
Both. We doe my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?
Both. Arm'd, my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My Lord, from head to foote.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?
230 *Hor.* O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.
Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?

I. ii.

Ham. Indeede Sirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?
All. We doe my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd ſay you?
All. Arm'd my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. My Lord from head to foote.
Ham. Then ſawe you not his face
Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.
Ham. What look't he frowningly?
Hora. A countenance more in ſorrow then in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hora. Nay very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?
Hora. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Hora. It would haue much a maz'd you.
Ham. Very like, ſtayd it long?
Hora. While one with moderate haſt might tell a hundreth
Both. Longer, longer.
Hora. Not when I ſaw't.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Hor. A countenance more in ſorrow then in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Hor. It would haue much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like, very like: ſtaid it long? (dred.
Hor. While one with moderate haſt might tell a hun-
All. Longer, longer.

I. ii.

Ham. His beard was grifleld, no.
Hor. It was as I haue ſeene it in his life,
A ſable ſiluer.
Ham. I wil watch to night, perchance t'wil walke againe.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble fathers perſon,
Ile ſpeake to it, if hell it ſelfe ſhould gape,
And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,
If you haue hither conſealed this ſight,
Let it be tenible in your ſilence ſtill,
And whatſoeuer elſe ſhall chance to night,
Giue it an vnderſtanding, but no tongue,
I will requit your loues, ſo fare you well,
Vpon the platforme, twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile viſit you.
All. Our duties to your honor. *exeunt.*
Ham. O your loues, your loues, as mine to you,
Farewell, my fathers ſpirit in Armes,
Well, all's not well. I doubt ſome foule play,
Would the night were come,
Till then, ſit ſtill my ſoule, foule deeds will riſe
Though all the world orewhelme them to mens eies. *Exit.*

I. iii. *Enter Leartes* and *Ofelia.*

Leart. My neceſſaries are inbarkt, I muſt aboord.
But ere I part, marke what I ſay to thee:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Hor. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His Beard was griſly? no.
Hor. It was, as I haue ſeene it in his life,
A Sable Siluer'd. (gaine.
Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a-
Hor. I warrant you it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble Fathers perſon,
Ile ſpeake to it, though Hell it ſelfe ſhould gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you haue hitherto conceald this ſight;
Let it bee treble in your ſilence ſtill:
And whatſoeuer els ſhall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderſtanding but no tongue;
I will requite your loues; ſo, fare ye well:

I. ii.

Ham. His beard was grifsl'd, no.
Hora. It was as I haue ſeene it in his life
A ſable ſiluer'd.
Ham. I will watch to nigh [14
Perchaunce twill walke againe.
Hora. I warn't it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble fathers perſon,
Ile ſpeake to it though hell it ſelfe ſhould gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this ſight
Let it be tenable in your ſilence ſtill,
And what ſomeuer els ſhall hap to night,
250 Giue it an vnderſtanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, ſo farre you well:
Vppon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelfe
Ile viſite you.
All. Our dutie to your honor. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loues, as mine to you, farwell.
My fathers ſpirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt ſome foule play, would the night were come,
Till then ſit ſtill my ſoule, fonde deedes will riſe
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes. *Exit.*

. iii. *Enter Laertes, and Opheliahis Sister.*

Laer. My neceſſaries are inbarckt, farwell,
And ſiſter, as the winds giue benefit

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile viſit you.
All. Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.
My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:
I doubt ſome foule play: would the Night were come;
Till then ſit ſtill my ſoule; foule deeds will riſe,
Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

. iii. *Laer.* My neceſſaries are imbark't; Farewell:
And Sifter, as the Winds giue Benefit,

I. iii.

I ſee Prince *Hamlet* makes a ſhew of loue
Beware *Ofelia*, do not truſt his vowes,
Perhaps he loues you now, and now his tongue,
Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my ſiſter, [12

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

And Conuoy is affiſtant; doe not ſleepe,
But let me heare from you.

Ophel. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauours,
Hold it a faſhion and a toy in Bloud;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;
Froward, not permanent; ſweet not laſting
The ſuppliance of a minute? No more.

Ophel. No more but ſo.

Laer. Thinke it no more.
For nature creſſant does not grow alone,
In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,
The inward ſeruice of the Minde and Soule

. iii.

And conuay, in aſsiſtant doe not ſleepe
But let me heere from you.
Ophe. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a faſhion, and a toy in blood
A Violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, ſweete, not laſting,
The perfume and ſuppliance of a minute
No more.
Ophe. No more but ſo.
Laer. Thinke it no more.
For nature creſſant does not growe alone
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward ſeruice of the minde and ſoule
Growes wide withall, perhapes he loues you now,
And now no ſoyle nor cautell doth beſmirch
The vertue of his will, but you muſt feare,
His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne, [15
He may not as vnualewed perſons doe,
Carue for himſelfe, for on his choiſe depends
The ſafty and health of this whole ſtate,
And therefore muſt his choiſe be circumſcribd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head, then if he ſaies he loues you.
It fits your wiſdome ſo farre to belieue it
As he in his particuler act and place
May giue his ſaying deede, which is no further

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,
And now no ſoyle nor cautell doth beſmerch
The vertue of his feare: but you muſt feare
His greatneſſe weigh'd, his will is not his owne; [156a
For hee himſelfe is ſubiect to his Birth:
Hee may not, as vnuallued perſons doe,
Carue for himſelfe; for, on his choyce depends
The ſanctity and health of the weole State.
And therefore muſt his choyce be circumſcrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he ſayes he loues you,
It fits your wiſedome ſo farre to beleeue it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May giue his ſaying deed: which is no further,

I. iii.

The Charieſt maide is prodigall enough,
If ſhe vnmaske hir beautie to the Moone.
Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious thoughts,
Belieu't *Ofelia*, therefore keepe a loofe
Leſt that he trip thy honor and thy fame.
Ofel. Brother, to this I haue lent attentiue eare,
And doubt not but to keepe my honour firme,
But my deere brother, do not you
Like to a cunning Sophiſter,
Teach me the path and ready way to heauen,
While you forgetting what is ſaid to me,
Your ſelfe, like to a careleſſe libertine
Doth giue his heart, his appetite at ful,
And little recks how that his honour dies.

Lear. No, feare it not my deere *Ofelia*,
Here comes my father, occaſion ſmiles vpon a ſecond leaue.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what loſſe your Honour may ſuſtaine,
If with too credent eare you lift his Songs;
Or loſe your Heart; or your chaſt Treaſure open
To his vnmaſtred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Siſter,
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
Out of the ſhot and danger of Deſire.
The charieſt Maid is Prodigall enough,
If ſhe vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:
Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtroakes,
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttons be diſclos'd,
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,

[. iii.

Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then way what loſſe your honor may ſuſtaine
If with too credent eare you lift his ſongs
Or looſe your hart, or your chaſt treaſure open
To his vnmaſtred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare ſiſter,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire,
"The charieſt maide is prodigall inough
If ſhe vnmaske her butie to the Moone
"Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes
"The canker gaules the infants of the ſpring
Too oft before their buttons be diſcloſ'd,
And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt iminent,
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in feare,
Youth to it ſelfe rebels, though non els neare.

Ophe. I ſhall the effect of this good leſſon keepe
As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
Doe not as ſome vngracious paſtors doe,
Showe me the ſtep and thorny way to heauen
Whiles a puſt, and reckles libertine
Himſelfe the primroſe path of dalience treads.
And reakes not his owne reed. *Enter Polonius.*

Laer. O feare me not,
I ſtay too long, but heere my father comes

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in feare;
Youth to it ſelfe rebels, though none elſe neere.

Ophe. I ſhall th'effect of this good Leſſon keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as ſome vngracious Paſtors doe,
Shew me the ſteepe and thorny way to Heauen;
Whilſt like a puſt and reckleſſe Libertine
Himſelfe, the Primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his owne reade.

Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I ſtay too long; but here my Father comes:

I. iii.

Enter Corambis.

Cor. Yet here *Leartes?* aboord, aboord, for ſhame,
The winde ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
And you are ſtaid for, there my bleſſing with thee
And theſe few precepts in thy memory.

"Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgare;
"Thoſe friends thou haſt, and their adoptions tried,
"Graple them to thee with a hoope of ſteele,
"But do not dull the palme with entertaine,
"Of euery new vnfleg'd courage,
"Beware of entrance into a quarrell; but being in,
"Beare it that the oppoſed may beware of thee,

"Coſtly thy apparrell, as thy purſe can buy.
"But not expreſt in faſhion,
"For the apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they of *France* of the chiefe rancke and ſtation
Are of a moſt ſelect and generall chiefe in that:

"This aboue all, to thy owne ſelfe be true,
And it muſt follow as the night the day,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

A double bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles vpon a ſecond leaue.

Polon. Yet heere *Laertes?* Aboord, aboord for ſhame,
The winde ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
And you are ſtaid for there: my bleſſing with you;
And theſe few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vnhatch't, vnfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in

I. iii.

A double bleſsing, is a double grace,
Occaſion ſmiles vpon a ſecond leaue.
Pol. Yet heere *Laertes?* a bord a bord for ſhame,
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile, [16
And you are ſtayed for, there my bleſsing with thee,
And theſe fewe precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familier, but by no meanes vulgar,
Thoſe friends thou haſt, and their a doption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy ſoule with hoopes of ſteele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnfledgd courage, beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'oppoſed may beware of thee,
Giue euery man thy eare, but fewe thy voyce,
Take each mans cenſure, but reſerue thy iudgement,
Coſtly thy habite as thy purſe can by,
But not expreſt in fancy; rich not gaudy,
For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man
And they in Fraunce of the beſt ranck and ſtation,
Or of a moſt ſelect and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looſes both it ſelfe, and friend,
And borrowing dulleth edge of huſbandry;
This aboue all, to thine owne ſelfe be true
And it muſt followe as the night the day

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Bear't that th'oppoſed may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans cenſure; but reſerue thy iudgement;
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy;
But not expreſt in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they in France of the beſt ranck and ſtation,
Are of a moſt ſelect and generous cheff in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft loſes both it ſelfe and friend:
And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
This aboue all; to thine owne ſelfe be true:
And it muſt follow, as the Night the Day,

I. iii.

Thou canſt not then be falſe to any one, [13
Farewel, my bleſſing with thee.
Lear. I humbly take my leaue, farewell *Ofelia*,
And remember well what I haue ſaid to you. *exit.*

Ofel. It is already lock't within my hart,
And you your ſelfe ſhall keepe the key of it.

Cor. What i'ſt *Ofelia* he hath ſaide to you?
Ofel. Somthing touching the prince *Hamlet.*
Cor. Mary wel thought on, t'is giuen me to vnderſtand,
That you haue bin too prodigall of your maiden preſence
Vnto Prince Hamlet, if it be ſo,
As ſo tis giuen to mee, and that in waie of caution
I muſt tell you; you do not vnderſtand your ſelfe
So well as befits my honor, and your credite.

Ofel. My lord, he hath made many tenders of his loue to me.
Cor. Tenders, I, I, tenders you may call them.
Ofel. And withall, ſuch earneſt vowes.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewell: my Bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee. [156b
Laer. Moſt humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord.
Polon. The time inuites you, goe, your ſeruants tend.
Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue ſaid to you.
Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your ſelfe ſhall keepe the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. *Exit Laer.*
Polon. What iſt *Ophelia* he hath ſaid to you?
Ophe. So pleaſe you, ſomthing touching the L. *Hamlet.*
Polon. Marry, well bethought:
Tis told me he hath very oft of late

I. iii.

Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man:
Farwell, my bleſsing ſeaſon this in thee.
Laer. Moſt humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.
Pol. The time inueſts you goe, your ſeruants tend.
Laer. Farwell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue ſayd to you.
Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt
And you your ſelfe ſhall keepe the key of it.
Laer. Farwell. *Exit Laertes.*
Pol. What iſt *Ophelia* he hath ſaid to you?
Ophe. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the Lord *Hamlet.*
Pol. Marry well bethought
Tis tolde me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you, and you your ſelfe
Haue of your audience beene moſt free and bountious.
If it be ſo, as ſo tis put on me, [17
And that in way of caution, I muſt tell you,
You doe not vnderſtand your ſelfe ſo cleerely
As it behooues my daughter, and your honor,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,
Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection, puh, you ſpeake like a greene girle
Vnſifted in ſuch perrilous circumſtance,
Doe you belieue his tenders as you call them?
Ophe. I doe not knowe my Lord what I ſhould thinke.
Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your ſelfe a babie

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Giuen priuate time to you; and you your ſelfe
Haue of your audience beene moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, as ſo tis put on me;
And that in way of caution: I muſt tell you,
You doe not vnderſtand your ſelfe ſo cleerely,
As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?
Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Polon. Affection, puh. You ſpeake like a greene Girle,
Vnſifted in ſuch perillous Circumſtance.
Doe you beleeue his tenders, as you call them?
Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I ſhould thinke.
Polon. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your ſelfe a Baby,

I. iii.

Cor. Springes to catch woodcocks,
What, do not I know when the blood doth burne,
How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vowes,
In briefe, be more ſcanter of your maiden preſence,
Or tendring thus you'l tender mee a foole.
Ofel. I ſhall obay my lord in all I may.
Cor. *Ofelia*, receiue none of his letters,
"For louers lines are ſnares to intrap the heart;
"Refuſe his tokens, both of them are keyes
To vnlocke Chaſtitie vnto Deſire:
Come in *Ofelia*, ſuch men often proue,
"Great in their wordes, but little in their loue.
Ofel. I will my lord. *exeunt.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſtarling. Tender your ſelfe more dearly;
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phraſe,
Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,
In honourable faſhion.

Polon. I, faſhion you may call it, go too, go too.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his ſpeech,
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.

Polon. I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Giues the tongue vowes: theſe blazes, Daughter,
Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,

I. iii.

That you haue tane theſe tenders for true pay
Which are not ſterling, tender your ſelfe more dearely
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phraſe
Wrong it thus) you'l tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable faſhion.

Pol. I, faſhion you may call it, go to, go to.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his ſpeech
My Lord, with almoſt all the holy vowes of heauen.

Pol. I, ſprings to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the ſoule
Lends the tongue vowes, theſe blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promiſe, as it is a making
You muſt not take for fire, from this time
Be ſomething ſcanter of your maiden preſence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a commaund to parle; for Lord *Hamlet*,
Belieue ſo much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tider may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in fewe *Ophelia*,
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inueſtments ſhowe
But meere imploratotors of vnholy ſuites
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguide: this is for all,
I would not in plaine tearmes from this time foorth

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Euen in their promiſe, as it is a making;
You muſt not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your Maiden preſence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeue ſo much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleeue his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inueſtments ſhow:
But meere implorators of vnholy Sutes,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,

I. iii.

I. iv. *Enter* Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites ſhrewd; it is an eager and
An nipping winde, what houre i'ſt?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelue, *Sound Trumpets.*
Mar. No, t'is ſtrucke.
Hor. Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord? [14

Ham. O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowſe,
Keepe waſſel, and the ſwaggering vp-ſpring reeles,
And as he dreames, his draughts of reniſh downe,
The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out,
The triumphes of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a cuſtome here?
Ham. I mary i'ſt and though I am
Natiue here, and to the maner borne,
It is a cuſtome, more honourd in the breach,
Then in the obſeruance.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Haue you ſo ſlander any moment leiſure,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:
Look too't, I charge you; come your wayes.
Ophe. I ſhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

I. iv. *Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.*

Ham. The Ayre bites ſhrewdly: is it very cold?
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.
Ham. What hower now?
Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelue.
Mar. No, it is ſtrooke. (ſeaſon,
Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the

I. iii.

Haue you ſo ſlaunder any moment leaſure [18
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.
Ophe. I ſhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

I. iv. *Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.*

Ham. The ayre bites ſhroudly, it is very colde.
Hora. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.
Ham. What houre now?
Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelfe.
Mar. No, it is ſtrooke.
Hora. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the ſeaſon,
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walke *A floriſh of trumpets*
What does this meane my Lord? *and 2. peeces goes of.*
Ham. The King doth wake to night and takes his rowſe.
Keepes waſſell and the ſwaggring vp-ſpring reeles:
And as he draines his drafts of Renniſh downe,
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hora. Is it a cuſtome?
Ham. I marry iſt,
But to my minde, though I am natiue heere
And to the manner borne, it is a cuſtome
More honourd in the breach, then the obſeruance.
This heauy headed reueale eaſt and weſt
Makes vs traduſt, and taxed of other nations,
They clip vs drunkards, and with Swiniſh phraſe
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marrow of our attribute,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.
What does this meane my Lord? (rouſe, [257a
Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
Keepes waſſels and the ſwaggering vpſpring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Reniſh downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.
Horat. Is it a cuſtome?
Ham. I marry iſt;
And to my mind, though I am natiue heere,
And to the manner borne: It is a Cuſtome
More honour'd in the breach, then the obſeruance.

Enter the Ghoſt.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Miniſters of grace defend vs,
Be thou a ſpirite of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heanen, or blaſts from hell:
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou commeſt in ſuch queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeake to thee,
Ile call thee *Hamlet*, King, Father, Royall Dane,
O anſwere mee, let mee not burſt in ignorance,
But ſay why thy canonizd bones hearſed in death
Haue burſt their ceremonies: why thy Sepulcher,
In which wee ſaw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath burſt his ponderous and marble Iawes,
To caſt thee vp againe: what may this meane,
That thou, dead corſe, againe in compleate ſteele,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Enter Ghoſt.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Miniſters of Grace defend vs:
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blaſts from Hell,
Be thy euents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape
That I will ſpeake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,

I. iv.

So oft it chaunces in particuler men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot chooſe his origin)
By their ore-grow'th of ſome complextion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reaſon,
Or by ſome habit, that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plauſiue manners, that theſe men
Carrying I ſay the ſtamp of one defect
Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes ſtarre, [19
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall cenſure take corruption
From that particuler fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of a doubt
To his owne ſcandle.

Enter Ghoſt.

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Miniſters of grace defend vs:
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, father, royall Dane, ô anſwere mee,
Let me not burſt in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearſed in death
Haue burſt their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly interr'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To caſt thee vp againe. what may this meane
That thou dead corſe, againe in compleat ſteele

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, anſwer me,
Let me not burſt in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearſed in death,
Haue burſt their cerments; why the Sepulcher
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,
To caſt thee vp againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarſe againe in compleat ſteele,

I. iv.

Reuiffets thus the glimſes of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature,
So horridely to ſhake our diſpoſition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſoules?
Say, ſpeake, wherefore, what may this meane?
Hor. It beckons you, as though it had ſomething
To impart to you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waues you to a more remoued ground,
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no meanes my Lord.
Ham. It will not ſpeake, then will I follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord.

That beckles ore his bace, into the ſea,
And there aſſume ſome other horrible ſhape,
Which might depriue your ſoueraigntie of reaſon,
And driue you into madneſſe: thinke of it.
Ham. Still am I called, go on, ile follow thee.
Hor. My Lord, you ſhall not go.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Reuiſits thus the glimpſes of the Moone,
Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we doe?
Ghoſt beckens Hamlet.
Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.
Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more remoued ground:
But doe not goe with it.
Hor. No, by no meanes.

I. iv.

Reuiſites thus the glimſes of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſoules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what ſhould we doe? *Beckins.*
Hora. It beckins you to goe away with it
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.
Mar. Looke with what curteous action
It waues you to a more remooued ground,
But doe not goe with it.
Hora. No, by no meanes.
Ham. It will not ſpeake, then I will followe it.
Hora. Doe not my Lord.
Ham. Why what ſhould be the feare,
I doe not ſet my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my ſoule, what can it doe to that [20
Being a thing immortall as it ſelfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile followe it.
Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood my,
Or to the dreadfull ſomnet of the cleefe
That bettles ore his baſe into the ſea,
And there aſſume ſome other horrable forme
Which might depriue your ſoueraigntie of reaſon,
And draw you into madnes, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of deſperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. It will not ſpeake: then will I follow it.
Hor. Doe not my Lord.
Ham. Why, what ſhould be the feare?
I doe not ſet my life at a pins fee;
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall as it ſelfe:
It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his baſe into the Sea,
And there aſſumes ſome other horrible forme,
Which might depriue your Soueraignty of Reaſon,
And draw you into madneſſe thinke of it?

I. iv.

Ham. Why what ſhould be the feare?
I do not ſet my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my ſoule, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortall, like it ſelfe,
Go on, ile follow thee.

Mar. My Lord be rulde, you ſhall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out, and makes each pety Artiue

As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue,
Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen;
By heauen ile make a ghoſt of him that lets me,
Away I ſay, go on, ile follow thee.
Hor. He waxeth deſperate with imagination.

90 *Mar.* Something is rotten in the ſtate of *Denmarke.*
Hor. Haue after; to what iſſue will this ſort?
Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him. *exit.*

I. v. *Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.*

Ham. Ile go no farther, whither wilt thou leade me?
Ghoſt Marke me.
Ham. I will.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham. It wafts me ſtill: goe on, Ile follow thee.
80 *Mar.* You ſhall not goe my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your hand.
Hor. Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:
Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:
By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghoſt of him that lets me:
I ſay away, goe on, Ile follow thee.
Exeunt Ghoſt & Hamlet.
Hor He waxes deſperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

I. iv.

That lookes ſo many fadoms to the ſea
And heares it rore beneath.
Ham. It waues me ſtill,
Goe on, Ile followe thee.
Mar. You ſhall not goe my Lord.
Ham. Hold of your hands.
Hora. Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty arture in this body
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen.
By heauen Ile make a ghoſt of him that lets me,
I ſay away, goe on, Ile followe thee. *Exit Ghoſt and Hamlet.*
Hora. He waxes deſperate with imagion.
Mar. Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hora. Haue after, to what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the ſtate of Denmarke,
Hora. Heauen will direct it.
Mar. Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

I. v. *Enter Ghoſt, and Hamlet.*

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, ſpeake, Ile goe no further.
Ghoſt. Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My houre is almoſt come
When I to ſulphrus and tormenting flames
Muſt render vp my ſelfe.
Ham. Alas poore Ghoſt.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Hor. Haue after, to what iſſue will this come? [257b
Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.
Hor. Heauen will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

I. v. *Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.*

Ham: Where wilt thou lead me? ſpeak; Ile go no further.
Gho. Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Gho. My hower is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurus and tormenting Flames
Muſt render vp my ſelfe.
Ham. Alas poore Ghoſt.

Ghoſt I am thy fathers ſpirit, doomd for a time
To walke the night, and all the day
Confinde in flaming fire,
Till the foule crimes done in may dayes of Nature
Arepurged and burnt away.
Ham. Alas poore Ghoſt.
Ghoſt Nay pitty me not, but to my vnfolding
Lend thy liſtning care, but that I am forbid [16
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon houſe
I would a tale vnfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow vp thy ſoule, freeze thy yong blood,
Make thy two eyes like ſtars ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to ſtand on end
Like quils vpon the fretfull Porpentine;
But this ſame blazon muſt not be, to eares of fleſh and blood
Hamlet, if euer thou didſt thy deere father loue.

Ham. O God.
Gho. Reuenge his foule, and moſt vnnaturall murder:
Ham. Murder.
Ghoſt Yea, murder in the higheſt degree,
As in the leaſt tis bad,
But mine moſt foule, beaſtly, and vnnaturall.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Gho. Pitty me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall vnfold.
Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Gho. So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt heare.
Ham. What?
Gho. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin'd to faſt in Fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my Priſon-Houſe;
I could a Tale vnfold, whoſe lighteſt word

I. v.

Ghoſt. Pitty me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing |21
To what I ſhall vnfold.
Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Ghoſt. So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt hear
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy fathers ſpirit,
Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confind to faſt in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid

To tell the ſecrets of my priſon houſe,
I could a tale vnfolde whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow vp thy ſoule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like ſtars ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particuler haire to ſtand an end,
Like quils vpon the fearefull Porpentine,
But this eternall blazon muſt not be
To eares of fleſh and blood, liſt, liſt, ô liſt:
If thou did'ſt euer thy deare father loue.
Ham. O God.
Ghoſt. Reuenge his foule, and moſt vnnaturall murther.
Ham. Murther.
Ghoſt. Murther moſt foule, as in the beſt it is,
But this moſt foule, ſtrange and vnnaturall.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Would harrow vp thy ſoule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, ſtart from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to ſtand an end,
Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine:
But this eternall blaſon muſt not be
To eares of fleſh and bloud; liſt *Hamlet*, oh liſt,
If thou didſt euer thy deare Father loue.
Ham. Oh Heauen!
Gho. Reuenge his foule and moſt vnnaturall Murther.
Ham. Murther?
Ghoſt. Murther moſt foule, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foule, ſtrange, and vnnaturall.

I. v.

Ham. Haſte me to knowe it, that with wings as ſwift as meditation, or the thought of it, may ſweepe to my reuenge.

Ghoſt O I finde thee apt, and duller ſhouldſt thou be
Then the fat weede which rootes it ſelfe in caſe
On *Lethe* wharffe: briefe let me be.
Tis giuen out, that ſleeping in my orchard,

A Serpent ſtung me; ſo the whole eare of *Denmarke*
Is with a forged Proſſes of my death rankely abuſde:
But know thou noble Youth: he that did ſting
Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my prophetike ſoule, my vncle! my vncle!
Ghoſt Yea he, that inceſtuous wretch, wonne to his will
O wicked will, and gifts! that haue the power (with gifts,
So to ſeduce my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene,

But vertne, as it neuer will be moued,
Though Lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of heauen,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham. Haſt, haſt me to know it,
That with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,
May ſweepe to my Reuenge.

Ghoſt. I finde thee apt,
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be then the fat weede
That rots it ſelfe in eaſe, on Lethe Wharfe,
Would'ſt thou not ſtirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:
It's giuen out, that ſleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me: ſo the whole eare of Denmarke,
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy Fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne.

I. v.

Ham. Haſt me to know't, that I with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May ſweepe to my reuenge.
Ghoſt. I find thee apt,
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it ſelfe in eaſe on *Lethe* wharffe,
Would'ſt thou not ſturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen out, that ſleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me, ſo the whole eare of Denmarke
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Rankely abuſde: but knowe thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.
Ham. O my propheticke ſoule! my Vncle?
Ghoſt. I that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt, [22
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power
So to ſeduce; wonne to his ſhamefull luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene;
O *Hamlet,* what falling off was there
From me whoſe loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vowe
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vppon a wretch whoſe naturall gifts were poore,
To thoſe of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued,
Though lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of heauen

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. O my Propheticke ſoule: mine Vncle?
Ghoſt. I that inceſtuous, that adulterate Beaſt
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts.
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power
So to ſeduce? Won to to this ſhamefull Luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene:
Oh *Hamlet,* what a falling off was there,
From me, whoſe loue was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Vpon a wretch, whoſe Naturall gifts were poore
To thoſe of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer wil be moued,
Though Lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of Heauen:

I. v.

So Luſt, though to a radiant angle linckt,
Would fate it ſelfe from a celeſtiall bedde,
And prey on garbage: but ſoft, me thinkes
I ſent the mornings ayre, briefe let me be,

Sleeping within my Orchard, my cuſtome alwayes [17
In the after noone, vpon my ſecure houre
Thy vncle came, with iuyce of Hebona
In a viall, and through the porches of my cares
Did powre the leaprous diſtilment, whoſe effect
Hold ſuch an enmitie with blood of man,
That ſwift as quickeſilner, it poſteth through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And turnes the thinne and wholeſome blood
Like eager dropings into milke.

And all my ſmoothe body, barked, and tetterd ouer.
Thus was I ſleeping by a brothers hand
Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie
At once depriued, no reckoning made of,
But ſent vnto my graue,
With all my accompts and ſinnes vpon my head,
O horrible, moſt horrible!
Ham. O God!
ghoſt If thou haſt nature in thee, beare it not,
But howſoeuer, let not thy heart

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

So Luſt, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will ſate it ſelfe in a Celeſtiallbed, & prey on Garbage.
But ſoft, me thinkes I ſent the Mornings Ayre; [258a
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My cuſtome alwayes in the afternoone;
Vpon my ſecure hower thy Vncle ſtole
With iuyce of curſed Hebenon in a Violl,
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
The leaperous Diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with bloud of Man,
That ſwift as Quick-ſiluer, it courſes through
The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;
And with a ſodaine vigour it doth poſſet

I. v.

So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
Will fort it felfe in a celeſtiall bed
And pray on garbage.
But ſoft, me thinkes I ſent the morning ayre,
Briefe let me be; ſleeping within my Orchard,
My cuſtome alwayes of the afternoone,
Vpon my ſecure houre, thy Vncle ſtole
With iuyce of curſed Hebona in a viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure
The leaprous diſtilment, whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmitie with blood of man,
That ſwift as quickſiluer it courſes through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a ſodaine vigour it doth poſſeſſe
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholſome blood; ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant tetter barckt about
Moſt Lazerlike with vile and lothſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I ſleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once diſpatcht,
Cut off euen in the bloſſomes of my ſinne,
Vnhuzled, diſappointed, vnanueld,
No reckning made, but ſent to my account
Withall my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, ô horrible, moſt horrible.
If thou haſt nature in thee beare it not,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
The thin and wholſome blood: ſo did it mine;
And a moſt inſtant Tetter bak'd about,
Moſt Lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt,
All my ſmooth Body.
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once diſpacht;
Cut off euen in the Bloſſomes of my Sinne,
Vnhouzzled, diſappointed, vnnaneld,
No reckoning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, moſt horrible:
If thou haſt nature in thee beare it not;

I. v.

Conſpire againſt thy mother aught,
Leaue her to heauen,
And to the burthen that her conſcience beares.
I muſt be gone, the Glo-worme ſhewes the Martin
To be neere, and gin's to pale his vneffectuall fire:
Hamlet adue, adue, adue: remember me. *Exit*

Ham. O all you hoſte of heauen! O earth, what elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell; remember thee?
Yes thou poore Ghoſt; from the tables
Of my memorie, ile wipe away all ſawes of Bookes,
All triuiall fond conceites
That euer youth, or elſe obſeruance noted,
And thy remembrance, all alone ſhall ſit.

Yes, yes, by heauen, a damnd pernitious villaine,
Murderons, bawdy, ſmiling damned villaine,
(My tables) meet it is I ſet it downe,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Inceſt.
But howſoeuer thou purſueſt this Act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contriue
Againſt thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen,
And to thoſe Thornes that in her boſome lodge,
To pricke and ſting her. Fare thee well at once;
The Glow-worme ſhowes the Matine to he neere,
And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire:
Adue, adue, *Hamlet*: remember me. *Exit.*
Ham. Oh all you hoſt of Heauen! Oh Earth: what els?
And ſhall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
And you my ſinnewes, grow not inſtant Old;

I. v.

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be [23
A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
But howſomeuer thou purſues this act,
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy ſoule contriue
Againſt thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to thoſe thornes that in her boſome lodge
To prick and ſting her, fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme ſhewes the matine to be neere
And gines to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you hoſt of heauen, ô earth, what els,
And ſhall I coupple hell, ô fie, hold, hold my hart,
And you my ſinnowes, growe not inſtant old,
But beare me ſwiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghoſt whiles memory holds a ſeate
In this diſtracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All ſawes of bookes, all formes, all preſſures paſt
That youth and obſeruation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone ſhall liue,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with baſer matter, yes by heauen,
O moſt pernicious woman.

O villaine, villaine, ſmiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I ſet it downe

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

But beare me ſtiffely vp: Remember thee?
I, thou poore Ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeate
In this diſtracted Globe: Remember thee?
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond Records,
All ſawes of Bookes, all formes, all preſures paſt,
That youth and obſeruation coppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone ſhall liue
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Vnmixt with baſer matter; yes, yes, by Heauen:
Oh moſt pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, ſmiling damned Villaine!
My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I ſet it downe,

I. v.

That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villayne; [18
At leaſt I am ſure, it may be ſo in *Denmarke.*
So vncle, there you are, there you are.
Now to the words; it is adue adue: remember me,
Soe t'is enough I haue ſworne.

Hor. My lord, my lord. *Enter. Horatio,*
Mar. Lord Hamlet. *and Marcellus.*
Hor. Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho.
Ham. Ill, lo. lo, ſo, ho, ſo, come boy, come.
Hor. Heauens ſecure him.

Mar. How i'ſt my noble lord?
Hor. What news my lord?
Ham. O wonderfull, wonderful.
Hor. Good my lord tel it.
Ham. No not I, you'l reueale it.
Hor. Not I my Lord by heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How ſay you then? would hart of man
Once thinke it? but you'l be ſecret.
Both. I by heauen, my lord.
Ham. There's neuer a villaine dwelling in all *Denmarke,*
But hee's an arrant knaue

Hor. There need no Ghoſt come from the graue to tell you this.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

That one may ſmile, and ſmile and be a Villaine;
At leaſt I'm ſure it may be ſo in Denmarke;
So Vnckle there you are: now to my word;
It is; Adue, Adue, Remember me: I haue ſworn't.
Hor & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.
Mar. Lord *Hamlet.*
Hor. Heauen ſecure him.
Mar. So be it.
Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.
Mar. How iſt't my Noble Lord?

I. v.

That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villaine,
At leaſt I am ſure it may be ſo in Denmarke.
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word,
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue ſworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.
Mar. Lord *Hamlet.*
Hora. Heauens ſecure him.
Ham. So be it.
Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.
Mar. How i'ſt my noble Lord? [24
Hora. What newes my Lord?
Ham. O, wonderfull.
Hora. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reueale it.
Hora. Not I my Lord by heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you'le be ſecret.
Booth. I by heauen.
Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Hora. There needes no Ghoſt my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Hor. What newes, my Lord?
Ham. Oh wonderfull!
Hor. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No you'l reueale it.
Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heauen. [258b
Mar. Nor I, my Lord. (think it?
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once
But you'l be ſecret?
Both. I, by Heau'n, my Lord.
Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Hor. There needs no Ghoſt my Lord, come from the
Graue, to tell vs this.

I. v.

Ham. Right, you are in the right, and therefore
I holde it meet without more circumſtance at all,
Wee ſhake hands and part; you as your buſines
And deſiers ſhall leade you: for looke you,
Euery man hath buſines, and deſires, ſuch
As it is, and for my owne poore parte, ile go pray.

Hor. Theſe are but wild and wherling words, my Lord.
Ham. I am ſory they offend you; hartely, yes faith hartily.

Hor. Ther's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrike* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence too, touching this viſion,
It is an honeſt ghoſt, that let mee tell you,
For your deſires to know what is betweene vs, [19
Oremaiſter it as you may:
And now kind frends, as you are frends,
Schollers and gentlmen.
Grant mee one poore requeſt.
Both. What i'ſt my Lord?
Ham. Neuer make known what you haue ſeene to night
Both. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay but ſweare.
Hor. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.
Ham. Nay vpon my ſword, indeed vpon my ſword.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Why right, you are i'th' right;
And ſo, without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands, and part:
You, as your buſines and deſires ſhall point you:
For euery man ha's buſineſſe and deſire,
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, Ile goe pray.
Hor. Theſe are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.
Ham. I'm ſorry they offend you heartily:
Yes faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint *Patricke*, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Viſion heere:

I. v.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And ſo without more circumſtance at all
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands and part,
You, as your buſines and deſire ſhall poynt you,
For euery man hath buſines and deſire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.
Hora. Theſe are but wilde and whurling words my Lord.
Ham. I am ſorry they offend you hartily,
Yes faith hartily.
Hora. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this viſion heere,
It is an honeſt Ghoſt that let me tell you,
For your deſire to knowe what is betweene vs
Oremaſtret as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, ſchollers, and ſouldiers,
Giue me one poore requeſt.

Hora. What i'ſt my Lord, we will.
Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue ſeene to night.
Booth. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay but ſwear't.
Hora. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.
Ham. Vppon my ſword. [25
Mar. We haue ſworne my Lord already.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

It is an honeſt Ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your deſire to know what is betweene vs,
O'remaſter't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Giue me one poore requeſt.
Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.
Ham. Neuer make known what you haue ſeen to night.
Both. My Lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.
Hor. Infaith my Lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.
Ham. Vpon my ſword.
Marcell. We haue ſworne my Lord already.

I. v.

Gho. Sweare.

The Goſt vnder the ſtage.

Ham. Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow in the ſellerige,
Here conſent to ſweare.

Hor. Propoſe the oth my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to ſpeake what you haue ſeene to night,
Sweare by my ſword.

Goſt. Sweare.

Ham. *Hic & vbique,* nay then weele ſhift our ground:
Come hither Gentlemen, and lay your handes
Againe vpon this ſword, neuer to ſpeake
Of that which you haue ſeene, ſweare by my ſword.

Ghoſt Sweare.

Ham. Well ſaid old Mole, can'ſt worke in the earth?
ſo faſt, a worthy Pioner, once more remoue.

Hor. Day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange.

Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio,*
Then are Dream't of, in your philoſophie,
But come here, as before you neuer ſhall
How ſtrange or odde ſoere I beare my ſelfe,
As I perchance hereafter ſhall thinke meet,
To put an Anticke diſpoſition on,
That you at ſuch times ſeeing me, neuer ſhall

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Indeed, vpon my ſword, Indeed.

Gho. Sweare. *Ghoſt cries vnder the Stage.*

Ham. Ah ha boy, ſayeſt thou ſo. Art thou there truepenny? Come one you here this fellow in the ſelleredge
Conſent to ſweare.

Hor. Propoſe the Oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue ſeene.
Sweare by my ſword.

Gho. Sweare.

Ham. *Hic & vbique?* Then wee'l ſhift for grownd,
Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe vpon my ſword,

I. v.

Ham. Indeede vppon my ſword, indeed.

Ghoſt cries vnder the Stage.

Ghoſt. Sweare.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo, art thou there truepenny?
Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellerige,
Conſent to ſweare.

Hora. Propoſe the oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue ſeene
Sweare by my ſword.

Ghoſt. Sweare.

Ham. *Hic, & vbique,* then weele ſhift our ground:
Come hether Gentlemen
And lay your hands againe vpon my ſword,
Sweare by my ſword
Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue heard.

Ghoſt. Sweare by his ſword.

Ham. Well ſayd olde Mole, can'ſt worke it'h earth ſo faſt,
A worthy Pioner, once more remoone good friends.

Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange.

Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*
Then are dream't of in your philoſophie, but come
Heere as before, neuer ſo helpe you mercy,
(How ſtrange or odde ſo mere I beare my ſelfe,
As I perchance heereafter ſhall thinke meet,
To put an Anticke diſpoſition on
That you at ſuch times ſeeing me, neuer ſhall

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue heard:
Sweare by my Sword.

Gho. Sweare.

Ham. Well ſaid old Mole, can'ſt worke i'th' ground ſo (faſt?
A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.

Hor. Oh day and night: but this is wondrous ſtrange.

Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger giue it welcome.
There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio,*
Then are dream't of in our Philoſophy But come,
Here as before, neuer ſo helpe you mercy,
How ſtrange or odde ſo ere I beare my ſelfe;
(As I perchance heereafter ſhall thinke meet
To put an Anticke diſpoſition on:)
That you at ſuch time ſeeing me, neuer ſhall

I. v.

With Armes incombred thus, or this head ſhake, [20
Or by pronouncing ſome vndoubtfull phraſe,
As well well, wee know or wee could and if we would.
Or there be, and if they might, or ſuch ambiguous:
Giuing out to note, that you know aught of mee,
This not to doe, ſo grace, and mercie
At your moſt need helpe you, ſweare
Ghoſt. ſweare.
Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit: ſo gentlemen,
In all my loue I do commend mee to you,
And what ſo poore a man as *Hamlet* may,
To pleaſure you, God willing ſhall not want,
Nay come lett's go together,
But ſtil your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, O curſed ſpite,
That euer I was borne to ſet it right,
Nay come lett's go together. *Exeunt.*

II. i. *Enter Corambis, and Montano.*

Cor. *Montano*, here, theſe letters to my ſonne,
And this ſame mony with my bleſſing to him,
And bid him ply his learning good *Montano.*
Mon. Iwill my lord.
Cor. You ſhall do very well *Montano*, to ſay thus,
I knew the gentleman, or know his father,
To inquire the manner of his life,
As thus; being amongſt his acquaintance,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head ſhake;
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtfull Phraſe;
As well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we lift to ſpeake; or there be and if there might,
Or ſuch ambiguous giuing out to note,
That you know ought of me; this not to doe: [259a
So grace and mercy at your moſt neede helpe you:
Sweare.
Ghoſt. Sweare.
Ham. Reſt, reſt perturbed Spirit: ſo Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you;
And what ſo poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expreſſe his loue and friending to you,
God willing ſhall not lacke: let vs goe in together,

I. v. With armes incombred thus, or this head ſhake,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtfull phraſe,
As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,
Or if we liſt to ſpeake, or there be and if they might,
Or ſuch ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you knowe ought of me, this doe ſweare,
180 So grace and mercy at your moſt neede helpe you.
Ghoſt. Sweare.
Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit: ſo Gentlemen,
Withall my loue I doe commend me to you
And what ſo poore a man as *Hamlet* is, [26
May doe t'expreſſe his loue and frending to you
God willing ſhall not lack, let vs goe in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, ô curſed ſpight
190 That euer I was borne to ſet it right.
Nay come, lets goe together. *Exeunt.*

II. i. *Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.*
Pol. Giue him this money, and theſe notes *Reynaldo.*

Rey. I will my Lord.
Pol. You ſhall doe meruiles wiſely good *Reynaldo,*
Before you viſite him, to make inquire
Of his behauiour.
Rey. My Lord, I did intend.it.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

And ſtill your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt: Oh curſed ſpight,
190 That euer I was borne to ſet it right.
Nay, come let's goe together. *Exeunt.*

II. i. ## *Actus Secundus.*

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.
Polon. Giue him his money, and theſe notes *Reynoldo.*
Reynol. I will my Lord.
Polon. You ſhall doe maruels wiſely: good *Reynoldo,*
Before you viſite him you make inquiry
Of his behauiour.
Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.

II. i.

You may ſay, you ſaw him at ſuch a time, marke you mee,
At game, or drincking, ſwearing, or drabbing,
You may go ſo farre.
Mon. My lord, that will impeach his reputation.
Cor. I faith not a whit, no not a whit,
Now happely hee cloſeth with you in the conſequence,
As you may bridle it not diſparage him a iote.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Polon. Marry, well ſaid;
Very well ſaid. Looke you Sir,
Enquire me firſt what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe:
What company, at what expence: and finding
By this encompaſſement and drift of queſtion,
That they doe know my ſonne: Come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo?*
Reynol. I, very well my Lord.
Polon. And in part him, but you may ſay not well;
But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;

II. i.

Pol. Mary well ſaid, very well ſaid; looke you ſir,
Enquire me firſt what Danskers are in Parris,
And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
What companie, at what expence, and finding
By this encompaſment, and drift of queſtion
That they doe know my ſonne, come you more neerer
Then your perticuler demaunds will tuch it,
Take you as t'were ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo?*
Rey. I, very well my Lord.
Pol. And in part him, but you may ſay, not well,
But y'ft be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
Adicted ſo and ſo, and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe, marry none ſo ranck
As may diſhonour him, take heede of that,
But ſir, ſuch wanton, wild, and vſuall ſlips,
As are companions noted and moſt knowne
To youth and libertie.
Rey. As gaming my Lord.
Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe ſo far.
Rey. My Lord, that would diſhonour him.
Pol. Fayth as you may ſeaſon it in the charge.
You muſt not put another ſcandell on him, [27
That he is open to incontinencie,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Addicted ſo and ſo; and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe: marry, none ſo ranke,
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that:
But Sir, ſuch wanton, wild, and vſuall ſlips,
As are Companions noted and moſt knowne
To youth and liberty.

Reynol. As gaming my Lord.

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarelling, drabbing. You may goe ſo farre.

Reynol. My Lord that would diſhonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may ſeaſon it in the charge;
You muſt not put another ſcandall on him,
That hee is open to Incontinencie;

What was I about to ſay.

Mon. He cloſeth with him in the conſequence
Cor. I, you ſay right, he cloſeth with him thus,
This will hee ſay, let mee ſee what hee will ſay, [21
Mary this, I ſaw him yeſterday, or tother day,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

That's not my meaning: but breath his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeeme the taints of liberty;
The flaſh and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A ſauagenes in vnreclaim'd bloud of generall aſſault.

Reynol. But my good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore ſhould you doe this?

Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
And I belieue it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying theſe ſlight ſulleyes on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i'th' working: (found,
Marke you your party in conuerſe; him you would
Hauing euer ſeene. In the prenominate crimes,

II. i.

That's not my meaning, but breath his faults ſo quently
That they may ſeeme the taints of libertie,
The flaſh and out-breake of a fierie mind,
A ſauagenes in vnreclamed blood,
Of generall aſſault.
Rey. But my good Lord.
Pol. Wherefore ſhould you doe this?
Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry ſir, heer's my drift,
And I belieue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying theſe ſlight ſallies on my ſonne
As t'were a thing a little ſoyld with working,
Marke you, your partie in conuerſe, him you would ſound
Hauing euer ſeene in the prenominat crimes
The youth you breath of guiltie, be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this conſequence,
Good ſir, (or ſo,) or friend, or gentleman,
According to the phraſe, or the addiſtion
Of man and country.
Rey. Very good my Lord.
Pol. And then ſir doos a this, a doos, what was I about to ſay?
By the maſſe I was about to ſay ſomething,
Where did I leaue?
Rey. At cloſes in the conſequence.
Pol. At cloſes in the conſequence, I marry,
He cloſes thus, I know the gentleman,
I ſaw him yeſterday, or th'other day,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

The youth you breath of guilty, be aſſur'd [259b
He cloſes with you in this conſequence:
Good ſir, or ſo, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phraſe and the Addition,
Of man and Country.
Reynol. Very good my Lord.
Polon. And then Sir does he this?
He does: what was I about to ſay?
I was about to ſay ſomthing: where did I leaue?
Reynol. At cloſes in the conſequence:
At friend, or ſo, and Gentleman.
Polon. At cloſes in the conſequence, I marry,
He cloſes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I ſaw him yeſterday, or tother day;

II. i.

Or then, or at ſuch a time, a dicing,

Or at Tennis, I or drincking drunke, or entring
Of a howſe of lightnes viz. brothell,

Thus ſir do wee that know the world, being men of reach,
By indirections, finde directions forth,

And ſo ſhall you my ſonne; you ha me, ha you not?
Mon. I haue my lord.
Cor. Wel, fare you well, commend mee to him.

Mon. I will my lord.
Cor. And bid him ply his muſicke
Mon. My lord I wil. *exit.*
Enter, Ofelia.
Cor. Farewel, how now *Ofelia,* what's the news with you?
Ofe. O my deare father, ſuch a change in nature,
So great an alteration in a Prince,
So pitifull to him, fearefull to mee,
A maidens eye ne're looked on.
Cor. Why what's the matter my *Ofelia?*
Of. O yong Prince *Hamlet,* the only floure of *Denmark,*
Hee is bereft of all the wealth he had,
The Iewell that ador'nd his feature moſt

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Or then or then, with ſuch and ſuch; and as you ſay,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouſe,
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſaile;
Videlicet, a Brothell, or ſo forth. See you now;
Your bait of falſhood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wiſedome and of reach
With windleſſes, and with affaies of Bias,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and aduice
Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?
Reynol. My Lord I haue.

II. i.

Or then, or then, with ſuch or ſuch, and as you ſay,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowſe,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſale,
Videlizet, a brothell, or ſo foorth, ſee you now,
Your bait of falſhood take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wiſedome, and of reach,
With windleſſes, and with affaies of bias,
By indirections find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduiſe
Shall you my ſonne; you haue me, haue you not? [28

Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy ye, far ye well.

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obſerue his inclination in your ſelfe.

Rey. I ſhall my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his muſique.

Rey. Well my Lord. *Exit Rey.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell. How now *Ophelia,* whats the matter?

Oph. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beene ſo affrighted,

Pol. With what i'th name of God?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Polon. God buy you; fare you well.

Reynol. Good my Lord.

Polon. Obſerue his inclination in your ſelfe.

Reynol. I ſhall my Lord.

Polon. And let him plye his Muſicke.

Reynol. Well, my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell:
How now *Ophelia,* what's the matter?

Ophe. Alas my Lord, I haue beene ſo affrighted.

Polon. With what, in the name of Heauen?

II. i.

Is filcht and ſtolne away, his wit's bereft him,
Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone,
There comes hee to mee with a diſtracted looke,
His garters lagging downe, his ſhooes vntide,
And fixt his eyes ſo ſtedfaſt on my face,
As if they had vow'd, this is their lateſt obiect.
Small while he ſtoode, but gripes me by the wriſt,
And there he holdes my pulſe till with a ſigh
He doth vnclaſpe his holde, and parts away
Silent, as is the mid time of the night:
And as he went, his eie was ſtill on mee,
For thus his head ouer his ſhoulder looked,
He ſeemed to finde the way without his eies:
For out of doores he went without their helpe, [22
And ſo did leaue me.

Cor. Madde for thy loue,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ophe. My Lord, as I was ſowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his ſtockings foul'd,
Vngartred, and downe giued to his Anckle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke ſo pitious in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeake of horrors: he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Loue?

Ophe. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.

Polon. What ſaid he?

II. i.

Ophe. My Lord, as I was ſowing in my cloſſet,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his ſtockins fouled,
Vngartred, and downe gyued to his ancle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other.
And with a looke ſo pittious in purport
As if he had been looſed out of hell
To ſpeake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy loue?
Oph. My lord I doe not know,
But truly I doe feare it.
Pol. What ſaid he?
Oph. He tooke me by the wriſt, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſall of my face
As a would draw it, long ſtayd he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,
He raiſd a ſigh ſo pittious and profound
As it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his beeing; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his ſhoulder turn'd
Hee ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ophe. He tooke me by the wriſt, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He fals to ſuch peruſall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long ſtaid he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;
He rais'd a ſigh, ſo pittious and profound,
That it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his ſhoulders turn'd,
He ſeem'd to finde his way without his eyes,

II. i.

What haue you giuen him any croſſe wordes of late?

Ofelia I did repell his letters, deny his gifts,
As you did charge me.
Cor. Why that hath made him madde:

By heau'n t'is as proper for our age to caſt
Beyond our ſelues, as t'is for the yonger ſort
To leaue their wantonneſſe. Well, I am ſory
That I was ſo raſh: but what remedy?
Lets to the King, this madneſſe may prooue,
Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue. *exeunt.*

II. ii. *Enter King and Queene, Roſſencraft, and Gilderſtone.*

King Right noble friends, that our deere coſin Hamlet
Hath loſt the very heart of all his ſence,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

For out adores he went without their helpe;
And to the laſt, bended their light on me.
Polon. Goe with me, I will goe ſeeke the King,
This is the very extaſie of Loue,
Whoſe violent property foredoes it ſelfe.
And leads the will to deſperate Vndertakings, [260a
As oft as any paſſion vnder Heauen,
That does afflict our Natures. I am ſorrie,
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?
Ophe. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
His acceſſe to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am ſorrie that with better ſpeed and iudgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,

II. i.
For out adoores he went without theyr helps,
And to the laſt bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, goe with mee, I will goe ſeeke the King, [29
This is the very extacie of loue,
Whoſe violent propertie fordoos it ſelfe,
And leades the will to deſperat vndertakings
As oft as any paſsions vnder heauen
That dooes afflict our natures: I am ſorry,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?
Oph. No my good Lord, but as you did commaund
I did repell his letters, and denied
His acceſſe to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am ſorry, that with better heede and iudgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wrack thee, but beſhrow my Ieloufie:
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond our ſelues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion; come, goe we to the King,
This muſt be knowne, which beeing kept cloſe, might moue
More griefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
Come. *Exeunt.*

II. ii. *Floriſh: Enter King and Queene, Roſencraus and Guyldensterne.*
King. Welcome deere *Roſencraus*, and *Guyldensterne*,
Moreouer, that we much did long to ſee you,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

And meant to wracke thee: but beſhrew my iealouſie:
It ſeemes it is as proper to our Age,
To caſt beyond our ſelues in our Opinions,
As it is common for the yonger ſort
To lacke diſcretion. Come, go we to the King,
This muſt be knowne, ẅ being kept cloſe might moue
More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue. *Exeunt.*

I. ii. ## *Scena Secunda.*

Enter King, Queene, Roſincrane, and Guildenſterne Cum alijs.
King. Welcome deere *Roſincrance* and *Guildenſterne*.
Moreouer, that we much did long to ſee you,

II. ii.

It is moſt right, and we moſt ſory for him:
Therefore we doe deſire, euen as you tender
Our care to him, and our great loue to you,
That you will labour but to wring from him
The cauſe and ground of his diſtemperancie.
Doe this, the king of *Denmarke* ſhal be thankefull.

Roſ. My Lord, whatſoeuer lies within our power
Your maieſtie may more commaund in wordes
Then vſe perſwaſions to your liege men, bound
By loue, by duetie, and obedience.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

The neede we haue to vſe you, did prouoke
Our haſtie ſending. Something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation: ſo I call it,
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was. What it ſhould bee
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderſtanding of himſelfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of ſo young dayes brought vp with him:
And ſince ſo Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchſafe your reſt heere in our Court
Some little time: ſo by your Companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather

II. ii.

The need we haue to vſe you did prouoke
Our haſtie ſending, ſomething haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation, ſo call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was, what it ſhould be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderſtanding of himſelfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both
That beeing of ſo young dayes brought vp with him,
And ſith ſo nabored to his youth and hauior,
That you voutſafe your reſt heere in our Court
Some little time, ſo by your companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather
So much as from occaſion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,
That opend lyes within our remedie.
Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And ſure I am, two men there is not liuing
To whom he more adheres, if it will pleaſe you
To ſhew vs ſo much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a while,
For the ſupply and profit of our hope,
Your viſitation ſhall receiue ſuch thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.
Roſ. Both your Maieſties
Might by the ſoueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleaſures more into commaund
Then to entreatie.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

So much as from Occaſions you may gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedie.
Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And ſure I am, two men there are not liuing,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
To ſhew vs ſo much Gentrie, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a-while,
For the ſupply and profit of our Hope,
Your Viſitation ſhall receiue ſuch thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.
Roſin. Both your Maieſties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleaſures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.

II. ii.

Guil. What we may doe for both your Maiefties
To know the griefe troubles the Prince your ſonne,
We will indeuour all the beſt we may,
So in all duetie doe we take our leaue.

King Thankes Guilderſtone, and gentle Roſſencraft.

Que. Thankes Roſſencraft, and gentle Gilderſtone.

Enter Corambis and Ofelia.

Cor. My Lord, the Ambaſſadors are ioyfully
Return'd from *Norway.*

King Thou ſtill haſt beene the father of good news.

Cor. Haue I my Lord? I aſſure your grace, [23
I holde my duetie as I holde my life,
Both to my God, and to my ſoueraigne King:
And I beleeue, or elſe this braine of mine
Hunts not the traine of policie ſo well
As it had wont to doe, but I haue found
The very depth of Hamlets lunacie.

Queene God graunt he hath.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Guil. We both obey,
And here giue vp our ſelues, in the full bent,
To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,
To be commanded.

King. Thankes *Roſincrance,* and gentle *Guildenſterne.*

Qu. Thankes *Guildenſterne* and gentle *Roſincrance.*
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed Sonne.
Go ſome of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heauens make our preſence and our practiſes
Pleaſant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*

Queene. Amen. [260b

II. ii.

Guyl. But we both obey.
And heere giue vp our ſelues in the full bent,
To lay our ſeruice freely at your feete
To be commaunded.
King. Thanks *Roſencraus*, and gentle *Guyldensterne.*
Quee. Thanks *Guyldensterne,* and gentle *Roſencrans.*
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſite
My too much changed ſonne, goe ſome of you
And bring theſe gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guyl. Heauens make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpfull to him.
Quee. I Amen. *Exeunt Roſ. and Guyld.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'embaſſadors from *Norway* my good Lord,
Are ioyfully returnd.
King. Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good newes.
Pol. Haue I my Lord? I aſſure my good Liege
I hold my dutie as I hold my ſoule,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie ſo ſure
As it hath vſd to doe, that I haue found
The very cauſe of *Hamlets* lunacie:
King. O ſpeake of that, that doe I long to heare.
Pol. Giue firſt admittance to th'embaſſadors, [31
My newes ſhall be the fruite to that great feaſt.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'Ambaſſadors from Norwey, my good Lord,
Are ioyfully return'd.
King. Thou ſtill haſt bin the Father of good Newes.
Pol. Haue I, my Lord? Aſſure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I do thinke, or elſe this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policie, ſo ſure
As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found
The very cauſe of *Hamlets* Lunacie.
King. Oh ſpeake of that, that I do long to heare.
Pol. Giue firſt admittance to th'Ambaſſadors,
My Newes ſhall be the Newes to that great Feaſt.

II. ii.

Enter the Ambaſſadors.

King Now *Voltemar*, what from our brother *Norway?*
Volt. Moſt faire returnes of greetings and deſires,
Vpon our firſt he ſent forth to ſuppreſſe
His nephews leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation gainſt the Polacke:
But better look't into, he truely found
It was againſt your Highneſſe, whereat grieued,
That ſo his ſickeneſſe, age, and impotence,
Was falſely borne in hand, ſends out arreſts
On *Fortenbraſſe*, which he in briefe obays,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*: and in fine,
Makes vow before his vncle, neuer more
To giue the aſſay of Armes againſt your Maieſtie,
Whereon olde *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him three thouſand crownes in annuall fee,
And his Commiſſion to employ thoſe ſouldiers,
So leuied as before, againſt the Polacke,
With an intreaty heerein further ſhewne,
That it would pleaſe you to giue quiet paſſe
Through your dominions, for that enterpriſe

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

King. Thy ſelfe do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tels me my ſweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and ſourſe of all your Sonnes diſtemper.

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o're-haſty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him. Welcome good Frends:
Say *Voltumand*, what from our Brother Norwey?
Volt. Moſt faire returne of Greetings, and Deſires.
Vpon our firſt, he ſent our to ſuppreſſe
His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the Poleak:
But better look'd into, he truly found

II. ii.

King. Thy ſelfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my deere *Gertrard* he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſonnes diſtemper.
Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our haſtie marriage.

Enter Embaſſadors.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway?*
Vol. Moſt faire returne of greetings and deſires;
Vpon our firſt, he ſent out to ſupreſſe
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeard
To be a preparation gainſt the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was againſt your highnes, whereat greeu'd
That ſo his ſicknes, age, and impotence
Was falſly borne in hand, ſends out arreſts
On *Fortenbraſſe*, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more
To giue th'aſſay of Armes againſt your Maieſtie:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him threeſcore thouſand crownes in anuall fee.
And his commiſsion to imploy thoſe ſouldiers
So leuied (as before) againſt the *Pollacke*,
With an entreatie heerein further ſhone,
That it might pleaſe you to giue quiet paſſe
Through your dominions for this enterpriſe

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

It was againſt your Highneſſe, whereat greeued,
That ſo his Sickneſſe, Age, and Impotence
Was falſely borne in hand, ſends out Arreſts
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from Norwey: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more
To giue th'aſſay of Armes againſt your Maieſtie.
Whereon old Norwey, ouercome with ioy,
Giues him three thouſand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commiſſion to imploy thoſe Soldiers
So leuied as before, againſt the Poleak:
With an intreaty heerein further ſhewne,
That it might pleaſe you to giue quiet paſſe
Through your Dominions, for his Entreprize,

II. ii.

On ſuch regardes of ſafety and allowances
As therein are ſet downe.
King It likes vs well, and at fit time and leaſure
Weele reade and anſwere theſe his Articles,
Meane time we thanke you for your well
Tooke labour: go to your reſt, at night weele feaſt togither:
Right welcome home. *exeunt Ambaſſadors.*

Cor. This buſines is very well diſpatched. [24

Now my Lord, touching the yong Prince Hamlet,
Certaine it is that hee is madde: mad let vs grant him then:
Now to know the cauſe of this effect,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance,
As therein are ſet downe.
King. It likes vs well:
And at our more conſider'd time wee'l read,
Anſwer, and thinke vpon this Buſineſſe.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your reſt, at night wee'l Feaſt together.
Moſt welcome home. *Exit Ambaſſ.*
Pol. This buſineſſe is very well ended.
My Liege, and Madam, to expoſtulate
What Maieſtie ſhould be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time.
Were nothing but to waſte Night, Day, and Time.

II. ii.

On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance
As therein are ſet downe.
King. It likes vs well,
And at our more conſidered time, wee'le read,
Anſwer, and thinke vpon this buſines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your reſt, at night weele feaſt together,
Moſt welcome home. *Exeunt Embaſſadors.*
Pol. This buſines is well ended.
My Liege and Maddam, to expoſtulate [32
What maieſtie ſhould be, what dutie is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſt night, day, and time,
Therefore breuitie is the ſoule of wit,
And tedioufnes the lymmes and outward floriſhes,
I will be briefe, your noble ſonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
What iſt but to be nothing els but mad,
But let that goe.
Quee. More matter with leſſe art.
Pol. Maddam, I ſweare I vſe no art at all,
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pitty,
And pitty tis tis true, a fooliſh figure,
But farewell it, for I will vſe no art,
Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remaines
That we find out the cauſe of this effect,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Therefore, ſince Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,
And tedioufneſſe, the limbes and outward flouriſhes,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true Madneſſe,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad.
But let that go.
Qu. More matter, with leſſe Art.
Pol. Madam, I ſweare I vſe no Art at all:
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,
And pittie it is true: A fooliſh figure,
But farewell it: for I will vſe no Art.
Mad let vs grant him then: and now remaines [261a
That we finde out the cauſe of this effect,

II. ii.

Or elſe to ſay the cauſe of this defect,
For this effect defectiue comes by cauſe.

Queene Good my Lord be briefe.
Cor. Madam I will: my Lord, I haue a daughter.
Haue while ſhee's mine: for that we thinke
Is ſureſt, we often looſe: now to the Prince.
My Lord, but note this letter,
The which my daughter in obedience
Deliuer'd to my handes.

King Reade it my Lord.
Cor. Marke my Lord.
Doubt that in earth is fire,
Doubt that the ſtarres doe moue,
Doubt trueth to be a liar,
But doe not doubt I loue.
To the beautifull *Ofelia;*
Thine euer the moſt vnhappy Prince *Hamlet.*

My Lord, what doe you thinke of me?
I, or what might you thinke when I ſawe this?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Or rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect;
For this effect defectiue, comes by cauſe,
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I haue a daughter: haue, whil'ſt ſhe is mine,
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this: now gather, and furmiſe.

The Letter.

To the Celeſtiall, and my Soules Idoll, the moſt beautified Ophelia.

That's an ill Phraſe, a vilde Phraſe, beautified is a vilde Phraſe: but you ſhall heare theſe in her excellent white boſome, theſe.

Qu. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

Pol. Good Madam ſtay awhile, I will be faithfull.

II. ii.

Or rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect,
For this effect defectiue comes by cauſe:
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus
Perpend,
I haue a daughter, haue while ſhe is mine,
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and furmiſe,
110 *To the Celestiall and my ſoules Idoll, the most beautified* Ophelia, *that's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe, beautified is a vile phraſe, but you ſhall heare: thus in her excellent white boſome, theſe &c.*
Quee. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?
Pol. Good Maddam ſtay awhile, I will be faithfull,
Doubt thou the ſtarres are fire, *Letter.*
Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,
Doubt truth to be a lyer.
But neuer doubt I loue.
120 O deere *Ophelia,* I am ill at theſe numbers, I haue not art to reckon my grones, but that I loue thee beſt, ô moſt beſt beliéue it, adew.
Thine euermore moſt deere Lady, whilſt this machine is to him.
Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter ſhowne me, (*Hamlet.*
And more about hath his ſolicitings
As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place, [33
All giuen to mine eare.
King. But how hath ſhe receiu'd his loue?
Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F$_1$).

Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,
Doubt, that the Sunne doth mone:
Doubt Truth to be a Lier,
But neuer Doubt, I loue.
120 *O deere Ophelia, I am ill at theſe Numbers: I haue not Art to reckon my grones; but that I loue thee beſt, oh moſt Beſt beleeue it. Adieu.*
Thine euermore moſt deere Lady, whilſt this Machine is to him, Hamlet.
This in Obedience hath my daughter ſhew'd me:
And more aboue hath his ſoliciting,
As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
All giuen to mine eare.
King. But how hath ſhe receiu'd his Loue?
Pol. What do you thinke of me?

II. ii.

King As of a true friend and a moſt louing ſubiect.
Cor. I would be glad to prooue ſo.

Now when I ſaw this letter, thus I beſpake my maiden:
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of your ſtarre,
And one that is vnequall for your loue:
Therefore I did commaund her refuſe his letters,
Deny his tokens, and to abſent her ſelfe.
Shee as my childe obediently obey'd me.
Now ſince which time, ſeeing his loue thus croſs'd,
Which I tooke to be idle, and but ſport,
He ſtraitway grew into a melancholy,
From that vnto a faſt, then vnto diſtraction,
Then into a ſadneſſe, from that vnto a madneſſe,
And ſo by continuance, and weakeneſſe of the braine [25
Into this frenſie, which now poſſeſſeth him:
And if this be not true, take this from this.
King Thinke you t'is ſo?

Cor. How? ſo my Lord, I would very faine know

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.
Pol. I wold faine proue ſo. But what might you think?
When I had ſeene this hot loue on the wing,
As I perceiued it, I muſt tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my deere Maieſtie your Queene heere, think,
If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle ſight,
What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
And (my yong Miſtris) thus I did beſpeake
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Starre,
This muſt not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her,
That ſhe ſhould locke her ſelfe from his Reſort,

II. ii.

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine proue ſo, but what might you thinke
When I had ſeene this hote loue on the wing,
As I perceiu'd it (I muſt tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deere Maieſtie your Queene heere thinke,
If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,
Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vppon this loue with idle ſight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my young Miſtris thus I did beſpeake,
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy ſtar,
This muſt not be: and then I preſcripts gaue her
That ſhe ſhould locke her ſelfe from her reſort,
Admit no meſſengers, receiue no tokens,
Which done, ſhe tooke the fruites of my aduiſe:
And he repell'd, a ſhort tale to make,
Fell into a ſadnes, then into a faſt,
Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,
Thence to lightnes and by this declenſion,
Into the madnes wherein now he raues,
And all we mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke this?

Quee. It may be very like

Pol. Hath there been ſuch a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue poſitiuely ſaid, tis ſo,
When it proou'd otherwiſe?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Admit no Meſſengers, receiue no Tokens:
Which done, ſhe tooke the Fruites of my Aduice,
And he repulſed. A ſhort Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadneſſe, then into a Faſt,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weakneſſe,
Thence to a Lightneſſe, and by this declenſion
Into the Madneſſe whereon now he raues,
And all we waile for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?

Qu. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene ſuch a time, I'de fain know that,
That I haue poſſitiuely ſaid, 'tis ſo,
When it prou'd otherwiſe?

II. ii.

That thing that I haue ſaide t is ſo, poſitiuely,
And it hath fallen out otherwiſe.
Nay, if circumſtances leade me on,
Ile finde it out, if it were hid
As deepe as the centre of the earth.
King. how ſhould wee trie this ſame?
Cor. Mary my good lord thus,
The Princes walke is here in the galery,
There let *Ofelia*, walke vntill hee comes:
Your ſelfe and I will ſtand cloſe in the ſtudy,
There ſhall you heare the effect of all his hart,
And if it proue any otherwiſe then loue,
Then let my cenſure faile an other time.
King. ſee where hee comes poring vppon a booke.

Enter Hamlet.

Cor. Madame, will it pleaſe your grace
To leaue vs here?
Que. With all my hart. *exit.*
Cor. And here *Ofelia*, reade you on this booke,
And walke aloofe, the King ſhal be vnſeene.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

King. No that I know.
Pol. Take this from this; if this be otherwiſe,
If Circumſtances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know ſometimes
He walkes foure houres together, heere
In the Lobby. [261b
Qu. So he ha's indeed.
Pol. At ſuch a time Ile looſe my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,
And be not from his reaſon falne thereon;

II. ii.

King. Not that I know

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwife;
If circumſtances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know ſometimes he walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

Quee. So he dooes indeede. [34

Pol. At ſuch a time, Ile looſe my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reaſon falne thereon
Let me be no aſsiſtant for a ſtate
But keepe a farme and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where ſadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I doe beſeech you both away, *Exit King and Queene.*
Ile bord him preſently, oh giue me leaue,
How dooes my good Lord *Hamlet?*

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you knowe me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fiſhmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Let me be no Aſſiſtant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where ſadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beſeech you, both away,
Ile boord him preſently. *Exit King & Queen.*
Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord *Hamlet?*

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fiſhmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Pol. Honeſt, my Lord?

Ham. I ſir, to be honeſt as this world goes, is to bee one man pick'd out of two thouſand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge, being a good kiſſing Carrion——
Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th' Sunne: Conception is a bleſsing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend looke too't.

Pol. How ſay you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at firſt; he ſaid I was a Fiſhmonger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth,

II. ii.

Pol. Honeſt my Lord.

Ham. I ſir to be honeſt as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thouſand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the ſunne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kiſsing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a bleſsing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How ſay you by that, ſtill harping on my daughter, yet hee knewe me not at firſt, a ſayd I was a Fiſhmonger, a is farre gone, and truly in my youth, I ſuffred much extremity for loue, very neere this. Ile ſpeake to him againe. What doe you reade my Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.

Ham. Slaunders ſir; for the ſatericall rogue ſayes heere, that old men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes purging thick Amber, & plumtree gum, & that they haue a plentifull lacke of wit, together with moſt weake hams, all which ſir [35 though I moſt powerfully and potentlie belieue, yet I hold it not honeſty to haue it thus ſet downe, for your ſelfe ſir ſhall growe old as I am: if like a Crab you could goe backward.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

I ſuffred much extreamity for loue: very neere this. Ile ſpeake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall ſlaue ſaies here, that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree Gumme: and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit, together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I moſt powerfully, and potently beleeue; yet I holde it not Honeſtie to haue it thus ſet downe: For you your ſelfe Sir, ſhould be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

II. ii.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Pol, Though this be madneſſe,
Yet there is Method in't: will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my Graue?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th'Ayre:
How pregnant (ſometimes) his Replies are?
A happineſſe,
That often Madneſſe hits on,
Which Reaſon and Sanitie could not
So proſperouſly be deliuer'd of.
I will leaue him,
And ſodainely contriue the meanes of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter.
My Honourable Lord, I will moſt humbly
Take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life. [262a

II. ii.

Pol. Though this be madneſſe, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my graue.

Pol. Indeede that's out of the ayre; how pregnant ſometimes his replies are, a happines that often madneſſe hits on, which reaſon and ſanctity could not ſo proſperoufly be delinered of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot take from mee any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life. *Enter Guylderſterne, and Roſencrans.*

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to ſeeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

Roſ. God ſaue you ſir.

Guyl. My honor'd Lord.

Roſ. My moſt deere Lord.

Ham. My extent good friends, how dooſt thou *Guylderſterne?* A *Roſencraus*, good lads how doe you both?

Roſ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guyl. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap, We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the ſoles of her ſhooe.

Roſ. Neither my Lord.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fooles.

Polon. You goe to ſeeke my Lord *Hamlet*; there hee is.

Enter Roſincran and Guildenſterne.

Roſin. God ſaue you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Roſin. My moſt deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'ſt thou *Guildenſterne?* Oh, *Roſincrane*; good Lads: How doe ye both?

Roſin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Roſin. Neither my Lord.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Then you liue about her waſte, or in the middle of her fauour?

Guil. Faith, her priuates, we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of Fortune? Oh, moſt true: ſhe is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

Roſin. None my Lord; but that the World's growne honeſt.

Ham. Then is Doomeſday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me queſtion more in particular: what haue you my good friends, deſerued at the hands of Fortune, that ſhe ſends you to Priſon hither?

Guil. Priſon, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Priſon.

Roſin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' worſt.

Roſin. We thinke not ſo my Lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: to me it is a priſon.

Roſin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

II. ii.

Ham. Then you liue about her waſt, or in the middle of her fa-

Guyl. Faith her priuates we. (uors.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of Fortune. oh moſt true, ſhe is a ſtrumpet, What newes?

Roſ. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honeſt.

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true: But in the beaten way of friendſhip, what make you at *Elſonoure?*

Roſ. To viſit you my Lord, no other occaſion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thanke you, and ſure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpeny: were you not ſent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free viſitation? come, come, deale iuſtly with me, come, come, nay ſpeake.

Guyl. What ſhould we ſay my Lord?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutſhell, and count my ſelfe a King of infinite ſpace; were it not that I haue bad dreames.

Guil. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very ſubſtance of the Ambitious, is meerely the ſhadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it ſelfe is but a ſhadow.

Roſin. Truely, and I hold Ambition of ſo ayry and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadowes ſhadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-ſtretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: ſhall wee to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot reaſon?

Both. Wee'I wait vpon you.

Ham. No ſuch matter. I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſeruants: for to ſpeake to you like an honeſt man: I am moſt dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendſhip. What make you at *Elſonower?*

Roſin. To viſit you my Lord, no other occaſion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euen poore in thankes: but I thanke you: and ſure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfepeny; were you not ſent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free viſitation? Come, deale iuſtly with me: come, come; nay ſpeake. [262b

Guil. What ſhould we ſay my Lord?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham Why any thing. But to the purpoſe; you were ſent for; and there is a kinde confeſſion in your lookes; which your modeſties haue not craft enough to color, I know the good King & Queene haue ſent for you.

Roſin. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me: but let mee coniure you by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our euer-preſerued loue, and by what more deare, a better propoſer could charge you withall; be euen and direct with me, wether you were ſent for or no.

Roſin. What ſay you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you; if you loue me hold not off.

II. ii.

Ham. Any thing but to'th purpoſe: you were ſent for, and there is [36
a kind of confeſsion in your lookes, which your modeſties haue not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue ſent for you.

Roſ. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me: but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancie of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preſerued loue; and by what more deare a better propoſer can charge you withall, bee euen and direct with me whether you were ſent for or no.

Roſ. What ſay you.

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you? if you loue me hold not of.

Guyl. My Lord we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, ſo ſhall my anticipation preuent your diſcouery, and your ſecrecie to the King & Queene moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I knowe not, loſt all my mirth, forgon all cuſtome of exerciſes: and indeede it goes ſo heauily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame the earth, ſeemes to mee a ſterill promontorie, this moſt excellent Canopie the ayre, looke you, this braue orehanging firmament, this maieſticall roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and peſtilent congregation of vapoures. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reaſon, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expreſſe and admirable in action, how like an An-

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Guil. My Lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation preuent your diſcouery of your ſecricie to the King and Queene: moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, forgone all cuſtome of exerciſe; and indeed, it goes ſo heauenly with my diſpoſition; that this goodly frame the Earth, ſeemes to me a ſterill Promontory; this moſt excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maieſticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing to mee, then a foule and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reaſon? how infinite in faculty? in forme and mouing how expreſſe and admirable? in Action, how like an An-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

gel? in apprehenſion. how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quinteſſence of Duſt? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your ſmiling you ſeeme to ſay ſo.

Roſin. My Lord. there was no ſuch ſtuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I ſaid, Man delights not me?

Roſin. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players ſhall receiue from you: wee coated them on the way. and hither are they comming to offer you Seruice.

Ham. He that playes the King ſhall be welcome: his Maieſty ſhall haue Tribute of mee: the aduenturous Knight ſhal vſe his Foyle and Target: the Louer ſhall

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gell in apprehenſion, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the paragon of Aunimales; and yet to me, what is this Quinteſſence of duſt: man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your ſmilling, you ſeeme to ſay ſo.

Roſ. My Lord, there was no ſuch ſtuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I ſayd man delights not me.

Roſ. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the players ſhall receaue from you, we coted them on the way, and hether are they comming to offer you ſeruice.

Ham. He that playes the King ſhal be welcome, his Maieſtie ſhal haue tribute on me, the aduenterous Knight ſhall vſe his foyle and target, the Louer ſhall not ſigh gratis, the humorus Man ſhall end his part in peace, and the Lady ſhall ſay her minde freely: or the black verſe ſhall hault for't. What players are they?

Roſ. Euen thoſe you were wont to take ſuch delight in, the Tragedians of the Citty.

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? their reſidence both in reputation, and profit was better both wayes. [37

Roſ. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouaſion.

Ham. Doe they hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the Citty; are they ſo followed.

Roſ. No indeede are they not.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

not ſigh *gratis*, the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace: the Clowne ſhall make thoſe laugh whoſe lungs are tickled a'th' fere: and the Lady ſhall ſay her minde freely; or the blanke Verſe ſhall halt for't: what Players are they?

Roſin. Euen thoſe you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Roſin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innouation?

Ham. Doe they hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the City? Are they ſo follow'd?

Roſin. No indeed, they are not.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rufty?

Roſin. Nay, their indeauour keepes in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yaſes, that crye out on the top of queſtion; and are moſt tyrannically clap't for't: theſe are now the faſhion, and ſo be-ratled the common Stages (ſo they [263a
call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of
360 Gooſe-quils, and dare ſcarſe come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they eſcoted? Will they purſue the Quality no longer then they can ſing? Will they not ſay afterwards if they ſhould grow themſelues to common Players (as it is like moſt if their meanes are no better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim againſt their owne Succeſſion.

370 *Roſin.* Faith there ha's bene much to do on both ſides: and the Nation holds it no ſinne, to tarre them to Controuerſie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argument, vnleſſe the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Queſtion.

Ham. Is't poſſible?

Guild. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of Braines.

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380 *Ham.* It is not very ſtrange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke, and thoſe that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, fortie, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little, s'bloud there is ſomthing in this more then naturall, if Philoſophie could find it out. *A Floriſh.*

Guyl. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elſonoure*, your hands come then, th'appurtenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremonie; let
390 mee comply with you in this garb: let me extent to the players, which I tell you muſt ſhowe fairely outwards, ſhould more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Guyl. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North weſt; when the wind is Southerly, I knowe a Hauke, from a hand ſaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham, Do the Boyes carry it away?

Roſin. I that they do my Lord, *Hercules* & his load too.

380 *Ham.* It is not ſtrange: for mine Vnckle is King of Denmarke, and thoſe that would make mowes at him while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is ſomething in this more then Naturall, if Philoſophie could finde it out.

Flouriſh for the Players.

Guil. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elſonower*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Faſhion
390 and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, left my extent to the Players (which I tell you muſt ſhew fairely outward) ſhould more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd.

Guil. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-Weſt: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handſaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham. Hearke you *Guildenſterne*, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwathing clouts.

Roſin. Happily he's the ſecond time come to them: for they ſay, an old man is twice a childe.

Ham. I will Propheſie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you ſay right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas ſo indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.
When *Roſſius* an Actor in Rome —

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Vpon mine Honor.

II. ii.

Ham. Harke you *Guyldenſterne*, and you too, at each eare a hearer, that great baby you ſee there is not yet out of his ſwadling clouts.

Roſ. Happily he is the ſecond time come to them, for they ſay an old man is twice a child

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it, You ſay right ſir, a Monday morning, t'was then indeede.

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I haue newes to tel you: when *Roſſius* was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Vppon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Affe.

Pol. The beſt actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy, Hiſtory, Paſtorall, Paſtorall Comicall, Hiſtoricall Paſtorall, ſcene indeuidible, or Poem vnlimited. *Sceneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: theſe are the only men. [38

Ham. O *Ieptha* Iudge of Iſraell, what a treaſure had'ſt thou?

Pol. What a treaſure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loued paſsing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha?*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Affe ——

Polon. The beſt Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Hiſtorie, Paſtorall: Paſtoricall-Comicall-Hiſtoricall-Paſtorall: Tragicall-Hiſtoricall: Tragicall-Comicall-Hiſtoricall-Paſtorall: Scene indiuible, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. Theſe are the onely men.

Ham. O *Iephta* Iudge of Iſrael, what a Treaſure had'ſt thou?

Pol. What a Treaſure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more,
The which he loued paſſing well. [263b

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th'right old *Iephta?*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Polon. If you call me *Iephta* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue paſſing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

Ha. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to paſſe, as moſt like it was: The firſt rowe of the *Pons Chanſon* will ſhew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or fiue Players.

Y'are welcome Maſters, welcome all. I am glad to ſee thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant ſince I ſaw thee laſt: Com'ſt thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Miſtris? Byrlady your Ladiſhip is neerer Heauen then when

II. ii.

Pol. If you call me *Ieptha* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue
Ham. Nay that followes not. (paſsing well.
Pol. What followes then my Lord?
Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you knowe it came to paſſe, as moſt like it was; the firſt rowe of the pious chanſon will ſhowe you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maiſters, welcome all, I am glad to ſee thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanct ſince I ſaw thee laſt, com'ſt thou to beard me in Denmark? what my young Lady and miſtris, by lady your Ladiſhippe is nerer to heauen, then when I ſaw you laſt by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrant gold, bee not crackt within the ring: maiſters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Fankners, fly at any thing we ſee, weele haue a ſpeech ſtraite, come giue vs a taſt of your quality, come a paſsionate ſpeech.

Player. What ſpeech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeake me a ſpeech once, but it was neuer acted. or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleaſd not the million, t'was cauiary to the generall, but it was as I receaued it & others, whoſe iudgements in ſuch matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet downe with as much modeſtie as cunning. I remember one ſayd there were no ſallets in the lines, to make the matter ſauory, nor no

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Maſters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we ſee: wee'l haue a Speech ſtraight. Come giue vs a taſt of your quality: come, a paſſionate ſpeech.

1. *Play.* What ſpeech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeak me a ſpeech once, but it was neuer Acted: or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Cauiarie* to the Generall: but it was (as I receiu'd it, and others, whoſe iudgement in ſuch matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digeſted in the Scœnes, ſet downe with as much modeſtie, as cunning. I remember one ſaid, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter ſa-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

uoury; nor no matter in the phraſe, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honeſt method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas *Æneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of *Priams* ſlaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at this Line, let me ſee, let me ſee: The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'*Hyrcanian* Beaſt. It is not ſo: it begins with *Pyrrhus*

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whoſe Sable Armes
Blacke as his purpoſe, did the night reſemble
When he lay couched in the Ominous Horſe,
Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion ſmear'd
With Heraldry more diſmall: Head to foote
Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd
With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,

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matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honeſt method, as wholeſome as ſweete, & by very much, more handſome then fine: one ſpeech in't I chiefely loued, t'was *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, & there about of it eſpecially when he
470 ſpeakes of *Priams* ſlaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me ſee, let me ſee, the rugged *Pirhus* like Th'ircanian beaſt, tis not ſo, it beginnes with *Pirrhus*, the rugged *Pirrhus*, he whoſe | 39
ſable Armes,
Black as his purpoſe did the night reſemble,
When he lay couched in th'omynous horſe,
Hath now this dread and black complection ſmeard,
With heraldy more diſmall head to foote,
Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt
480 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſonnes,
Bak'd and empaſted with the parching ſtreetes
That lend a tirranus and a damned light
To their Lords murther, roſted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-ciſed with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunkles, the helliſh *Phirrhus*
Old grandſire *Priam* ſeekes; ſo proceede you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well ſpoken, with good accent and good
490 *Play.* Anon he finds him, (diſcretion.
Stricking too ſhort at Greekes, his anticke ſword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
Repugnant to commaund; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhus at *Priam* driues, in rage ſtrikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell ſword,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Bak'd and impaſted with the parching ſtreets,
That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
To their vilde Murthers, roaſted in wrath and fire,
And thus o're-ſized with coagulate gore,
VVith eyes like Carbuncles, the helliſh *Pyrrhus*
Old Grandſire *Priam* ſeekes.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well ſpoken, with good accent, and good diſcretion.

490 1. *Player.* Anon he findes him,
Striking too ſhort at Greekes. His anticke Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles
Repugnant to command: vnequall match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* driues, in Rage ſtrikes wide:
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Th'vnnerued Father fals. Then ſenſeleſſe Illium,
Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his Bace, and with a hideous craſh
Takes Priſoner ***Pyrrhus*** eare. For loe, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milkie head
Of Reuerend ***Priam***, ſeem'd i'th'Ayre to ſtieke:
So as a painted Tyrant ***Pyrrhus*** ſtood, [264a
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often ſee againſt ſome ſtorme,
A ſilence in the Heauens, the Racke ſtand ſtill,
The bold windes ſpeechleſſe, and the Orbe below
As huſh as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after ***Pyrrhus*** pauſe,
A ro wſed Vengeance ſets him new a-worke,

II. ii.

Th'vnnerued father fals:
Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopes to his baſe; and with a hiddious craſh
Takes priſoner *Pirrhus* eare, for loe his ſword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, ſeem'd i'th ayre to ſtick.
So as a painted tirant *Pirrhus* ſtood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often ſee againſt ſome ſtorme,
A ſilence in the heauens, the racke ſtand ſtill,
The bold winds ſpeechleſſe, and the orbe belowe
As huſh as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend to region, ſo after *Pirrhus* pauſe,
A rowſed vengeance ſets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marſes* Armor forg'd for proofe eterne,
With leſſe remorſe then *Pirrhus* bleeding ſword
Now falls on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou ſtrumpet Fortune, all you gods, |40
In generall ſinod take away her power,
Breake all the ſpokes, and follies from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham It ſhall to the barbers with your beard; prethee ſay on, he's for a Iigge, or a tale of bawdry, or he ſleepes, ſay on, come to *Hecuba*.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for proofe Eterne,
With leſſe remorſe then *Pyrrhus* bleeding ſword
Now falles on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Prythee ſay on: He's for a Iigge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee ſleepes. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

1. ***Play.*** But who, O who, had ſeen the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

1. ***Play.*** Run bare-foot vp and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Biſſon Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem ſtood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,
A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp.
Who this had ſeene, with tongue in Venome ſteep'd,
'Gainſt Fortunes State, would Treaſon haue pronounc'd?
But if the Gods themſelues did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw ***Pyrrhus*** make malicious ſport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,

II. ii.

Play. But who, a woe, had ſeene the mobled Queene,
Ham. The mobled Queene
Pol. That's good.
Play Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames
With *Biſon* rehumc, a clout vppon that head
Where late the Diadem ſtood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp.
Who this had ſeene, with tongue in venom ſteept,
Gainſt fortunes ſtate would treaſon haue pronounſt:
But if the gods themſelues did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pirrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her huſband limmes,
The inſtant burſt of clamor that ſhe made,
Vnleſſe things mortall moone them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And paſsion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turnd his cullour, and has teares in's eyes, prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee ſpeake out the reſt of this ſoone. Good my Lord will you ſee the players well beſtowed: doe you heare, let them be well vſed, for they are the abſtract and breefe Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vſe them according to their deſert.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

The inſtant Burſt of Clamour that ſhe made
(Vnleſſe things mortall moue them not at all)
Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And paſſion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee ſpeake out the reſt, ſoone. Good my Lord, will you ſee the Players wel beſtow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are the Abſtracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then their ill report while you liued.

Pol. My Lord, I will vſe them according to their deſart.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vſe euerie man after his deſart, and who ſhould ſcape whipping: vſe them after your own Honor and Dignity. The leſſe they deſerue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them in.

Pol. Come ſirs. *Exit Polon.*

Ham. Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to morrow. Doſt thou heare me old Friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago?*

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a need ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome doſen or ſixteene lines, which I would ſet downe, and inſert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

II. ii.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vſe euery man after his deſert, & who ſhall ſcape whipping, vſe them after your owne honor and dignity, the leſſe they deſerue the more merrit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come firs.

Ham. Follow him friends, weele heare a play to morrowe: doſt thou heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago?* |41

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome doſen lines, or ſixteene lines, which I would ſet downe and inſert in't, could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you tell night, you are welcome to *Elſonoure.* *Exeunt Pol. and Players.*

Roſ. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Ham. I ſo God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and peſant ſlaue am I.
Is it not monſtrous that this player heere
But in a fixion, in a dreame of paſsion
Could force his ſoule ſo to his owne conceit
That from her working all the viſage wand,
Teares in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voyce, an his whole function ſuting
With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night you are welcome to *Elſonower?*

Roſin. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.* |264b

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I ſo, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Peſant ſlaue am I?
Is it not monſtrous that this Player heere,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Paſſion,
Could force his ſoule ſo to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his viſage warm'd;
Teares in his eyes, diſtraction in's Aſpect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function ſuiting
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

For *Hecuba?*
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba,*
That he ſhould weepe for her? What would he doe,
Had he the Motiue and the Cue for paſſion
That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid ſpeech:
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-metled Raſcall, peake
Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing: No, not for a King,
Vpon whoſe property, and moſt deere life,
A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?

II. ii.

For *Hecuba.*
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he ſhould weepe for her? what would he doe
Had he the motiue, and that for paſsion
That I haue? he would drowne the ſtage with teares.
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid ſpeech,
Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede
The very faculties of eyes and eares: yet I,
A dull and muddy metteld raskall peake,
Like Iohn a dreames, vnpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing; no not for a King,
Vpon whoſe property and moſt deare life,
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,
Who cals me villaine, breakes my pate a croſſe,
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by the noſe, giues me the lie i'th thraote
As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this,
Hah, s'wounds I ſhould take it: for it cannot be
But I am pidgion liuerd, and lack gall
To make oppreſsion bitter, or ere this [42
I ſhould a fatted all the region kytes
With this ſlaues offall, bloody, baudy villaine,
Remorſleſſe, trecherous, lecherous, kindleſſe villaine.
Why what an Aſſe am I, this is moſt braue,
That I the ſonne of a deere murthered,
Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-croſſe?
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Tweakes me by'th' Noſe? giues me the Lye i'th' Throate.
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Ha? Why I ſhould take it: for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall
To make Oppreſſion bitter, or ere this,
I ſhould haue fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaues Offall, bloudy: a Bawdy villaine,
Remorſeleſſe, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!
Oh Vengeance!
Who? What an Aſſe am I? I ſure, this is moſt braue,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,
Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Muſt (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,
And fall a Curſing like a very Drab,
A Scullion? Fye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine.
I haue heard, that guilty Creatures ſitting at a Play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scœne,
Bene ſtrooke ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will ſpeake
With moſt myraculous Organ. Ile haue theſe Players,
Play ſomething like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Vnkle. Ile obſerue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke: If he but blench
I know my courſe. The Spirit that I haue ſeene

II. ii.

Muſt like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very drabbe; a ſtallyon, fie vppon't, foh.
About my braines; hum, I haue heard,
That guilty creatures ſitting at a play.
Haue by the very cunning of the ſcene.
Beene ſtrooke ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther, though it haue no tongue will ſpeake
With moſt miraculous organ: Ile haue theſe Players
Play ſomething like the murther of my father
Before mine Vncle, Ile obſerue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
I know my courſe. The ſpirit that I haue ſeene
May be a deale, and the deale hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape, yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakenes, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,
Abuſes me to damne me; Ile haue grounds
More relatiue then this, the play's the thing
Wherein Ile catch the conſcience of the King. *Exit.*

III. i. *Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſencraus, Guyldensterne, Lords.*

King. An can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weakneſſe, and my Melancholly.
As he is very potent with ſuch Spirits,
Abuſes me to damne me. Ile haue grounds
More Relatiue then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conſcience of the King. *Exit*

III. i. *Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrance, Guildenſtern, and Lords.*

King. And can you by no drift of circumſtance
Get from him why he puts on this Confuſion:
Grating ſo harſhly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy. [265a

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Roſin. He does confeſſe he feeles himſelfe diſtracted,
But from what cauſe he will by no meanes ſpeake.
Guil. Nor do we finde him forward to be ſounded,
But with a crafty Madneſſe keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to ſome Confeſſion
Of his true ſtate.
Qu. Did he receiue you well?
Roſin. Moſt like a Gentleman.
Guild. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.
Roſin. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.
Qu. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?
Roſin. Madam, it ſo fell out, that certaine Players

III. i.

Rof. He dooes confeffe he feeles himfelfe diftracted.
But from what cauſe, a will by no meanes ſpeake.
Guyl. Nor doe we find him forward to be founded.
But with a craftie madnes keepes aloofe
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſsion
Of his true ſtate. |43
Quee. Did he receiue you well?
Rof. Moſt like a gentleman.
Guyl. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.
Rof. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demaunds
Moſt free in his reply.
Quee. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?
Rof. Maddam, it ſo fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of theſe we told him.
And there did ſeeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court.
And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. Tis moſt true,
And he beſeecht me to intreat your Maieſties
To heare and ſee the matter.
King. With all my hart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him ſo inclin'd.
Good gentlemen giue him a further edge.
And driue his purpoſe into theſe delights.
Rof. We ſhall my Lord. *Exeunt Rof. & Guyl.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

We ore-wrought on the way: of theſe we told him.
And there did ſeeme in him a kinde of ioy
To heare of it. They are about the Court.
And (as I thinke) they haue already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to intreate your Maieſties
To heare, and ſee the matter.
King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him ſo inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Giue him a further edge, and driue his purpoſe on
To theſe delights.
Roſin. We ſhall my Lord. *Exeunt.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

King. Sweet *Gertrude* leaue vs too,
For we haue clofely ſent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia.* Her Father, and my ſelfe (lawful eſpials)
Will ſo beſtow our ſelues, that ſeeing vnſeene
We may of their encounter frankely iudge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If't be th'affliction of his loue, or no.
That thus he ſuffers for.

Qu. I ſhall obey you,
And for your part *Ophelia,* I do wiſh
That your good Beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlets* wildeneſſe: ſo ſhall I hope your Vertues

III. i.

King. Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,
For we haue clofely fent for *Hamlet* hether,
That he as t'were by accedent, may heere
Affront *Ophelia*; her father and my felfe,
Wee'le fo beftow our felues, that feeing vnfeene,
We may of their encounter franckly iudge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
Ift be th'affliction of his loue or no
That thus he fuffers for.

Quee. I fhall obey you.
And for your part *Ophelia*, I doe wifh
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlets* wildnes, fo fhall I hope your vertues,
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.

Oph. Maddam, I wifh it may.

Pol. *Ophelia* walke you heere, gracious fo pleafe you.
We will beftow our felues; reade on this booke, [44
That fhow of fuch an exercife may cullour
Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this.
Tis too much proou'd, that with deuotions viſage
And pious action, we doe fugar ore
The deuill himfelfe.

King. O tis too true,
How fmart a laſh that fpeech doth giue my conſcience.
The harlots cheeke beautied with plaſtring art.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your Honors.

Ophe. Madam, I wifh it may.

Pol. *Ophelia,* walke you heere. Gracious fo pleafe ye
We will beſtow our ſelues: Reade on this booke.
That ſhew of ſuch an exercife may colour
Your lonelineſſe. We are oft too blame in this.
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions viſage.
And pious Action, we do ſurge o're
The diuell himſelfe.

King. Oh 'tis true:
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth giue my Conſcience?
The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaiſt'ring Art

Ham. To be, or not to be, I there's the point,

To Die, to ſleepe, is that all? I all:
No, to ſleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes.
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an euerlaſting Iudge,
From whence no paſſenger euer retur'nd,
The vndiſcouered country, at whoſe ſight
The happy ſmile, and the accurſed damn'd.
But for this, the ioyfull hope of this,

Whol'd beare the ſcornes and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the right rich, the rich curſſed of the poore?
The widow being oppreſſed, the orphan wrong'd. [26
The taſte of hunger, or a tirants raigne,
And thouſand more calamities beſides,
To grunt and ſweate vnder this weary life,
When that he may his full *Quietus* make,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Is not more vgly to the thing that helpes it,
Then is my deede, to my moſt painted word.
Oh heauie burthen!

Pol. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Queſtion:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to ſuffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Armes againſt a Sea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them: to dye, to ſleepe
No more; and by a ſleepe, to ſay we end
The Heart-ake, and the thouſand Naturall ſhockes

III. i.

Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede to my moſt painted word:
O heauy burthen.

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, with-draw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion.
Whether tis nobler in the minde to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
Or to take Armes againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing, end them, to die to ſleepe
No more, and by a ſleepe, to ſay we end
The hart-ake, and the thouſand naturall ſhocks
That fleſh is heire to; tis a conſumation
Deuoutly to be wiſht to die to ſleepe,
To ſleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that ſleepe of death what dreames may come
When we haue ſhuffled off this mortall coyle
Muſt giue vs pauſe, there's the reſpect
That makes calamitie of ſo long life:
For who would beare the whips and ſcornes of time,
Th'oppreſſors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
The pangs of deſpiz'd loue, the lawes delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurnes
That patient merrit of th'vnworthy takes,
When he himſelfe might his quietas make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

That Fleſh is heyre too? 'Tis a conſummation [265b
Deuoutly to be wiſh'd. To dye to ſleepe,
To ſleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that ſleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we haue ſhufflel'd off this mortall coile,
Muſt giue vs pawſe. There's the reſpect
That makes Calamity of ſo long life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppreſſors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of diſpriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The inſolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himſelfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would theſe Fardles beare

III. i.

With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,
But for a hope of ſomething after death?

Which puſles the braine, and doth confound the ſence,
Which makes vs rather beare thoſe euilles we haue,
Than flie to others that we know not of.
I that, O this conſcience makes cowardes of vs all,

Lady in thy orizons, be all my ſinnes remembred.

Ofel. My Lord, I haue ſought opportunitie, which now I haue, to redeliuer to your worthy handes, a ſmall remembrance, ſuch tokens which I haue receiued of you.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

To grunt and ſweat vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The vndiſcouered Countrey, from whoſe Borne
No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare thoſe illes we haue,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conſcience does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Natiue hew of Reſolution
Is ſicklied o're, with the pale caſt of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And looſe the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia?* Nimph, in thy Orizons
Be all my ſinnes remembred.

III. i.

To grunt and ſweat vnder a wearie life,
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The vndiſcouer'd country, from whoſe borne
No trauiler returnes, puzzels the will, 45
And makes vs rather beare thoſe ills we haue,
Then flie to others that we know not of.
Thus conſcience dooes make cowards,
And thus the natiue hiew of reſolution
Is ſickled ore with the pale caſt of thought,
And enterpriſes of great pitch and moment,
With this regard theyr currents turne awry,
And looſe the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy orizons
Be all my ſinnes remembred.

Oph. Good my Lord,
How dooes your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you well.

Oph. My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to redeliuer,
I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Oph. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compoſd
As made theſe things more rich, their perfume loſt,
Take theſe againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,
There my Lord.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ophe. Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.

Ophe. My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
That I haue longed long to re-deliuer.
I pray you now, receiue them.

Ham. No, no, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take theſe againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poore, when giuers proue vnkinde.
There my Lord.

III. i.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ofel. My Lord.

Ham. Are you honeſt?

Ofel. What meanes my Lord?

Ham. That if you be faire and honeſt,
Your beauty ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your honeſty.

Ofel. My Lord, can beauty haue better priuiledge than with honeſty?

Ham. Yea mary may it; for Beauty may transforme
Honeſty, from what ſhe was into a bawd:
Then Honeſty can transforme Beauty:
This was ſometimes a Paradox,
But now the time giues it ſcope.
I neuer gaue you nothing.

Ofel. My Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them ſuch earneſt vowes of loue,
As would haue moou'd the ſtonieſt breaſt aliue,
But now too true I finde,
Rich giftes waxe poore, when giuers grow vnkinde.

Ham. I neuer loued you.

Ofel. You made me beleeue you did.

Ham. O thou ſhouldſt not a beleeued me! [27
Go to a Nunnery goe, why ſhouldſt thou
Be a breeder of ſinners? I am my ſelfe indifferent honeſt,
But I could accuſe my ſelfe of ſuch crimes
It had beene better my mother had ne're borne me.
O I am very prowde, ambitious, diſdainefull,
With more ſinnes at my backe, then I haue thoughts

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honeſt?

Ophe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. What meanes your Lordſhip?

Ham. That if you be honeſt and faire, your Honeſty ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your Beautie.

Ophe. Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Comerce then your Honeſtie?

Ham. I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will ſooner transforme Honeſtie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the force of Honeſtie can tranſlate Beautie into his likeneſſe.

III. i.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honeſt.

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What meanes your Lordſhip?

Ham. That if you be honeſt & faire, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beautie.

Oph. Could beauty my Lord haue better comerſe Then with honeſtie?

Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will ſooner transforme honeſtie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honeſtie can tranſlate beautie into his likenes, this was ſometime a paradox, but now the time giues it proofe, I did loue you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord you made me belieue ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not haue beleeu'd me, for vertue cannot ſo enoculat our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh of it, I loued you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiued. [46

Ham. Get thee a Nunry, why would'ſt thou be a breeder of ſinners, I am my ſelfe indifferent honeſt, but yet I could accuſe mee of ſuch things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them ſhape,

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

This was ſometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it proofe. I did loue you once.

Ophe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleeue ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not haue beleeued me. For vertue cannot ſo innocculate our old ſtocke, but we ſhall relliſh of it. I loued you not.

Ophe. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'ſt thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my ſelfe indifferent honeſt, but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better my Mother had not borne me. I am very prowd, reuengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue

III. i.

To put them in, what ſhould ſuch fellowes as I
Do, crawling between heauen and earth?
To a Nunnery goe, we are arrant knaues all,
Beleeue none of vs, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. O heauens ſecure him!

Ham. Wher's thy father?

Ofel. At home my lord.

Ham. For Gods ſake let the doores be ſhut on him,
He may play the foole no where but in his
Owne houſe: to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. Help him good God.

Ham. If thou doſt marry, Ile giue thee
This plague to thy dowry:
Be thou as chaſte as yce, as pure as ſnowe,
Thou ſhalt not ſcape calumny, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. Alas, what change is this?

Ham. But if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole,
For wiſemen know well enough,
What monſters you make of them, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. Pray God reſtore him.

Ham. Nay, I haue heard of your paintings too,
God hath giuen you one face,
And you make your ſelues another,
You fig, and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures,
Making your wantonneſſe, your ignorance,
A pox, t'is ſcuruy, Ile no more of it,
It hath made me madde: Ile no more marriages,
All that are married but one, ſhall liue,
The reſt ſhall keepe as they are, to a Nunnery goe,
To a Nunnery goe. *exit.* [28

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

them ſhape, or time to acte them in. What ſhould ſuch Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heauen and Earth. [266a
We are arrant Knaues all, beleeue none of vs. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be ſhut vpon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but in's owne houſe. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you ſweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou doeſt Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaſt as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou ſhalt not eſcape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool:

III. i.

or time to act them in: what ſhould ſuch fellowes as I do crauling betweene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, beleeue none of vs, goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Oph. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be ſhut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne houſe,
Farewell.

Oph. O helpe him you ſweet heauens.

Ham. If thou dooſt marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dowrie, be thou as chaſt as yce, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole, for wiſe men knowe well enough what monſters you make of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

Oph. Heauenly powers reſtore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your ſelfes another, you gig & amble, and you lift you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I ſay we will haue no mo marriage, thoſe that are married alreadie, all but one ſhall liue, the reſt ſhall keep as they are: to a Nunry go. *Exit.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

for Wiſe men know well enough, what monſters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farwell.

Ophe. O heauenly Powers, reſtore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough. God has giuen you one pace, and you make your ſelfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you liſpe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonneſſe, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will haue no more Marriages. Thoſe that are married already, all but one ſhall liue, the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.*

III. i.

Ofe. Great God of heauen, what a quicke change is this?
The Courtier, Scholler, Souldier, all in him,
All dafht and fplinterd thence, O woe is me,
To a feene what I haue feene, fee what I fee. *exit.*

King. Loue? No, no, that's not the cauſe, *Enter King and*
Some deeper thing it is that troubles him. *Corambis.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, ſword,
Th'expectanſie and Roſe of the faire State,
The glaſſe of Faſhion, and the mould of Forme,
Th'obſerv'd of all Obſeruers, quite, quite downe.
Haue I of Ladies moſt deiect and wretched,
That ſuck'd the Honie of his Muſicke Vowes:
Now ſee that Noble, and moſt Soueraigne Reaſon,
Like ſweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harſh,
That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,
Blaſted with extaſie. Oh woe is me,
T'haue ſeene what I haue ſeene: ſee what I ſee.
Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? His affections do not that way tend,

III. i.

Oph. O what a noble mind is heere orethrowne!
The Courtiers, ſouldiers, ſchollers, eye, tongue, ſword,
Th'expectation, and Roſe of the faire ſtate,
The glaſſe of faſhion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obſeru'd of all obſeruers, quite quite downe,
And I of Ladies moſt deiect and wretched,
That ſuckt the honny of his muſicke vowes;
Now ſee what noble and moſt ſoueraigne reaſon
Like ſweet bells iangled out of time, and harſh,
That vnmatcht forme, and ſtature of blowne youth
Blaſted with extacie, ô woe is mee
T'haue ſeene what I haue ſeene, ſee what I ſee. *Exit,*

Enter King and Polonius. |47

King. Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,
Not what he ſpake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes, there's ſomething in his ſoule
Ore which his melancholy ſits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the diſcloſe
VVill be ſome danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus ſet it downe: he ſhall with ſpeede to *England*,
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the ſeas, and countries different,
With variable obiects, ſhall expell
This ſomething ſetled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines ſtill beating
Puts him thus from faſhion of himſelfe.
What thinke you on't?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Nor what he ſpake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
Was not like Madneſſe. There's ſomething in his ſoule?
O're which his Melancholly ſits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger, which to preuent
I haue in quicke determination
Thus ſet it downe. He ſhall with ſpeed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different
With variable Obiects, ſhall expell
This ſomething ſetled matter in his heart:
Whereon his Braines ſtill beating, puts him thus
From faſhion of himſelfe. What thinke you on't?

Cor. Wel, ſomething it is: my Lord, content you a while,
I will my ſelfe goe feele him: let me worke,
Ile try him euery way: ſee where he comes,
Send you thoſe Gentlemen, let me alone
To finde the depth of this, away, be gone. *exit King.*
Now my good Lord, do you know me? *Enter Hamlet.*
Ham. Yea very well, y'are a fiſhmonger.
Cor. Not I my Lord.
Ham. Then ſir, I would you were ſo honeſt a man,
For to be honeſt, as this age goes,
Is one man to be pickt out of tenne thouſand.
Cor. What doe you reade my Lord?
Ham. Wordes, wordes.
Cor. What's the matter my Lord?
Ham. Betweene who?
Cor. I meane the matter you reade my Lord.
Ham. Mary moſt vile hereſie:
For here the Satyricall Satyre writes,
That olde men haue hollow eyes, weake backes,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Pol. It ſhall do well. But yet do I beleeue
The Origin and Commencement of this greefe
Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Ophelia?*
You neede not tell vs, what Lord *Hamlet* ſaide,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you pleaſe,
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
To ſhew his Greefes: let her be round with him

III. i.

Pol. It ſhall doe well.
But yet doe I belieue the origin and comencement of his greefe,
Sprung from neglected loue: How now *Ophelia?*
You neede not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you pleaſe,
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
To ſhow his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (ſo pleaſe you) in the care
Of all their conference, if ſhe find him not,
To *England* ſend him: or confine him where
Your wiſedome beſt ſhall thinke.

King. It ſhall be ſo,
Madnes in great ones muſt not vnmatcht goe. *Exeunt.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And Ile be plac'd ſo, pleaſe you in the eare
Of all their Conference. If ſhe finde him not,
To England ſend him: Or confine him where
Your wiſedome beſt ſhall thinke.

King. It ſhall be ſo:
Madneſſe in great Ones, muſt not vnwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

II. ii.

Grey beardes, pittifull weake hammes, gowty legges.
All which ſir, I moſt potently beleeue not:
For ſir, your ſelfe ſhalbe olde as I am,
If like a Crabbe, you could goe backeward.
Cor. How pregnant his replies are, and full of wit:
Yet at firſt he tooke me for a fiſhmonger:
All this comes by loue, the vemencie of loue.
And when I was yong, I was very idle,
And ſuffered much extaſie in loue, very neere this:
Will you walke out of the aire my Lord?
Ham. Into my graue. [29
Cor. By the maſſe that's out of the aire indeed,
Very ſhrewd anſwers,
My lord I will take my leaue of you.

Enter Gilderstone, and Roſſencraft.

Ham. You can take nothing from me ſir,
I will more willingly part with all,
Olde doating foole.
Cor. You ſeeke Prince Hamlet, ſee, there he is. *exit.*
Gil. Health to your Lordſhip.
Ham. What, Gilderſtone, and Roſſencraft,
Welcome kinde Schoole-fellowes to *Elſanoure.*
Gil. We thanke your Grace, and would be very glad
You were as when we were at *Wittenberg.*
Ham. I thanke you, but is this viſitation free of
Your ſelues, or were you not ſent for?
Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queene
Sent for you, there is a kinde of confeſſion in your eye:
Come, I know you were ſent for.
Gil. What ſay you?
Ham. Nay then I ſee how the winde ſits,
Come, you were ſent for.
Roſſ. My lord, we were, and willingly if we might,
Know the cauſe and ground of your diſcontent.
Ham. Why I want preferment.
Roſſ. I thinke not ſo my lord.
Ham. Yes faith, this great world you ſee contents me not,
No nor the ſpangled heauens, nor earth nor ſea,
No nor Man that is ſo glorious a creature,
Contents not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.
Gil. My lord, we laugh not at that.
Ham. Why did you laugh then,
When I ſaid, Man did not content mee?

III. i.

II. ii.

Gil. My Lord, we laughed, when you ſaid, Man did not content you.
What entertainement the Players ſhall haue,
We boorded them a the way: they are comming to you. [30
Ham. Players, what Players be they?
Roſſ. My Lord, the Tragedians of the Citty,
Thoſe that you tooke delight to ſee ſo often. (ſtie?
Ham. How comes it that they trauell? Do they grow re-
Gil. No my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.
Ham. How then?
Gil. Yfaith my Lord, noueltie carries it away,
For the principall publike audience that
Came to them, are turned to priuate playes,
And to the humour of children.
Ham. I doe not greatly wonder of it,
For thoſe that would make mops and moes
At my vncle, when my father liued,
Now giue a hundred, two hundred pounds
For his picture: but they ſhall be welcome,
He that playes the King ſhall haue tribute of me,
The ventrous Knight ſhall vſe his foyle and target,
The louer ſhall ſigh gratis,
The clowne ſhall make them laugh (for't,
That are tickled in the lungs, or the blanke verſe ſhall halt
And the Lady ſhall haue leaue to ſpeake her minde freely.

The Trumpets ſound, Enter Corambis.

Do you ſee yonder great baby?
He is not yet out of his ſwadling clowts.
Gil. That may be, for they ſay an olde man
Is twice a childe. (Players,
Ham. Ile prophecie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the
You ſay true, a monday laſt, t'was ſo indeede.
Cor. My lord, I haue news to tell you.
Ham. My Lord, I haue newes to tell you:
When *Roſſios* was an Actor in *Rome.*
Cor. The Actors are come hither, my lord.
Ham. Buz, buz.
Cor. The beſt Actors in Chriſtendome,
Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Hiſtorie, Paſtorall,
Paſtorall, Hiſtoricall, Hiſtoricall, Comicall, [31
Comicall hiſtoricall, Paſtorall, Tragedy hiſtoricall:
Seneca cannot be too heauy, nor *Plato* too light:
For the law hath writ thoſe are the onely men.

III. i.

II. ii.

Ha. O *Iepha* Iudge of *Iſrael!* what a treaſure hadſt thou?
Cor. Why what a treaſure had he my lord?
Ham. Why one faire daughter, and no more,
The which he loued paſſing well.
Cor. A, ſtil harping a my daughter! well my Lord.
If you call me *Iepha*, I haue a daughter that
I loue paſſing well.
Ham. Nay that followes not.
Cor. What followes then my Lord?
Ham. Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to paſſe,
And ſo it was, the firſt verſe of the godly Ballet
Wil tel you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:
Welcome maiſters, welcome all, *Enter players.*
What my olde friend, thy face is vallanced
Since I ſaw thee laſt, com'ſt thou to beard me in *Denmarke?*
My yong lady and miſtris, burlady but your (you were:
Ladiſhip is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than
Pray God ſir your voyce, like a peece of vncurrant
Golde, be not crack't in the ring: come on maiſters,
Weele euen too't, like French Falconers,
Flie at any thing we ſee, come, a taſte of your
Quallitie, a ſpeech, a paſſionate ſpeech.
Players What ſpeech my good lord?
Ham. I heard thee ſpeake a ſpeech once,
But it was neuer acted: or if it were,
Neuer aboue twice, for as I remember,
It pleaſed not the vulgar, it was cauiary
To the million: but to me
And others, that receiued it in the like kinde,
Cried in the toppe of their iudgements, an excellent play.
Set downe with as great modeſtie as cunning:
One ſaid there was no ſallets in the lines to make the ſauory,
But called it an honeſt methode, as wholeſome as ſweete. [32
Come, a ſpeech in it I chiefly remember
Was *Æneas* tale to *Dido,*
And then eſpecially where he talkes of Princes ſlaughter,
If it liue in thy memory beginne at this line,
Let me ſee.
The rugged *Pyrrus,* like th'arganian beaſt:
No t'is not ſo, it begins with *Pirrus:*
O I haue it.
The rugged *Pirrus,* he whoſe ſable armes,
Blacke as his purpoſe did the night reſemble,

III. i.

II. ii.

When he lay couched in the ominous horſe,
Hath now his blacke and grimme complexion ſmeered
With Heraldry more diſmall, head to foote,
Now is he totall guiſe, horridely tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſonnes,
Back't and imparched in calagulate gore,
Rifted in earth and fire, olde grandſire *Pryam* ſeekes:
So goe on. (accent.

Cor. Afore God, my Lord, well ſpoke, and with good

Play. Anone he finds him ſtriking too ſhort at Greeks,
His antike ſword rebellious to his Arme,
Lies where it falles, vnable to reſiſt.
Pyrrus at *Pryam* driues, but all in rage,
Strikes wide, but with the whiffe and winde
Of his fell ſword, th'unnerued father falles.

Cor. Enough my friend, t'is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to the Barbers with your beard:
A pox, hee's for a Iigge, or a tale of bawdry,
Or elſe he ſleepes, come on to *Hecuba*, come.

Play. But who, O who had ſeene the mobled Queene?

Cor. Mobled Queene is good, faith very good.

Play. All in the alarum and feare of death roſe vp,
And o're her weake and all ore-teeming loynes, a blancket
And a kercher on that head, where late the diademe ſtoode,
Who this had ſeene with tongue inuenom'd ſpeech,
Would treaſon haue pronounced, [33
For if the gods themſelues had ſeene her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pirrus* with malitious ſtrokes,
Mincing her husbandes limbs,
It would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen,
And paſſion in the gods.

Cor. Looke my lord if he hath not changde his colour,
And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart, no more.

Ham. T'is well, t'is very well, I pray my lord,
Will you ſee the Players well beſtowed,
I tell you they are the Chronicles
And briefe abſtracts of the time,
After your death I can tell you,
You were better haue a bad Epiteeth,
Then their ill report while you liue.

Cor. My lord, I will vſe them according to their deſerts.

Ham. O farre better man, vſe euery man after his deſerts,
Then who ſhould ſcape whipping?

III. i.

II. ii.

Vſe them after your owne honor and dignitie,
The leſſe they deſerue, the greater credit's yours.
Cor. Welcome my good fellowes. *exit.*
Ham. Come hither maiſters, can you not play the murder of *Gonſago?*
players Yes my Lord.
Ham. And could'ſt not thou for a neede ſtudy me
Some dozen or ſixteene lines,
Which I would ſet downe and inſert?
players Yes very eaſily my good Lord.
Ham. T'is well, I thanke you: follow that lord.
And doe you heare ſirs? take heede you mocke him not.
Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thanke you,
And for a time I would deſire you leaue me.
Gil. Our loue and duetie is at your commaund.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. Why what a dunghill idiote ſlaue am I?
Why theſe Players here draw water from eyes:
For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? [34
What would he do and if he had my loſſe?
His father murdred, and a Crowne bereft him,
He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood,
Amaze the ſtanders by with his laments,
Strike more then wonder in the iudiciall eares,
Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wiſe,
Indeede his paſſion would be generall.
Yet I like to an aſſe and Iohn a Dreames,
Hauing my father murdred by a villaine,
Stand ſtill, and let it paſſe, why ſure I am a coward:
Who pluckes me by the beard, or twites my noſe,
Giue's me the lie i'th throate downe to the lungs,
Sure I ſhould take it, or elſe I haue no gall,
Or by this I ſhould a fatted all the region kites
With this ſlaues offell, this damned villaine,
Treacherous, bawdy, murderous villaine:
Why this is braue, that I the ſonne of my deare father,
Should like a ſcalion, like a very drabbe
Thus raile in wordes. About my braine,
I haue heard that guilty creatures ſitting at a play,
Hath, by the very cunning of the ſcene, confeſt a murder
Committed long before.
This ſpirit that I haue ſeene may be the Diuell,
And out of my weakeneſſe and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with ſuch men,

III. i.

II.ii.

Doth ſeeke to damne me, I will haue ſounder proofes,
The play's the thing,
Wherein I'le catch the conſcience of the King. *exit.*

III.i. *Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.*

King Lordes, can you by no meanes finde
The cauſe of our ſonne Hamlets lunacie?
You being ſo neere in loue, euen from his youth,
Me thinkes ſhould gaine more than a ſtranger ſhould.
Gil. My lord, we haue done all the beſt we could, [35
To wring from him the cauſe of all his griefe,
But ſtill he puts vs off, and by no meanes
Would make an anſwere to that we expoſde.
Roſſ. Yet was he ſomething more inclin'd to mirth
Before we left him, and I take it,
He hath giuen order for a play to night,
At which he craues your highneſſe company.
King With all our heart, it likes vs very well:
Gentlemen, ſeeke ſtill to increaſe his mirth,
Spare for no coſt, our coffers ſhall be open,
And we vnto your ſelues will ſtill be thankefull.
Both In all wee can, be ſure you ſhall commaund.
Queene Thankes gentlemen, and what the Queene of
May pleaſure you, be ſure you ſhall not want. (*Denmarke*
Gil. Weele once againe vnto the noble Prince.
King Thanks to you both: Gertred you'l ſee this play.
Queene My lord I will, and it ioyes me at the ſoule
He is inclin'd to any kinde of mirth.
Cor. Madame, I pray be ruled by me:
And my good Soueraigne, giue me leaue to ſpeake,
We cannot yet finde out the very ground
Of his diſtemperance, therefore
I holde it meete, if ſo it pleaſe you,
Elſe they ſhall not meete, and thus it is.
King What i'ſt *Corambis?* (done,
Cor. Mary my good lord this, ſoone when the ſports are
Madam, ſend you in haſte to ſpeake with him,
And I my ſelfe will ſtand behind the Arras,
There queſtion you the cauſe of all his griefe,
And then in loue and nature vnto you, hee'le tell you all:
My Lord, how thinke you on't?
King It likes vs well, Gerterd, what ſay you?
Queene With all my heart, ſoone will I ſend for him.
Cor. My ſelfe will be that happy meſſenger,
Who hopes his griefe will be reueal'd to her. *exeunt omnes.*

III. i.

III. ii.

Enter Hamlet and the Players. [36

Ham. Pronounce me this ſpeech trippingly a the tongue as I taught thee,
Mary and you mouth it, as a many of your players do
I'de rather heare a towne bull bellow,
Then ſuch a fellow ſpeake my lines.
Nor do not ſaw the aire thus with your hands,
But giue euery thing his action with temperance. (fellow,
O it offends mee to the ſoule, to heare a rebuſtious periwig
To teare a paſſion in totters, into very ragges,
To ſplit the eares of the ignoraut, who for the (noiſes,
Moſt parte are capable of nothing but dumbe ſhewes and
I would haue ſuch a fellow whipt, for o're doing, tarmagant
It out, Herodes Herod.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

III. ii. *Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.* [266b

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer had ſpoke my Lines: Nor do not ſaw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but vſe all gently; for in the verie Torrent, Tempeſt, and (as I may ſay) the Whirle-winde of Paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a Temperance that may giue it Smoothneſſe. O it offends mee to the Soule, to ſee a robuſtious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Paſſion to tatters, to verie ragges, to ſplit the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the moſt part) are capeable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe ſhewes, & noiſe: I could haue ſuch a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out-*Herod's Herod.* Pray you auoid it.

III. ii.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the ſpeech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the towne cryer ſpoke my lines, nor doe not ſaw the ayre too much with your hand thus, but vſe all gently, for in the very torrent tempeſt, and as I may ſay, whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it ſmoothneſſe, ô it offends mee to the ſoule, to heare a robuſtious perwig-pated fellowe tere a paſſion to totters, to very rags, to ſplect the eares of the groundlings, vvho for the moſt part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe ſhowes, and noyſe: I would haue ſuch a fellow whipt for ore-dooing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it. [48

Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne diſcretion be your tutor, ſute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this ſpeciall obſeruance, that you ore-ſteppe not the modeſtie of nature: For any thing ſo ore-doone, is from the purpoſe of playing, whoſe end both at the firſt, and novve, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to ſhew vertue her feature; ſcorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and preſſure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious greeue, the cenſure of which one, muſt in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue ſeene play, and heard others prayſd, and that highly, not to ſpeake it prophanely, that neither ha-

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Diſcretion be your Tutor. Suite the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this ſpeciall obſeruance: That you ore-ſtop not the modeſtie of Nature; for any thing ſo ouer-done, is frō the purpoſe of Playing, whoſe end both at the firſt and now, was and is, to hold as 'twer the Mirrour vp to Nature; to ſhew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and preſſure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue; The cenſure of the which One, muſt in your allowance o'reway a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue ſeene Play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly (not to ſpeake it prophanely) that neyther hauing

players My Lorde, wee haue indifferently reformed that among vs.

Ham. The better, the better, mend it all together:
There be fellowes that I haue ſeene play,
And heard others commend them, and that highly too,
That hauing neither the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan,
Nor Turke, haue ſo ſtrutted and bellowed,
That you would a thought, ſome of Natures journeymen
Had made men, and not made them well,
They imitated humanitie, ſo abhominable:
Take heede, auoyde it.

players I warrant you my Lord.

Ham. And doe you heare? let not your Clowne ſpeake
More then is ſet downe, there be of them I can tell you
That will laugh themſelues, to ſet on ſome
Quantitie of barren ſpectators to laugh with them,
Albeit there is ſome neceſſary point in the Play
Then to be obſerued: O t'is vile, and ſhewes
A pittifull ambition in the foole that vſeth it.
And then you haue ſome agen, that keepes one ſute
Of ieaſts, as a man is knowne by one ſute of
Apparell, and Gentlemen quotes his ieaſts downe
In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus: [37
Cannot you ſtay till I eate my porrige? and, you owe me
A quarters wages: and, my coate wants a cullifon:
And, your beere is ſowre: and, blabbering with his lips,
And thus keeping in his cinkapaſe of ieaſts,
When, God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a ieſt
Vnleſſe by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare:
Maiſters tell him of it.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

the accent of Chriſtians, nor the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, or Norman, haue ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I haue thought ſome of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity ſo abhominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs, Sir.

III. ii.

uing th'accent of Chriſtians, nor the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, nor man, haue ſo ſtrutted & bellowed, that I haue thought ſome of Natures Iornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie ſo abhominably.

Player. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let thoſe that play your clownes ſpeake no more then is ſet downe for them, for there be of them that wil themſelues laugh, to ſet on ſome quantitie of barraine ſpectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered, that's villanous, and ſhewes a moſt pittifull ambition in the foole that vſes it: goe make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let thoſe that play your Clownes, ſpeake no more then is ſet downe for them. For there be of them, that will themſelues laugh, to ſet on ſome quantitie of barron Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, ſome neceſſary Queſtion of the Play be then to be conſidered: that's Villanous, & ſhewes a moſt pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vſes it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players.*

III. ii.

players We will my Lord.
Ham. Well, goe make you ready. *excunt players.*

Horatio. Heere my Lord.
Ham. Horatio, thou art euen as iuſt a man,
As e're my conuerſation cop'd withall.
Hor. O my lord!
Ham. Nay why ſhould I flatter thee?
Why ſhould the poore be flattered?
What gaine ſhould I receiue by flattering thee,
That nothing hath but thy good minde?
Let flattery ſit on thoſe time-pleaſing tongs,
To gloſe with them that loues to heare their praiſe,
And not with ſuch as thou *Horatio.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Enter Polonius, Roſincrance, and Guildenſterne.

How now my Lord,
Will the King heare this peece of Worke?
Pol. And the Queene too, and that preſently.
Ham. Bid the Players make haſt. *Exit Polonius.*
Will you two helpe to haſten them?
Both. We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio?*
Hora. Heere ſweet Lord, at your Seruice.
Ham. Horatio, thou art eene as iuſt a man
As ere my Conuerſation coap'd withall.
Hora. O my deere Lord.
Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter:

III. ii.

Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, & Rosencraus.

Pol. And the the Queene to, and that presently.
Ham. Bid the Players make haſt. Will you two help to haſten the.
Roſ. I my Lord. *Exeunt they two.*
Ham. What howe, *Horatio.* *Enter Horatio.*
Hora. Heere ſweet Lord, at your ſeruice.
Ham. *Horatio*, thou art een as iuſt a man,
As ere my conuerſation copt withall.
Hor. O my deere Lord. *Ham.* Nay
Nay, doe not thinke I flatter, |49
For what aduancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenew haſt but thy good ſpirits
To feede and clothe thee, why ſhould the poore be flatterd?
No, let the candied tongue licke abſurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning; dooſt thou heare,
Since my deare ſoule was miſtris of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh her election,
S'hath ſeald thee for herſelfe, for thou haſt been
As one in ſuffring all that ſuffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Haſt tane with equall thanks; and bleſt are thoſe
Whoſe blood and iudgement are ſo well comedled,
That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

For what aduancement may I hope from thee,
That no Reuennew haſt, but thy good ſpirits
To feed & cloath thee. Why ſhold the poor be flatter'd? |267a
No, let the Candied tongue, like abſurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining? Doſt thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Miſtris of my choyſe,
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for her ſelfe. For thou haſt bene
As one in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And bleſt are thoſe,
Whoſe Blood and Iudgement are ſo well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,

There is a play to night, wherein one Sceane they haue
Comes very neere the murder of my father,

When thou ſhalt ſee that Act afoote,

Marke thou the King, doe but obſerue his lookes,

For I mine eies will riuet to his face:
And if he doe not bleach, and change at that,
It is a damned ghoſt that we haue ſeene.
Horatio, haue a care, obſerue him well.
Hor. My lord, mine eies ſhall ſtill be on his face,
And not the ſmalleſt alteration
That ſhall appeare in him, but I ſhall note it.
Ham. Harke, they come.

Enter King, Queene, Corambis, and other Lords. (a play?
King How now ſon *Hamlet*, how fare you, ſhall we haue

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Giue me that man,
That is not Paſſions Slaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scœne of it comes neere the Circumſtance
Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prythee, when thou ſee'ſt that Acte a-foot,
Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule
Obſerue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt,
Do not it ſelfe vnkennell in one ſpeech,
It is a damned Ghoſt that we haue ſeene:
And my Imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note,

III. ii.

To found what ſtop ſhe pleaſe: giue me that man
That is not paſsions ſlaue, and I will weare him
In my harts core, I in my hart of hart
As I doe thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to night before the King,
One ſcene of it comes neere the circumſtance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou ſeeſt that act a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy ſoule
Obſerue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it ſelfe vnkennill in one ſpeech,
It is a damned ghoſt that we haue ſeene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* ſtithy; giue him heedfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne
In cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hor. Well my lord,
If a ſteale ought the wilſt this play is playing
And ſcape detected, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are comming to the play. I muſt be idle,
Get you a place. [50

King. How fares our coſin *Hamlet?*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

For I mine eyes will riuet to his Face:
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne,
To cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hora. Well my Lord.
If he ſteale ought the whil'ſt this Play is Playing,
And ſcape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrance, Guildenſterne, and other Lords attendant, with his Guard carrying Torches. Daniſh March. Sound a Flouriſh.

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I muſt be idle.
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Coſin *Hamlet?*

III. ii.

Ham. Yfaith the Camelions diſh, not capon cramm'd, feede a the ayre. [38

I father: My lord, you playd in the Vniuerſitie.

Cor. That I did my L: and I was counted a good actor.

Ham. What did you enact there?

Cor. My lord, I did act *Iulius Cæſar*, I was killed in the Capitoll, *Brutus* killed me.

Ham. It was a brute parte of him,
To kill ſo capitall a calfe.
Come, be theſe Players ready?

Queene Hamlet come ſit downe by me.

Ham. No by my faith mother, heere's a mettle more attractiue:
Lady will you giue me leaue, and ſo forth: (trary matters?
To lay my head in your lappe?

Ofel. No my Lord.

Ham. Vpon your lap, what do you thinke I meant con-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions diſh: I eate the Ayre promiſe-cramm'd, you cannot feede Capons ſo.

King. I haue nothing with this anſwer *Hamlet*, theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once i'th' Vniuerſity, you ſay?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Cæſar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a bruite part of him, to kill ſo Capitall a Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

Roſin. I my Lord, they ſtay vpon your patience.

III. ii.

Ham. Excellent yfaith,
Of the Camelions difh, I eate the ayre,
Promiſcram'd, you cannot feede Capons ſo.
King. I haue nothing with this anſwer *Hamlet,*
Theſe words are not mine.
Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You playd once i'th Vniuerſitie you ſay,
Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,
Ham. What did you enact?
Pol. I did enact *Iulius Cæſar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,
Brutus kild mee.
Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill ſo capitall a calfe there,
Be the Players readie?
Roſ. I my Lord, they ſtay vpon your patience.
Ger. Come hether my deere *Hamlet*, ſit by me.
Ham. No good mother, heere's mettle more attractiue.
Pol. O ho, doe you marke that.
Ham. Lady ſhall I lie in your lap?
Ophe. No my Lord.
Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?
Oph. I thinke nothing my Lord.
Ham. That's a fayre thought to lye betweene maydes legs.
Oph. What is my Lord?
Ham. Nothing.
Oph. You are merry my Lord.
Ham. Who I?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Qu. Come hither my good *Hamlet*, ſit by me.
Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue.
Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that?
Ham. Ladie, ſhall I lye in your Lap?
Ophe. No my Lord.
Ham. I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?
Ophe. I my Lord.
Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?
Ophe. I thinke nothing, my Lord.
Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs
Ophe. What is my Lord?
Ham. Nothing. [267b
Ophe. You are merrie, my Lord?
Ham. Who I?

III. ii.

Enter in a Dumbe Shew, the King and the Queene, he ſits downe in an Arbor, ſhe leaues him: Then enters Lucianus with poyſon in a Viall, and powres it in his eares, and goes away: Then the Queene commeth and findes him dead: and goes away with the other.

Ofel. What meanes this my Lord? *Enter the Prologue.*
Ham. This is myching Mallico, that meanes my chiefe.
Ofel. What doth this meane my lord?
Ham. you ſhall heare anone, this fellow will tell you all.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely Iigge-maker: what ſhould a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres.

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for Ile haue a ſuite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-liue his life halfe a yeare: But byrlady he muſt builde Churches then: or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horſſe, whoſe Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horſe is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe ſhew enters.

Enter a King and Queene, very louingly; the Queene embracing him. She kneeles, and makes ſhew of Proteſtation vnto him. He takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her neck.

III. ii.

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. O God your onely Iigge-maker, what ſhould a man do but be merry, for looke you how cheerefully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two howres.

Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke, for Ile haue a ſute of ſables; ô heauens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet, then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-liue his life halfe a yeere, but by'r Lady a muſt build Churches then, or els ſhall a ſuffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horſe, whoſe Epitaph is, for ô, for ô, the hobby-horſe is forgot.

The Trumpets ſounds. Dumbe ſhow followes: [51

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lyes him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, ſhe ſeeing him aſleepe, leaues him: anon come in an other man, takes off his crowne, kiſſes it, pours poyſon in the ſleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes paſſionate action, the poyſner with ſome three or foure come in againe, ſeeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poyſner wooes the Queene with gifts, ſhee ſeemes harſh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. VVhat meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching *Mallico*, it meanes miſchiefe.

Oph. Belike this ſhow imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We ſhall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*
The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Layes him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She ſeeing him a-ſleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kiſſes it, and powres poyſon in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and makes paſſionate Action. The Poyſoner, with ſome two or three Mutes comes in againe, ſeeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poyſoner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, ſhe ſeemes loath and vnwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his loue. *Exeunt*

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching *Malicho*, that meanes Miſcheefe.

Ophe. Belike this ſhew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We ſhall know by theſe Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counſell, they'l tell all.

III. ii.

Ofel. Will he tell vs what this ſhew meanes?

Ham. I, or any ſhew you'le ſhew him,
Be not afeard to ſhew, hee'le not be afeard to tell:
O theſe Players cannot keepe counſell, thei'le tell all

Prol. For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Heere ſtowpiug to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. I'ſt a prologue, or a poeſie for a ring?

Ofel. T'is ſhort my Lord.

Ham. As womens loue.

Enter the Duke and Dutcheſſe.

Duke Full fortie yeares are paſt, their date is gone,
Since happy time ioyn'd both our hearts as one: [39
And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veines,
Ruunes weakely in their pipes, and all the ſtraines
Of muſicke, which whilome pleaſde mine eare,
Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare:
And therefore ſweete Nature muſt pay his due,
To heauen muſt I, and leaue the earth with you.

Dutcheſſe O ſay not ſo, leſt that you kill my heart,
When death takes yóu, let life from me depart.

Duke Content thy ſelfe, when ended is my date,
Thou maiſt (perchance) haue a more noble mate,
More wife, more youthfull, and one.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ophe. Will they tell vs what this ſhew meant?

Ham. I, or any ſhew that you'l ſhew him. Bee not you aſham'd to ſhew, hee'l not ſhame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Enter Prologue.

For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Heere ſtooping to your Clemencie:
We begge your hearing Patientlie.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poeſie of a Ring?

Ophe. 'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Womans loue.

III. ii.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this ſhow meant?

Ham. I, or any ſhow that you will ſhow him, be not you aſham'd to ſhow, heele not ſhame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,
Heere ſtooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the poſie of a ring?

Oph. Tis breefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath *Phebus* cart gone round
Neptunes ſalt waſh, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirtie doſen Moones with borrowed ſheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since loue our harts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall in moſt ſacred bands.

Quee: So many ioutneyes may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue be doone,
But woe is me, you are, ſo ſicke of late,
So farre from cheére, and from our former ſtate.
That I diſtruſt you, yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you my Lord it nothing muſt.
For women feare too much, euen as they loue, [52
And womens feare and loue hold quantitie,
Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Enter King and his Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phœbus Cart gon round,
Neptunes ſalt Waſh, and *Tellus* Orbed ground:
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed ſheene,
About the World haue times twelue thirties beene.
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall, in moſt facred Bands.

Bap. So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.
But woe is me, you are ſo ſicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your forme ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you: yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you (my Lord) it nothing muſt:
For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie.
In neither ought, or in extremity: [268a

Dutcheſſe O ſpeake no more, for then I am accurſt,

None weds the ſecond, but ſhe kils the firſt:

A ſecond time I kill my Lord that's dead,
When ſecond husband kiſſes me in bed.
Ham. O wormewood, wormewood!
Duke I doe beleeue you ſweete, what now you ſpeake,
But what we doe determine oft we breake,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Now what my loue is, proofe hath made you know,
And as my Loue is ſiz'd, my Feare is ſo.
King. Faith I muſt leaue thee Loue, and ſhortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do:
And thou ſhalt liue in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband ſhalt thou———
Bap. Oh confound the reſt:
Such Loue, muſt needs be Treaſon in my breſt:
In ſecond Husband, let me be accurſt,
None wed the ſecond, but who kill'd the firſt.
Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.
Bapt. The inſtances that ſecond Marriage moue,

III. ii.

Now what my Lord is proofe hath made you know.
And as my loue is ciz'd, my feare is ſo,
Where loue is great, the litleſt doubts are feare.
Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.
King. Faith I muſt leaue thee loue, and ſhortly to.
My operant powers their functions leaue to do,
And thou ſhalt liue in this faire world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband ſhalt thou.
Quee. O confound the reſt,
Such loue muſt needes be treaſon in my breſt,
In ſecond husband let me be accurſt,
None wed the ſecond, but who kild the firſt. *Ham.* That's wormwood
The inſtances that ſecond marriage moue
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of loue.
A ſecond time I kill my husband dead,
When ſecond husband kiſſes me in bed.

King. I doe belieue you thinke what now you ſpeake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpoſe is but the ſlaue to memorie,
Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
Which now the fruite vnripe ſticks on the tree.
But fall vnſhaken when they mellow bee.
Moſt neceſſary tis that we forget
To pay our ſelues what to our ſelues is debt,
What to our ſelues in paſsion we propoſe,
The paſsion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Are baſe reſpects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A ſecond time, I kill my Husband dead,
When ſecond Husband kiſſes me in Bed.
King. I do beleeue you. Think what now you ſpeak:
But what we do determine, oft we breake:
Purpoſe is but the ſlaue to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:
Which now like Fruite vnripe ſtickes on the Tree,
But fall vnſhaken, when they mellow bee.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our ſelues, what to our ſelues is debt:
What to our ſelues in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe.

III. ii.

For our demiſes ſtil are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our owne:
So thinke you will no ſecond husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy firſt Lord is dead.

Dutcheſſe Both here and there purſue me laſting ſtrife,
If once a widdow, euer I be wife.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,
Their owne ennactors with themſelues deſtroy:
Where Ioy moſt Reuels, Greefe doth moſt lament;
Greefe ioyes, Ioy greeues on ſlender accident,
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not ſtrange
That euen our Loues ſhould with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a queſtion left vs yet to proue,
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or elſe Fortune Loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flies,
The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:
And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, ſhall neuer lacke a Frend:
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,

III. ii.

The violence of eyther, griefe, or ioy,
Their owne enactures with themſelues deſtroy,
Where ioy moſt reuels, griefe doth moſt lament.
Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on ſlender accident,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not ſtrange,
That euen our loues ſhould with our fortunes change:
For tis a queſtion left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flyes,
The poore aduaunc'd, makes friends of enemies, [53
And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needes, ſhall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our wills and fates doe ſo contrary runne,
That our deuiſes ſtill are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no ſecond husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy firſt Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repoſe lock from me day and night,
To deſperation turne my truſt and hope,
And Anchors cheere in priſon be my ſcope,
Each oppoſite that blancks the face of ioy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it deſtroy,
Both heere and hence purſue me laſting ſtrife, *Ham.* If ſhe ſhould
If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife. breake it now.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Directly ſeaſons him his Enemie.
But orderly to end, where I begun,
Our Willes and Fates do ſo contrary run,
That our Deuices ſtill are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no ſecond Husband wed.
But die thy thoughts, when thy firſt Lord is dead.

Bap. Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light,
Sport and repoſe locke from me day and night:
Each oppoſite that blankes the face of ioy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it deſtroy:
Both heere, and hence, purſue me laſting ſtrife.
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.

III. ii.

Ham. If ſhe ſhould breake now.

Duke T'is deepely ſworne, ſweete leaue me here a while,
My ſpirites growe dull, and faine I would beguile the tedious time with ſleepe.

Dutcheſſe Sleepe rocke thy braine,
And neuer come miſchance betweene vs twaine. *exit Lady*

Ham. Madam, how do you like this play?

Queene The Lady proteſts too much.

Ham. O but ſhee'le keep her word.

King Haue you heard the argument, is there no offence in it?

Ham. No offence in the world, poyſon in ieſt, poiſon in [40
King What do you call the name of the phy? (ieſt.

Ham. Mouſe-trap: mary how trapically: this play is
The image of a murder done in *guyana, Albertus*
Was the Dukes name, his wife ***Baptiſta;***
Father, it is a knauiſh peece a worke: but what
A that, it toucheth not vs, you and I that haue free
Soules, let the galld iade wince, this is one
Lucianus nephew to the King.

Ofel. Ya're as good as a *Chorus* my lord.

Ham. I could interpret the loue you beare, if I ſawe the poopies dallying.

Ofel. Y'are very pleaſant my lord.

Ham. Who I, your onlie jig-maker, why what ſhoulde a man do but be merry? for looke how cheerefully my mother lookes, my father died within theſe two houres.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham. If ſhe ſhould breake it now.

King. 'Tis deepely ſworne:
Sweet, leaue me heere a while,
My ſpirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleepe.

Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine, *Sleepes*
And neuer come miſchance betweene vs twaine. *Exit*

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?

Qu. The Lady proteſts to much me thinkes.

Ham. Oh but ſhee'l keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't?.

III. ii.

King. Tis deeply ſworne, ſweet leaue me heere a while,
My ſpirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleepe.
Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come miſchance betweene vs twaine. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Madam, how like you this play?
240 *Quee.* The Lady doth proteſt too much mee thinks.
Ham. O but ſhee'le keepe her word.
King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but ieſt, poyſon in ieſt. no offence i'th world.
King. What doe you call the play?
Ham. The Mouſetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image
250 of a murther doone in *Vienna, Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptiſta*, you ſhall ſee anon, tis a knauiſh peece of worke, but what of that? your Maieſtie, and wee that haue free ſoules, it touches vs not, let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.
Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue
If I could ſee the puppets dallying. [54

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham. No, no, they do but ieſt, poyſon in ieſt, no Offence i'th' world. [268b
King. What do you call the Play?
Ham. The Mouſe-trap: Marry how? Tropically:
This play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna: Gon-*
250 *zago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptiſta*: you ſhall ſee anon: 'tis a knauiſh peece of worke: But what o' that? Your Maieſtie, and wee that haue free ſoules, it touches vs not: let the gall'd iade winch: our withers are vnrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.
Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.
Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue:
if I could ſee the Puppets dallying.

III. ii.

Ofel. Nay, t'is twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. Two months, nay then let the diuell weare blacke,
For i'le haue a ſute of Sables: Ieſus, two months dead,
And not forgotten yet? nay then there's ſome
Likelyhood, a gentlemans death may outliue memorie,
But by my faith hee muſt build churches then,
Or els hee muſt follow the olde Epitithe,
With hoh, with ho, the hobi-horſe is forgot.

Ofel. Your ieſts are keene my Lord.

Ham. It would coſt you a groning to take them off.

Ofel. Still better and worſe.

Ham. So you muſt take your husband, begin. Murdred
Begin, a poxe, leaue thy damnable faces and begin,
Come, the croking rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

Murd. Thoughts blacke, hands apt, drugs fit, and time
Confederate ſeaſon, elſe no creature ſeeing: (agreeing.
Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weedes collected,
With *Hecates* bane thriſe blaſted, thriſe infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie,
One wholeſome life vſurps immediately. *exit.*

Ham. Hepoyſons him for his eſtate. [41

King Lights, I will to bed.

Cor. Theking riſes, lights hoe.

Exeunt King and Lordes.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Ophe. Still better and worſe.

Ham. So you miſtake Husbands.
Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Rauen doth bellow for Reuenge.

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:
Confederate ſeaſon, elſe, no Creature ſeeing:
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blaſted, thrice infected,

III. ii.

Oph. You are keene my lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would coſt you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worſe.

Ham. So you miſtake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,
Conſiderat ſeaſon els no creature ſeeing,
Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,
VVith *Hecats* ban thrice blaſted, thrice inuected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholſome life vſurps immediatly.

Ham. A poyſons him i'th Garden for his eſtate, his names *Gonzago*, the ſtory is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you ſhall ſee anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The King riſes.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

King. Giue me ſome light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholſome life, vſurpe immediately.

Powres the poyſon in his eares.

Ham. He poyſons him i'th Garden for's eſtate: His name's *Gonzago:* the Story is extant and writ in choyce Italian. You ſhall ſee anon how the Murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzago's* wife.

Ophe. The King riſes.

Ham. What, frighted with falſe fire.

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue o're the Play.

King. Giue me ſome Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights. *Exeunt*

III. ii.

Ham. What, frighted with falſe fires?
Then let the ſtricken deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngalled play,
For ſome muſt laugh, while ſome muſt weepe,
Thus runnes the world away.

Hor. The king is mooued my lord.
Ham. I *Horatio*, i'le take the Ghoſts word
For more then all the coyne in *Denmarke*.

Enter Roſſencraft and Gilderſtone.

Roſſ. Now my lord, how i'ſt with you?
Ham. And if the king like not the tragedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Roſſ. We are very glad to ſee your grace ſo pleaſant,
My good lord, let vs againe intreate (ture
To know of you the ground and cauſe of your diſtempera-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Manet Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the ſtrucken Deere go weepe,
The Hart vngalled play:
For ſome muſt watch, while ſome muſt ſleepe;
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forreſt of Feathers, if the reſt of my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Prouinciall Roſes on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowſhip in a crie of Players ſir.

290 *Hor.* Halfe a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one I,
For thou doſt know: Oh *Damon* deere,
This Realme diſmantled was of Ioue himſelfe,

III. ii.

Ham. Why let the ſtrooken Deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngauled play,
For ſome muſt watch while ſome muſt ſleepe,
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this ſir & a forreſt of feathers, if the reſt of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouinciall Roſes on my raz'd ſhooes, get me a fellowſhip in a cry of players?

Hora. Halfe a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou dooſt know oh *Damon* deere
This Realme diſmantled was
Of *Ioue* himſelfe, and now raignes heere
A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rym'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio,* Ile take the Ghoſts word for a thouſand pound. Did'ſt perceiue?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poyſning.

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah ha, come ſome muſique, come the Recorders, [55
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, ſome muſique.

Enter Roſencraus and Guyldensterne.

Guyl. Good my Lord, voutſafe me a word with you.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And now reignes heere.
A verie verie Paiocke.

Hora. You might haue Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghoſts word for a thouſand pound. Did'ſt perceiue?

Hora. Verie well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poyſoning?

Hora. I did verie well note him.

Enter Roſincrance and Guildenſterne.

Ham. Oh, ha? Come ſome Muſick. Come ẏ^e Recorders:
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come ſome Muſicke.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham. Sir, a whole Hiſtory. [269a

Guild. The King, ſir.

Ham. I ſir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retyrement, maruellous diſtemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wiſedome ſhould ſhew it ſelfe more richer, to ſignifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildely from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

III. ii.

Ham. Sir a whole hiſtorie.

Guyl. The King ſir.

Ham. I ſir, what of him?

Guyl. Is in his retirement meruilous diſtempred.

Ham. With drinke ſir?

Guyl. No my Lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wiſedome ſhould ſhewe it ſelfe more richer to ſignifie this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Guyl. Good my Lord put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, And ſtare not ſo wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame ſir, pronounce.

Guyl. The Queene your mother in moſt gteat affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guyl. Nay good my Lord, this curteſie is not of the right breede, if it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſome aunſwere, I will doe your mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, ſhall be the end of buſines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Roſ. What my Lord.

Ham. Make you a wholſome anſwer, my wits diſeaſd, but ſir, ſuch anſwere as I can make, you ſhall commaund, or rather as you ſay, my mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you ſay.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courteſie is not of the right breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſome anſwer, I will doe your Mothers command'ment: if not, your pardon, and my returne ſhall bee the end of my Buſineſſe.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholſome anſwere: my wits diſeas'd. But ſir, ſuch anſwers as I can make, you ſhal command: or rather you ſay, my Mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My Mother you ſay.

III. ii.

Gil. My lord, your mother craues to ſpeake with you.
Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother.
Roſſ. But my good Lord, ſhall I intreate thus much?

Ham. I pray will you play vpon this pipe?
Roſſ. Alas my lord I cannot.
Ham. Pray will you.
Gil. I haue no skill my Lord.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Roſin. Then thus ſhe ſayes: your behauior hath ſtroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can ſo aſtoniſh a Mother. But is there no ſequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?

Roſin. She deſires to ſpeake with you in her Cloſſet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our Mother. Haue you any further Trade with vs?

Roſin. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. So I do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſin. Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Aduancement.

III. ii.

Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſayes, your behauiour hath ſtrooke her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful ſonne that can ſo ſtoniſh a mother, but is there no ſequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart.

Roſ. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her cloſet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother. haue you any further trade with vs?

Roſ. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe ſtill by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper, you do ſurely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your griefes to your friend. [56

Ham. Sir I lacke aduauncement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himſelfe for your ſucceſsion in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I ſir, but while the graſſe growes, the prouerbe is ſomething muſty, ô the Recorders, let mee ſee one, to withdraw with you, why doe you goe about to recouer the wind of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guyl. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not wel vnderſtand that, wil you play vpon this pipe?

Guyl. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Roſin. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himſelfe, for your Succeſſion in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the graſſe growes, the Prouerbe is ſomething muſty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me ſee, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue is too vnmannerly.

Ham. I do not well vnderſtand that. Will you play vpon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeue me, I cannot.

III. ii.

Ham. why looke, it is a thing of nothing,
T'is but ſtopping of theſe holes,
And with a little breath from your lips,
It will giue moſt delicate muſick.

Gil. But this cannot wee do my Lord.

370 *Ham.* Pray now, pray hartily, I beſeech you.

Ros. My lord wee cannot. (me?

380 *Ham.* Why how vnworthy a thing would you make of
You would ſeeme to know my ſtops, you would play vpon [42
You would ſearch the very inward part of my hart, mee,
And diue into the ſecreet of my ſoule.
Zownds do you thinke I am eaſier to be pla'yd
On, then a pipe? call mee what Inſtrument
You will, though you can frett mee, yet you can not
IV. ii. Play vpon mee, beſides, to be demanded by a ſpunge.

Roſ. How a ſpunge my Lord?

Ham. I ſir, a ſpunge, that ſokes vp the kings
Countenance, fauours, and rewardes, that makes
His liberalitie your ſtore houſe: but ſuch as you,
Do the king, in the end, beſt ſeruiſe;
For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes,
20 In the corner of his Iaw, firſt mouthes you,
Then ſwallowes you: ſo when hee hath need
Of you, t'is but ſqueeſing of you,
And ſpunge, you ſhall be dry againe, you ſhall.

Roſ. Wel my Lord wee'le take our leaue.

III. ii. 390 *Ham* Farewell, farewell, God bleſſe you.

Exit Roſſencraft and Gilderſtone.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

370 *Ham.* I do beſeech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſie as lying: gouerne theſe Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, giue it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt excellent Muſicke. Looke you, theſe are the ſtoppes.

Guild. But theſe cannot I command to any vtterance of hermony. I haue not the skill.

380 *Ham* Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing

III. ii.

Ham. I doe beſeech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as eaſie as lying; gouerne theſe ventages with your fingers, & the vmber, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſique, looke you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guil. But theſe cannot I commaund to any vttrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now how vnwoorthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would ſeeme to know my ſtops, you would plucke out the hart of my miſtery, you would ſound mee from my loweſt note to my compaſſe and there is much muſique excellent voyce in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeak, s'blood do you think I am eaſier to be plaid on then a pipe, call mee what inſtrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me.

God bleſſe you ſir.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would [269b
ſeeme to know my ſtops: you would pluck out the heart
of my Myſterie; you would ſound mee from my loweſt
Note, to the top of my Compaſſe: and there is much Mu-
ſicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot
you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am eaſier to bee
plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Inſtrument you will.
though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God
bleſſe you Sir.

III. ii.

Enter Corambis

Cor. My lord, the Queene would ſpeake with you.

Ham. Do you ſee yonder clowd in the ſhape of a camell?

Cor. T'is like a camell in deed.

Ham. Now me thinkes it's like a weaſel.

Cor. T'is back't like a weaſell.

Ham. Or like a whale.

Cor. Very like a whale. *exit Coram.*

Ham. Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by. Good night Horatio.

Hor. Good night vnto your Lordſhip. *exit Horatio.*

Ham. My mother ſhe hath ſent to ſpeake with me:
O God, let ne're the heart of *Nero* enter
This ſoft boſome.
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will ſpeake daggers, thoſe ſharpe wordes being ſpent, [43

To doe her wrong my ſoule ſhall ne're conſent. *exit.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee that Clowd? that's almoſt in ſhape like a Camell.

Polon. By'th'Miſſe, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by: They foole me to the top of my bent.
I will come by and by.

III. ii.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queene would ſpeake with you, & preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee yonder clowd that's almoſt in ſhape of a Camel?

Pol. By'th maſſe and tis, like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is backt like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale. *Ham.* Then
Then I will come to my mother by and by, [57
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,
Leaue me friends.
I will. ſay ſo. By and by is eaſily ſaid,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it ſelfe breakes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe ſuch buſines as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: ſoft, now to my mother,
O hart looſe not thy nature, let not euer
The ſoule of *Nero* enter this firme boſome.

Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will ſpeake dagger to her, but vſe none,
My tongue and ſoule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words ſomeuer ſhe be ſhent,
To giue them ſeales neuer my ſoule conſent. *Exit.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Polon. I will ſay ſo. *Exit.*

Ham. By and by, is eaſily ſaid. Leaue me Friends:
'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it ſelfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch bitter buſineſſe as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:
Oh Heart, looſe not thy Nature; let not euer
The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme boſome:
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will ſpeake Daggers to her, but vſe none:
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words ſomeuer ſhe be ſhent,
To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule conſent.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Enter King, Roſincrance, and Guildenſterne.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with vs,
To let his madneſſe range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to England ſhall along with you:
The termes of our eſtate, may not endure
Hazard ſo dangerous as doth hourely grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our ſelues prouide:
Moſt holie and Religious feare it is
To keepe thoſe many many bodies ſafe
That liue and feede vpon your Maieſtie.

Roſin. The ſingle
And peculiar life is bound

III. iii.

Enter King, Roſencraus. and Guyldensterne.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with vs
To let his madnes range, therefore prepare you,
I your commiſſion will forth-with diſpatch,
And he to *England* ſhall along with you,
The termes of our eſtate may not endure
Hazerd ſo neer's as doth hourely grow
Out of his browes.

Guyl. We will our ſelues prouide.
Moſt holy and religious feare it is
To keepe thoſe many many bodies ſafe
That liue and feede vpon your Maieſtie.

Roſ. The ſingle and peculier life is bound
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind
To keepe it ſelfe from noyance, but much more
That ſpirit, vpon whoſe weale depends and reſts
The liues of many, the ceſſe of Maieſtie
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a maſsie wheele
Fixt on the ſomnet of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe hough ſpokes, tenne thouſand leſſer things
Are morteiſt and adioynd, which when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment petty conſequence [58
Attends the boyſtrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King ſigh, but a generall grone.

King. Arme you I pray you to this ſpeedy viage,
For we will fetters put about this feare

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

With all the ſtrength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it ſelfe from noyance: but much more,
That Spirit, vpon whoſe ſpirit depends and reſts
The liues of many, the ceaſe of Maieſtie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a maſſie wheele
Fixt on the Somnet of the higheſt Mount,
To whoſe huge Spoakes, ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles,
Each ſmall annexment, pettie conſequence
Attends the boyſtrous Ruine. Neuer alone
Did the King ſighe, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this ſpeedie Voyage:
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,

Enter the King.

King O that this wet that falles vpon my face
Would wafh the crime cleere from my confcience!

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Which now goes too free-footed. [270a

Both. We will hafte vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Cloffet:
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my felfe
To heare the Proceffe. Ile warrant fhee'l tax him home,
And as you faid, and wifely was it faid,
'Tis meete that fome more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, fhould o're-heare
The fpeech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.

III. iii.

Which now goes too free-footed.

Rof. We will haſt vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, hee's going to his mothers cloſet,
Behind the Arras I'le conuay my ſelfe.
To heare the proceſſe, I'le warrant ſhee'letax him home.
And as you ſayd, and wiſely was it ſayd,
Tis meete that ſome more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them parciall, ſhould ore-heare
The ſpeech of vantage; farre you well my Leige,
I'le call vpon you ere you goe to bed.
And tell you what I knowe. *Exit.*

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
O my offence is ranck, it ſmels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharp as will,
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong entent,
And like a man to double buſsines bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt beginne,
And both neglect, what if this curſed hand
Were thicker then it ſelfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the ſweete Heauens
To waſh it white as ſnowe, whereto ſerues mercy
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two fold force,
To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Oh my offence is ranke, it ſmels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe vpon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharpe as will:
My ſtronger guilt, defeats my ſtrong intent,
And like a man to double buſineſſe bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect; what if this curſed hand
Were thicker then it ſelfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the ſweet Heauens
To waſh it white as Snow? Whereto ſerues mercy,
But to confront the viſage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-ſtalled ere we come to fall,

III. iii.

When I looke vp to heauen, I ſee my treſpaſſe,
The earth doth ſtill crie out vpon my fact,
Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,
And the adulterous fault I haue committed:
O theſe are ſinnes that are vnpardonable:
Why ſay thy ſinnes were blacker then is ieat,
Yet may contrition make them as white as ſnowe:
I but ſtill to perſeuer in a ſinne,
It is an act gainſt the vniuerſall power,

Moſt wretched man, ſtoope, bend thee to thy prayer,
Aske grace of heauen to keepe thee from deſpaire.

hee kneeles. *enters Hamlet*

Ham. I ſo, come forth and worke thy laſt,
And thus hee dies: and ſo am I reuenged:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,
My fault is paſt. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can ſerue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world.
Offences gilded hand may ſhoue by Iuſtice,
And oft 'tis ſeene, the wicked prize it ſelfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not ſo aboue,
There is no ſhuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our ſelues compell'd

III. iii.

Or pardon being downe, then I'le looke vp.
My fault is paſt, but oh what forme of prayer
Can ſerue my turne, forgiue me my foule murther,
That cannot be ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murther:
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;
May one be pardond and retaine th'offence? [59
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guilded hand may ſhowe by iuſtice,
And oft tis ſeene the wicked prize it ſelfe
Buyes out the lawe, but tis not ſo aboue,
There is no ſhufling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our ſelues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forhead of our faults
To giue in euidence, what then, what reſts,
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched ſtate, ô boſome blacke as death,
O limed ſoule, that ſtruggling to be free,
Art more ingaged; helpe Angels make affay,
Bowe ſtubborne knees, and hart with ſtrings of ſteale,
Be ſoft as ſinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and ſo a goes to heauen,
And ſo am I reuendge, that would be ſcand

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To giue in euidence. What then? What reſts?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched ſtate! Oh boſome, blacke as death!
Oh limed ſoule, that ſtrugling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make affay:
Bow ſtubborne knees, and heart with ſtrings of Steele,
Be ſoft as ſinewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and ſo he goes to Heauen,
And ſo am I reueng'd: that would be ſcann'd,

III. iii.

No, not ſo: he tooke my father ſleeping, his ſins brim full,

And how his ſoule ſtoode to the ſtate of heauen
Who knowes, ſaue the immortall powres,
And ſhall I kill him now,
When he is purging of his ſoule?
Making his way for heauen, this is a benefit,
And not reuenge: no, get thee vp agen,
When hee's at game ſwaring, taking his carowſe, (drunke, drinking
Or in the inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed,
Or at ſome act that hath no reliſh
Of ſaluation in't, then trip him
That his heeles may kicke at heauen,

And fall as lowe as hel: my mother ſtayes,
This phiſicke but prolongs thy weary dayes. *exit Ham.*
King My wordes fly vp, my ſinnes remaine below.
No King on earth is ſafe, if Gods his foe. *exit King.* [44

III. iv. *Enter Queene and Corambis.*

Cor. Madame, I heare yong Hamlet comming,
I'le ſhrowde my ſelfe behinde the Arras. *exit Cor.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
I his ſoule Sonne, do this ſame Villaine ſend
To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery. not Reuenge.
He tooke my Father groſſely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as freſh as May,
And how his Audit ſtands, who knowes, ſaue Heauen:
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought
'Tis heauie with him: and am I then reueng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage? No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent
When he is drunke aſleepe: or in his Rage, [270b
Or in th'inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed,

III. iii.

A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his ſole ſonne, doe this ſame villaine ſend
To heauen.
Why, this is baſe and ſilly, not reuendge,
A tooke my father groſly full of bread,
Withall his crimes braod blowne, as fluſh as May,
And how his audit ſtands who knowes ſaue heauen,
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his ſoule,
When he is fit and ſeaſond for his paſſage?
No.
Vp ſword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a ſleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'inceſtious pleaſure of his bed,
At game a ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſaluation in't,
Then trip him that his heels may kick at heauen, [60
And that his ſoule may be as damnd and black
As hell whereto it goes; my mother ſtaies,
This phiſick but prolongs thy ſickly daies. *Exit.*

King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine belowe
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe. *Exit.*

III. iv. *Enter Gertrard and Polonius.*

Pol. A will come ſtrait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too braod to beare with,
And that your grace hath ſcreend and ſtood betweene

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome acte
That ha's no rellifh of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother ſtayes,
This Phyſicke but prolongs thy ſickly dayes. *Exit.*

King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. *Exit.*

III. iv. *Enter Queene and Polonius.*

Pol. He will come ſtraight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prankes haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath ſcreen'd, and ſtoode betweene

Queene Do ſo my Lord.

Ham. Mother, mother, O are you here?
How i'ſt with you mother?
Queene How i'ſt with you?
Ham, I'le tell you, but firſt weele make all ſafe.
Queene Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.

Queene How now boy?

Ham. How now mother! come here, ſit downe, for you ſhall heare me ſpeake.

Queene What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me:
Helpe hoe.
Cor. Helpe for the Queene.
Ham. I a Rat, dead for a Duckat.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Much heate, and him. Ile ſilence me e'ene heere:
Pray you be round with him.
Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.
Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
Withdraw, I heare him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?
Qu. Hamlet, thou haſt thy Father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you haue my Father much offended.
Qu. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with an idle tongue.
Qu. Why how now *Hamlet?*
Ham. Whats the matter now?

III. iv.

Much heate and him, Ile ſilence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile wait you, feare me not,
With-drawe, I heare him comming.

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?

Ger. *Hamlet*, thou haſt thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you anſwere with an idle tongue.

Ham. Goe, goe, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now *Hamlet?*

Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the rood not ſo, → the alter · holy place
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not ſo, you are my mother.

Ger. Nay then Ile ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeake.

Ham. Come, come, and ſit you downe, you ſhall not boudge.
You goe not till I ſet you vp a glaſſe
Where you may ſee the moſt part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me,
Helpe how.

Pol. What how helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Qu. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood, not ſo:
You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not ſo. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then Ile ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeake.

Ham. Come, come, and ſit you downe, you ſhall not boudge:
You go not till I ſet you vp a glaſſe,
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you?

Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, hoa.

Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.

III. iv.

Raſh intruding foole, farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better.
Queene Hamlet, what haſt thou done?

Ham. Not ſo much harme, good mother,
As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queene How! kill a king!
Ham. I a King: nay ſit you downe, and ere you part,
If you be made of penitrable ſtuffe,
I'le make your eyes looke downe into your heart,
And ſee how horride there and blacke it ſhews.

Queene Hamlet, what mean'ſt thou by theſe killing (words?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Pol. Oh I am ſlaine. *Killes Polonius.*
Qu. Oh me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?
Qu. Oh what a raſh, and bloody deed is this?
Ham. A bloody deed, almoſt as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.
Qu. As kill a King?
Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'ſt to be too buſie, is ſome danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, ſit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall

III. iv.

Pol. O I am ſlaine.
Ger. O me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay I knowe not, is it the King?
Ger. O what a raſh and bloody deede is this. |61
Ham. A bloody deede, almoſt as bad, good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Ger. As kill a King.
Ham. I Lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding foole farwell.
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'ſt to be too buſie is ſome danger,
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace ſit you downe,
And let me wring your hart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penitrable ſtuffe,
If damned cuſtome haue not braſd it ſo,
That it be proofe and bulwark againſt ſence.
Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'ſt wagge thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurres the grace and bluſh of modeſty,
Cals vertue hippocrit, takes of the Roſe
From the faire forhead of an innocent loue,
And ſets a bliſter there, makes marriage vowes
As falſe as dicers oathes, ô ſuch a deede,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very ſoule, and ſweet religion makes

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

If it be made of penetrable ſtuffe;
If damned Cuſtome haue not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proofe and bulwarke againſt Senſe.
Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tong,
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an Act
That blurres the grace and bluſh of Modeſtie.
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Roſe
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue.
And makes a bliſter there. Makes marriage vowes
As falſe as Dicers Oathes. Oh ſuch a deed,
As from the body of Contraction pluckes |271a
The very ſoule, and ſweete Religion makes

Ham. Why this I meane, ſee here, behold this picture,
It is the portraiture, of your deceaſed husband,
See here a face, to outface *Mars* himſelfe,
An eye, at which his foes did tremble at,
A front wherin all vertues are ſet downe
For to adorne a king, and guild his crowne,
Whoſe heart went hand in hand euen with that vow,
He made to you in marriage, and he is dead. [45
Murdred, damnably murdred, this was your husband,

Looke you now, here is your husband,
With a face like *Vulcan.*
A looke fit for a murder and a rape,
A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred eie,
To affright children and amaze the world:
And this ſame haue you left to change with this.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

A rapſidie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
Yea this ſolidity and compound maſſe,
With triſtfull viſage as againſt the doome,
Is thought-ſicke at the act.

Qu. Aye me; what act, that roares ſo lowd, & thunders in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet preſentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was ſeated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of Ioue himſelfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie

III. iv.

A rapſedy of words; heauens face dooes glowe
Ore this ſolidity and compound maſſe
With heated viſage, as againſt the doome
Is thought ſick at the act
Quee. Ay me, what act?
Ham. That roares ſo low'd, and thunders in the Index.
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was ſeated on this browe,
Hiperions curles, the front of *Ioue* himſelfe,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,
A ſtation like the herald *Mercury,*
New lighted on a heaue, a kiſsing hill,
A combination, and a forme indeede,
Where euery God did ſeeme to ſet his ſeale
To giue the world aſſurance of a man,
This was your husband, looke you now what followes. [62
Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
Blaſting his wholſome brother, haue you eyes,
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batten on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits vppon the iudgement, and what iudgement
Would ſtep from this to this, ſence ſure youe haue
Els could you not haue motion, but ſure that ſence
Is appoplext, for madneſſe would not erre
Nor ſence to extacie was nere ſo thral'd
But it reſeru'd ſome quantity of choiſe

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

New lighted on a heauen-kiſſing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where euery God did ſeeme to ſet his Seale,
To giue the world aſſurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blaſting his wholſom breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement

III. iv.

What Diuell thus hath conſoned you at hob-man blinde?
A! haue you eyes and can you looke on him
That ſlew my father, and your deere husband,
To liue in the inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed?

Queene O Hamlet, ſpeake no more.

Ham. To leaue him that bare a Monarkes minde,
For a king of clowts, of very ſhreads.

Queene Sweete Hamlet ceaſe.

Ham. Nay but ſtill to perſiſt and dwell in ſinne,
To ſweate vnder the yoke of infamie,
To make increaſe of ſhame, to ſeale damnation.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Would ſtep from this, to this? What diuell was't,
That thus hath couſend you at hoodman-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Bluſh? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canſt mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no ſhame,
When the compulſiue Ardure giues the charge,
Since Froſt it ſelfe, as actiuely doth burne,
As Reaſon panders Will.
Qu. O *Hamlet*, ſpeake no more.
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoule,
And there I ſee ſuch blacke and grained ſpots,
As will not leaue their Tinct.

III. iv.

To ferue in ſuch a difference, what deuill waſt
That thus hath cofund you at hodman blind;
Eyes without feeling, feeling without ſight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, ſmelling ſance all,
Or but a ſickly part of one true ſence
Could not ſo mope: ô ſhame where is thy bluſh?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canſt mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no ſhame
When the compulſiue ardure giues the charge,
Since froſt it ſelfe as actiuely doth burne,
And reaſon pardons will.
Ger. O *Hamlet* ſpeake no more,
Thou turnſt my very eyes into my ſoule,
And there I ſee ſuch blacke and greeued ſpots
As will leaue there their tin'ct.
Ham. Nay but to liue
In the ranck ſweat of an inſeemed bed
Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue
Ouer the naſty ſtie.
Ger. O ſpeake to me no more,
Theſe words like daggers enter in my eares.
No more ſweete *Hamlet.*
Ham. A murtherer and a villaine.
A ſlaue that is not twentith part the kyth
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings, [63
A cut-purſe of the Empire and the rule,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham. Nay, but to liue
In the ranke ſweat of an enſeamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue
Ouer the naſty Stye.

Qu. Oh ſpeake to me, no more,
Theſe words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more ſweet *Hamlet.*

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slaue, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurſe of the Empire and the Rule.

Queene Hamlet, no more.

Ham. Why appetite with you is in the waine,
Your blood runnes backeward now from whence it came,
Who'le chide hote blood within a Virgins heart,
When luft fhall dwell within a matrons breaft?

Queene Hamlet, thou cleaues my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worfer part of it, and keepe the better.

Enter the ghost in his night gowne.

Saue me, faue me, you gratious
Powers aboue, and houer ouer mee,
With your celeftiall wings.
Doe you not come your tardy fonne to chide,
That I thus long haue let reuenge flippe by?
O do not glare with lookes fo pittifull!
Left that my heart of ftone yeelde to compaffion,
And euery part that fhould affift reuenge, [46
Forgoe their proper powers, and fall to pitty.

Ghoft Hamlet, I once againe appeare to thee,
To put thee in remembrance of my death:
Doe not neglect, nor long time put it off.
But I perceiue by thy diftracted lookes,
Thy mother's fearefull, and fhe ftands amazde:

Speake to her Hamlet, for her fex is weake,
Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.

Ham. How i'ft with you Lady?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

That from a fhelfe, the precious Diadem ftole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghoft.

Ham. A King of fhreds and patches.
Saue me; and houer o're me with your wings
You heauenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,

III. iv.

That from a ſhelfe the precious Diadem ſtole
And put it in his pocket.
Ger. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heauenly gards: what would your gracious figure?
Ger. Alas hee's mad.
Ham. Doe you not come your tardy ſonne to chide,
That lap'ſt in time and paſsion lets goe by
Th'important acting of your dread command, ô ſay.

Ghost. Doe not forget, this viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe,
But looke, amazement on thy mother ſits,
O ſtep betweene her, and her fighting ſoule,
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet.*

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

That laps't in Time and Paſſion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh ſay.
Ghoſt. Do not forget: this Viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother ſits;
O ſtep betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakeſt bodies, ſtrongeſt workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet.* [271b
Ham. How is it with you Lady?

III. iv.

Queene Nay, how i'ſt with you
That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,
And holde diſcourſe with nothing but with ayre?

Ham. Why doe you nothing heare?
Queene Not I.
Ham. Nor doe you nothing ſee?
Queene No neither. (habite
Ham. No, why ſee the king my father, my father, in the
As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,
See how he ſteales away out of the Portall,
Looke, there he goes. *exit ghoſt.*
Queene Alas, it is the weakeneſſe of thy braine,
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts griefe:
But as I haue a ſoule, I ſweare by heauen,
I neuer knew of this moſt horride murder:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Qu. Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold diſcourſe.
Forth at your eyes, your ſpirits wildely peepe,
And as the ſleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and ſtand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?
Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
His forme and cauſe conioyn'd, preaching to ſtones,
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,
Leaſt with this pitteous action you conuert

III. iv.

Ger. Alas how i'ſt with you?
That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold diſcourſe,
Foorth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep,
And as the ſleeping ſouldiers in th'alarme,
Your bedded haire like life in excrements
Start vp and ſtand an end, o gentle ſonne
Vpon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinckle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?
Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cauſe conioynd, preaching to ſtones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Leaſt with this pittious action you conuert
My ſtearne effects, then what I haue to doe
Will want true cullour, teares perchance for blood.
Ger. To whom doe you ſpeake this?
Ham. Doe you ſee nothing there?
Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is I ſee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?
Ger. No nothing but our ſelues.
Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it ſteales away, [64
My father in his habit as he liued,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. *Exit Ghost.*

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodileſſe creation extacie is very cunning in.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

My ſterne effects: then what I haue to do,
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.
Qu. To who do you ſpeake this?
Ham. Do you ſee nothing there?
Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I ſee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?
Qu. No, nothing but our ſelues.
Ham. Why look you there: looke how it ſteals away:
My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall. *Exit.*
Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodileſſe Creation extaſie is very cunning in.

III. iv.

But Hamlet, this is onely fantaſie,
And for my loue forget theſe idle fits.
Ham. Idle, no mother, my pulſe doth beate like yours,
It is not madneſſe that poſſeſſeth Hamlet.

O mother, if euer you did my deare father loue,
Forbeare the adulterous bed to night,
And win your ſelfe by little as you may,
In time it may be you wil lothe him quite:
And mother, but aſſiſt mee in reuenge,
And in his death your infamy ſhall die.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham. Extaſie?
My Pulſe as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Muſicke. It is not madneſſe
That I haue vttered; bring me to the Teſt
And I the matter will re-word: which madneſſe
Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your ſoule,
That not your treſpaſſe, but my madneſſe ſpeakes:
It will but skin and filme the Vlcerous place,
Whil'ſt ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects vnſeene. Confeſſe your ſelfe to Heauen,
Repent what's paſt, auoyd what is to come,

Ham. My pulſe as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull muſicke, it is not madneſſe
That I haue vttred, bring me to the reſt,
And the matter will reword, which madneſſe
Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your ſoule
That not your treſpaſſe but my madneſſe ſpeakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlcerous place
Whiles ranck corruption mining all within
Infects vnſeene, confeſſe your ſelfe to heauen,
Repent what's paſt, auoyd what is to come,
And doe not ſpread the compoſt on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue.
For in the fatneſſe of theſe purſie times
Vertue it ſelfe of vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.
Ger. O *Hamlet* thou haſt cleft my hart in twaine.
Ham. O throwe away the worſer part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Aſſume a vertue if you haue if not,
That monſter cuſtome, who all ſence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vſe of actions faire and good,
He likewiſe giues a frock or Liuery
That aptly is put on to refraine night,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

And do not ſpred the Compoſt or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue.
For in the fatneſſe of this purſie times,
Vertue it ſelfe, of Vice muſt pardon begge,
Yea courb, and woe, for leaue to do him good.
Qu. Oh *Hamlet,*
Thou haſt cleft my heart in twaine.
Ham. O throw away the worſer part of it,
And liue the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
Aſſume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,

III. iv.

Queene Hamlet, I vow by that maiefty,
That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts, [47
I will conceale, confent, and doe my beft,
What ftratagem foe're thou fhalt deuife.

Ham. It is enough, mother good night:
Come fir, I'le prouide for you a graue,
Who was in life a foolifh prating knaue.
Exit Hamlet with the dead body.

IV. i. *Enter the King and Lordes.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Vnpegge the Basket on the houfes top:
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
To try Conclufions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou affur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I haue no life to breath
What thou haft faide to me.

200 *Ham.* I muft to England, you know that?

Qu. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis fo concluded on.

Ham. This man fhall fet me packing:

III. iv.

Vnpeg the basket on the houſes top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try concluſions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.
Ger. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou haſt ſayd to me.
Ham. I muſt to *England*, you knowe that.
Ger. Alack I had forgot.
Tis ſo concluded on.
Ham. Ther's letters ſeald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will truſt as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they muſt ſweep my way
And marſhall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the ſport to haue the enginer
Hoiſt with his owne petar, an't ſhall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blowe them at the Moone: ô tis moſt ſweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,
This man ſhall ſet me packing, [66
Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counſayler
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt graue,
Who was in life a moſt fooliſh prating knaue.
Come ſir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

IV. i. *Enter King, and Queene, with Roſencraus and Guyldensterne.*

King. There's matter in theſe ſighes, theſe profound heaues,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt graue,
Who was in life, a fooliſh prating Knaue.
Come ſir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

IV. i. *Enter King.*

King. There's matters in theſe ſighes.
Theſe profound heaues ,

IV. i.

King Now Gertred, what ſayes our ſonne, how doe you finde him?

Queene Alas my lord, as raging as the ſea:
Whenas he came, I firſt beſpake him faire,
But then he throwes and toſſes me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At laſt I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Corambis*
Call'd, which Hamlat no ſooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good olde man he killes.

King. Why this his madneſſe will vndoe our ſtate.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

You muſt tranſlate; Tis fit we vnderſtand them.
Where is your Sonne?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what haue I ſeene to night?

King. What *Gertrude?* How do's *Hamlet?*

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawleſſe fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing ſomething ſtirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainiſh apprehenſion killes
The vnſeene good old man.

King. Oh heauy deed:
It had bin ſo with vs had we beene there:

IV. i.

You muſt tranſlate, tis fit we vnderſtand them,
Where is your ſonne?
Ger. Beſtow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I ſeene to night?
King. What *Gertrard*, how dooes *Hamlet?*

Ger. Mad as the ſea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier, in his lawleſſe fit,
Behind the Arras hearing ſome thing ſtirre,

Whyps out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainiſh apprehenſion kills
The vnſeene good old man.
King. O heauy deede!
It had beene ſo with vs had wee been there,
His libertie is full of threates to all,
To you your ſelfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deede be anſwer'd?
It will be layd to vs, whoſe prouidence
Should haue kept ſhort, reſtraind, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but ſo much was our loue,
We would not vnderſtand what was moſt fit,
But like the owner of a foule diſeaſe
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?
Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madnes like ſome ore

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your ſelfe, to vs, to euery one.
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deede be anſwered?
It will be laide to vs, whoſe prouidence
Should haue kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But ſo much was our loue,
We would not vnderſtand what was moſt fit,
But like the Owner of a foule diſeaſe,
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O're whom his very madneſſe like ſome Oare

IV. i.

Lordes goe to him, inquire the body out.

Gil. We will my Lord. *Exeunt Lordes.*

King Gertred, your ſonne ſhall preſently to England,
His ſhipping is already furniſhed,
And we haue ſent by *Roſſencraſi* and *Gilderstone,*
Our letters to our deare brother of England,
For Hamlets welfare and his happineſſe:
Happly the aire and climate of the Country
May pleaſe him better than this natiue home:
See where he comes.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Among a Minerall of Mettels baſe
Shewes it ſelfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude,* come away:
The Sun no ſooner ſhall the Mountaines touch,
But we will ſhip him hence, and this vilde deed,
We muſt with all our Maieſty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuſe. *Enter Roſ. & Guild.*
Ho *Guildenſtern:*
Friends both go ioyne you with ſome further ayde:
Hamlet in madneſſe hath *Polonius* ſlaine,

IV. i.

Among a minerall of mettals baſe,
Showes it ſelfe pure, a weepes for what is done.
King. O *Gertrard*, come away,
The ſunne no ſooner ſhall the mountaines touch, [67
But we will ſhip him hence, and this vile deede
We muſt with all our Maieſtie and skill *Enter Roſ. & Guild.*
Both countenaunce and excuſe. Ho *Guyldensterne*,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with ſome further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* ſlaine,
And from his mothers cloſet hath he dreg'd him,
Goe ſeeke him out ſpeake fayre, and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you haſt in this,
Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wiſeſt friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe
And whats vntimely doone,
Whoſe whiſper ore the worlds dyameter,
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
Tranſports his poyſned ſhot. may miſſe our Name,
And hit the woundleſſe ayre. ô come away,
My ſoule is full of diſcord and diſmay. *Exeunt.*

IV. ii. *Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus and others.*

Ham. Safely ſtowd, but ſoft, what noyſe, who calls on *Hamlet?*
O heere they come.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

And from his Mother Cloſſets hath he drag'd him.
Go ſeeke him out, ſpeake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you haſt in this. *Exit Gent.*
Come *Gertrude*, wee'l call vp our wiſeſt friends,
To let them know both what we meane to do, [272b
And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,
My ſoule is full of diſcord and diſmay. *Exeunt.*

IV. ii. *Enter Hamlet.*

Ham. Safely ſtowed.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Gentlemen within. *Hamlet*, Lord *Hamlet.*

Ham. What noiſe? Who cals on *Hamlet?*
Oh heere they come. *Enter Roſ. and Guildenſterne.*

Ro. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duſt, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Roſin. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeue it.

Roſin. Beleeue what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counſell, and not mine owne. Beſides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what replication ſhould be made by the Sonne of a King.

Roſin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. I ſir, that ſokes vp the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities (but ſuch Officers do the King beſt ſeruice in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in

IV. ii.

Roſ. What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compound it with duſt whereto tis kin.

Roſ. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Doe not beleeue it.

Roſ. Beleeue what.

Ham. That I can keepe your counſaile & not mine owne beſides to be demaunded of a ſpunge, what replycation ſhould be made by the ſonne of a King.

Roſ. Take you me for a ſpunge my Lord?

Ham. I ſir, that ſokes vp the Kings countenaunce, his rewards, his authorities, but ſuch Officers doe the King beſt ſeruice in the end, he keepes them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed, when hee needs what you haue gleand, it is but ſqueeſing you, and ſpunge you ſhall be dry againe.

Roſ. I vnderſtand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauiſh ſpeech ſleepes in a fooliſh eare.

Roſ. My Lord, you muſt tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing. [68

Guyl. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

IV. iii. *Enter King, or two or three.*

King. I haue ſent to ſeeke him, and to find the body,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

the corner of his iaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed, when he needes what you haue glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and Spundge you ſhall be dry againe.

Roſin. I vnderſtand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knauiſh ſpeech ſleepes in a fooliſh eare.

Roſin. My Lord, you muſt tell vs where the body is, and go with vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King, is a thing ——

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after. *Exeunt*

IV. iii. *Enter King.*

King. I haue ſent to ſeeke him, and to find the bodie:

IV. ii.

IV. iii. *Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.*

Gil. My lord, we can by no meanes
Know of him where the body is.

King Now ſonne Hamlet, where is this dead body?
Ham. At ſupper, not where he is eating, but
Where he is eaten, a certaine company of politicke wormes [48
are euen now at him.
Father, your fatte King, and your leane Beggar
Are but variable ſeruices, two diſhes to one meſſe:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

How dangerous is it that this man goes looſe:
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong Law on him:
Hee's loued of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis ſo, th'Offenders ſcourge is weigh'd
But neerer the offence: to beare all ſmooth, and euen,
This ſodaine ſending him away, muſt ſeeme
Deliberate pauſe, diſeaſes deſperate growne,
By deſperate appliance are releeued,
Or not at all. *Enter Roſincrane.*
How now? What hath befalne?
Roſin. Where the dead body is beſtow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.
King. But where is he?

IV. iii.

How dangerons is it that this man goes looſe,
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the diſtracted multitude,
VVho like not in their iudgement, but theyr eyes,
And where tis ſo, th'offenders ſcourge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all ſmooth and euen,
This ſuddaine ſending him away muſt ſeeme
Deliberate pauſe, diſeaſes deſperat growne,
By deſperat applyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Roſencraus and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befalne?

Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtowd my Lord
VVe cannot get from him.

King. But where is hee?

Roſ. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleaſure

King. Bring him before vs.

Roſ. How, bring in the Lord. *They enter.*

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius?*

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper, where.

Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conuocation of politique wormes are een at him: your worme is your onely Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs, and wee fat our ſelues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but variable ſeruice, two diſhes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Roſin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Roſin. Hoa, *Guildenſterne?* Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenſterne.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius?*

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elſe to fat vs, and we fat our ſelfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable ſeruice to diſhes, but to one Table that's the end.

IV. iii.

Looke you, a man may fiſh with that worme
That hath eaten of a King,
And a Beggar eate that fiſh,
Which that worme hath caught.
King What of this?
Ham. Nothing father, but to tell you, how a King
May go a progreſſe through the guttes of a Beggar.
King But ſonne *Hamlet*, where is this body?
Ham. In heau'n, if you chance to miſſe him there,
Father, you had beſt looke in the other partes below
For him, and if you cannot finde him there,
You may chance to noſe him as you go vp the lobby.
King Make haſte and finde him out.
Ham. Nay doe you heare? do not make too much haſte,
I'le warrant you hee'le ſtay till you come.
King Well ſonne *Hamlet*, we in care of you: but ſpecially
in tender preſeruation of your health,
The which we price euen as our proper ſelfe,
It is our minde you forthwith goe for *England*,
The winde ſits faire, you ſhall aboorde to night,
Lord *Roſſencraft* and *Gilderstone* ſhall goe along with you.

Ham. O with all my heart: farewel mother.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

King. What doſt thou meane by this?
Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a King may go [27:3a
a Progreſſe through the guts of a Begger.
King. Where is *Polonius*.
Ham. In heauen, ſend thither to ſee. If your Meſſenger finde him not there, ſeeke him i'th other place your ſelfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you ſhall noſe him as you go vp the ſtaires into the Lobby.
King. Go ſeeke him there.
Ham. He will ſtay till ye come.
K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine eſpecial ſafety
Which we do tender, as we deerely greeue

IV. iii.

Ham. A man may fiſh with the worme that hath eate of a King, &
eate of the fiſh that hath fedde of that worme.

King. *King.* VVhat dooſt thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a King may goe a progreſſe through the guts of a begger. |69

King. Where is *Polonius?*

Ham. In heauen, ſend thether to ſee, if your meſſenger finde him not thrre, ſeeke him i'th other place your ſelfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you ſhall noſe him as you goe vp the ſtayres into the Lobby.

King. Goe ſeeke him there.

Ham. A will ſtay till you come.

King. *Hamlet* this deede for thine eſpeciall ſafety
Which we do tender, as we deerely grieue
For that which thou haſt done, muſt ſend thee hence.
Therefore prepare thy ſelfe,
The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe,
Th'aſſociats tend, and euery thing is bent
For *England.*

Ham. For *England.*

King. I *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a Cherub that ſees the, but come for *England*, Farewell deere Mother.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

For that which thou haſt done, muſt ſend thee hence
With fierie Quickneſſe. Therefore prepare thy ſelfe,
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,
Th'Affociates tend, and euery thing at bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a Cherube that ſee's him: but come, for England. Farewell deere Mother.

IV. iii.

King Your louing father, *Hamlet.*

Ham My mother I ſay: you married my mother,
My mother is your wife, man and wife is one fleſh,
And ſo (my mother) farewel: for England hoe.
exeunt all but the king.

king Gertred, leaue me,
And take your leaue of *Hamlet*,
To England is he gone, ne're to returne:
Our Letters are vnto the King of England,
That on the ſight of them, on his allegeance,
He preſently without demaunding why, [49

That *Hamlet* looſe his head, for he muſt die,
There's more in him than ſhallow eyes can ſee:

He once being dead, why then our ſtate is free. *exit.*

IV. iv. *Enter Fortenbraſſe, Drumme and Souldiers.*

Fort. Captaine, from vs goe greete
The king of Denmarke:
Tell him that *Fortenbraſſe* nephew to old *Norway*,
Craues a free paſſe and conduct ouer his land,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet.*

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and wife: man & wife is one fleſh, and ſo my mother. Come, for England. *Exit*

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with ſpeed aboord:
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is Seal'd and done
That elſe leanes on th'Affaire pray you make haſt.
And England, if my loue thou holdſt at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee ſenſe,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Daniſh Sword, and thy free awe

IV. iii.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet.*

Ham. My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one flefh, ſo my mother:
Come for *England.* *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with ſpeede abord,
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is ſeald and done
That els leanes on th'affayre, pray you make haſt,
And *England*, if my loue thou hold'ſt at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee ſence,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,
After the Daniſh ſword and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs, thou mayſt not coldly ſet
Our ſoueraigne proceſſe, which imports at full
By Letters congruing to that effect
The preſent death of *Hamlet*, doe it *England.*
For like the Hectique in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me; till I know tis done, [70
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere begin. *Exit.*

IV. iv. *Enter Fortinbraſſe with his Army ouer the stage.*

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Daniſh King,
Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbraſſe*
Craues the conueyance of a promiſd march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeuous

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Payes homage to vs; thou maiſt not coldly ſet
Our Soueraigne Proceſſe, which imports at full
By Letters coniuring to that effect
The preſent death of *Hamlet.* Do it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun. *Exit*

IV. iv. *Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.*

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Daniſh King,
Tell him that by his licenſe, *Fortinbras*
Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous:

IV. iv.

According to the Articles agreed on:
You know our Randevous, goe march away. *exeunt all.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

If that his Maiefty would ought with vs,
We ſhall expreſſe our dutie in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

IV. iv.

If that his Maieſtie would ought with vs,
We ſhall expreſſe our dutie in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

For. Goe ſoftly on.

Enter Hamlet. Roſencraus, &c.

Ham. Good ſir whoſe powers are theſe?

Cap. They are of *Norway* ſir.

Ham. How purpoſd ſir I pray you?

Cap. Againſt ſome part of *Poland.*

Ham. Who commaunds them ſir?

Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortenbraſſe.*

Ham. Goes it againſt the maine of *Poland* ſir,
Or for ſome frontire?

Cap. Truly to ſpeake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay fiue duckets, fiue I would not farme it;
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A rancker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garriſond.

Ham. Two thouſand ſoules, & twenty thouſand duckets
VVill not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw
This is th'Impoſtume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes, and ſhowes no cauſe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you ſir.

Cap. God buy you ſir.

Roſ. Wil't pleaſe you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you ſtraight, goe a little before.
How all occaſions doe informe againſt me,
And ſpur my dull reuenge. What is a man [71
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to ſleepe and feede, a beaſt, no more:
Sure he that made vs with ſuch large diſcourſe
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capabilitie and god-like reaſon

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Go ſafely on. *Exit.*

IV. iv.

IV. v. *enter King and Queene.*

King *Hamlet* is ſhip't for England, fare him well,
I hope to heare good newes from thence ere long,
If euery thing fall out to our content,
As I doe make no doubt but ſo it ſhall.

Queene God grant it may, heau'ns keep my *Hamlet* ſafe:
But this miſchance of olde *Corambis* death,
Hath pierſed ſo the yong *Ofeliaes* heart,
That ſhe, poore maide, is quite bereft her wittes.

King Alas deere heart! And on the other ſide,
We vnderſtand her brother's come from *France*,
And he hath halfe the heart of all our Land,
And hardly hee'le forget his fathers death,
Vnleſſe by ſome meanes he be pacified.

Qu. O ſee where the yong *Ofelia* is!

IV. iv.

To fuſt in vs vnvſd, now whether it be
Beſtiall oblıuion, or ſome crauen ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on th'euent,
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wiſedom,
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to ſay this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and meanes
To doo't; examples groſſe as earth exhort me,
Witnes this Army of ſuch maſſe and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whoſe ſpirit with diuine ambition puft,
Makes mouthes at the inviſible euent,
Expoſing what is mortall, and vnſure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-ſhell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to ſtirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a ſtraw
When honour's at the ſtake, how ſtand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother ſtaind,
Excytements of my reaſon, and my blood,
And let all ſleepe, while to my ſhame I ſee
The iminent death of twenty thouſand men,
That for a fantaſie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tombe ènough and continent
To hide the ſlaine, ô from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

IV. v.

Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire downe ſinging.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

IV. v. *Enter Queene and Horatio.*

Qu. I will not ſpeake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed diſtract, her moode will needs be pittied.

Qu. What would ſhe haue?

Hor. She ſpeakes much of her Father; ſaies ſhe heares
There's trickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiouſly at Strawes, ſpeakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe ſenſe: Her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the vnſhaped vſe of it doth moue
The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winkes, and nods, and geſtures yeeld them,

IV. v.

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not ſpeake with her.

Gent. Shee is importunat,
Indeede diſtract, her moode will needes be pittied.

Quee. What would ſhe haue? [72

Gent. She ſpeakes much of her father, ſayes ſhe heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beates her hart,
Spurnes enuiouſly at ſtrawes, ſpeakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe ſence, her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the vnſhaped vſe of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts,
Which as her wincks, and nods, and geſtures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing ſure, yet much vnhappily.

Hora. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhee may ſtrew
Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my ſicke ſoule, as ſinnes true nature is,
'Each toy ſeemes prologue to ſome great amiſſe,
'So full of artleſſe iealouſie is guilt,
'It ſpills it ſelfe, in fearing to be ſpylt.

Oph. Where is the beautious Maieſtie of Denmarke?

Quee. How now *Ophelia?* *ſhee ſings.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought, [273b
Though nothing ſure, yet much vnhappily.

Qu. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with,
For ſhe may ſtrew dangerous coniectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my ſicke ſoule (as ſinnes true Nature is)
Each toy ſeemes Prologue, to ſome great amiſſe,
So full of Artleſſe iealouſie is guilt,
It ſpill's it ſelfe, in fearing to be ſpilt.

Enter Ophelia diſtracted,

Ophe, Where is the beauteous Maiefty of Denmark.

Qu. How now *Ophelia?*

IV. v.

Ofelia How ſhould I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hatte, and his ſtaffe,
And his ſandall ſhoone. [50

White his ſhrowde as mountaine ſnowe,

Larded with ſweete flowers,
That bewept to the graue did not goe
With true louers ſhowers:
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graſſe greene turffe,
At his heeles a ſtone.

king How i'ſt with you ſweete *Ofelia?*
Ofelia. Well God yeeld you,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ophe. How ſhould I your true loue know from another one?
By his Cockle hat and ſtaffe, and his Sandal ſhoone.
Qu. Alas ſweet Lady: what imports this Song?
Ophe. Say you? Nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graſſe-greene Turfe, at his heeles a ſtone.

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but *Ophelia.*
Ophe. Pray you marke.
White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.
Qu. Alas, looke heere my Lord.

IV. v.

Oph. How ſhould I your true loue know from another one,

By his cockle hat and ſtaffe, and his Sendall ſhoone.

Quee. Alas ſweet Lady, what imports this ſong?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,

He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graſgreene turph, at his heeles a ſtone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia.*

Oph. Pray you marke. White his ſhrowd as the mountaine ſnow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas looke heere my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with ſweet flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not go *Song.*
With true loue ſhowers.

King. How doe you pretty Lady?

Oph. Well good dild you, they ſay the Owle was a Bakers daughter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father. [73

Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, ſay you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines day, *Song.*
All in the morning betime,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ophe. Larded with ſweet flowers:
Which bewept to the graue did not go,
With true-loue ſhowres.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Ophe. Well, God dil'd you. They ſay the Owle was a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Ophe. Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when they aske you what it meanes, ſay you this:

To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,

It grieues me to ſee how they laid him in the cold ground,
I could not chuſe but weepe:

And will he not come againe?
And will he not come againe?
No, no, hee's gone, and we caſt away mone,
And he neuer will come againe.
His beard as white as ſnowe:
All flaxen was his pole,
He is dead, he is gone,
And we caſt away moane:
God a mercy on his ſoule.
And of all chriſten ſoules I pray God.
God be with you Ladies, God be with you. *exit Ofelia.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine,
Then vp he roſe, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed more.
King. Pretty *Ophelia.*
Ophe. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.
By gis, and by S. Charity,
Alacke, and fie for ſhame:
Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't,
By Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth ſhe before you tumbled me,

IV. v.

And I a mayde at your . window
To be your Valentine.
Then vp he roſe, and donde his cloſe, and dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.
King. Pretty *Ophelia.*
Oph. Indeede without an oath Ile make an end on't,
By gis and by Saint Charitie,
alack and fie for ſhame,
Young men will doo't if they come too't,
by Cock they are too blame.
Quoth ſhe, Before you tumbled me, you promiſ'd me to wed,
(He anſwers.) So would I a done by yonder ſunne
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.
King. How long hath ſhe beene thus?
Oph. I hope all will be well, we muſt be patient, but I cannot chuſe but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground my brother ſhall know of it, and ſo I thanke you for your good counſaile. Come my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.
Sweet Ladyes god night, god night.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

You promis'd me to Wed:
So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.
King. How long hath ſhe bin this?
Ophe. I hope all will be well. We muſt bee patient, but I cannot chooſe but weepe, to thinke they ſhould lay him i'th'cold ground: My brother ſhall knowe of it, and ſo I thanke you for your good counſell. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight ſweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

IV. v.

king A pretty wretch! this is a change indeede:
O Time, how ſwiftly runnes our ioyes away?
Content on earth was neuer certaine bred,
To day we laugh and liue, to morrow dead.
How now, what noyſe is that?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

King. Follow her cloſe,
Giue her good watch I pray you:
Oh this is the poyſon of deepe greefe, it ſprings
All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude, Gertrude,*
When ſorrowes comes, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in Battaliaes. Firſt, her Father ſlaine,
Next your Sonne gone, and he moſt violent Author
Of his owne iuſt remoue: the people muddied,
Thicke and vnwholſome in their thoughts, and whiſpers
For good *Polonius* death; and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore *Ophelia*
Diuided from her ſelfe, and her faire Iudgement
Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beaſts. [274a
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,

IV. v.

King. Follow her clofe, giue her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poyſon of deepe griefe, it ſprings all from her Fathers
death, and now behold, ô *Gertrard, Gertrard.*
When ſorrowes come, they come not ſingle ſpyes,
But in battalians: firſt her Father ſlaine,
Next, your ſonne gone, and he moſt violent Author
Of his owne iuſt remoue, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholſome in thoughts, and whiſpers
For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*
Deuided from herſelfe, and her faire iudgement,
VVithout the which we are pictures, or meere beaſts,
Laſt, and as much contayning as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from Fraunce,
Feeds on this wonder, keepes himſelfe in clowdes,
And wants not buzzers to infect his care [74
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his fathers death,
Wherein neceſſity of matter beggerd,
Will nothing ſtick our perſon to arraigne
In eare and eare: ô my deare *Gertrard,* this
Like to a murdring peece in many places
Giues me ſuperfluous death. *A noiſe within.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. Attend, where is my Swiffers, let them guard the doore,
What is the matter?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Her Brother is in ſecret cõme from France,
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himſelfe in clouds,
And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
With peſtilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in neceſſitie of matter Beggard,
Will nothing ſticke our perſons to Arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude,* this,
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
Giues me ſuperfluous death. *A Noiſe within*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Qu. Alacke, what noyſe is this?

King. Where are my *Switzers?*
Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

IV. v.

A noyſe within. *enter Leartes.*

Lear. Stay there vntill I come,
O thou vilde king, giue me my father:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Meſ. Saue your ſelfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (ouer-peering of his Liſt)
Eates not the Flats with more impittious haſte
Then young *Laertes,* in a Riotous head,
Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Cuſtome not knowne,
The Ratifiers and props of euery word,
They cry chooſe we? *Laertes* ſhall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes ſhall be King, *Laertes* King.
Qu. How cheerefully on the falſe Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter you falſe Daniſh Dogges.
Noiſe within. *Enter Laertes.*

IV. v.

Meſſen. Saue your ſelfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his liſt
Eates not the flats with more impitious haſt
Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to beginne,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
The cry chooſe we, *Laertes* ſhall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes ſhall be King, *Laertes* King.

Quee. How cheerefully on the falſe traile they cry. *A noiſe within.*
O this is counter you falſe Daniſh dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? ſirs ſtand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. VVe will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you, keepe the doore, ô thou vile King,
Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes.*

Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclames me Baſtard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaſt vnſmirched browe
Of my true mother.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, ſirs? Stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

Al. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.
Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.

Qu. Calmely good *Laertes.*

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclaimes me Baſtard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaſte vnſmirched brow
Of my true Mother.

Speake, ſay, where's my father?
king Dead.

Lear. Who hath murdred him? ſpeake, i'le not
Be juggled with, for he is murdred.
Queene True, but not by him.
Lear. By whome, by heau'n I'le be reſolued. [51
king Let him goe *Gertred*, away, I feare him not,
There's ſuch diuinitie doth wall a king,
That treaſon dares not looke on.
Let him goe *Gertred*, that your father is murdred,
T'is true, and we moſt ſory for it
Being the chiefeſt piller of our ſtate:

Therefore will you like a moſt deſperate gamſter,
Swoop-ſtake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

King. What is the cauſe *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion lookes ſo Gyant-like?
Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our perſon:
There's ſuch Diuinity doth hedge a King,
That Treaſon can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,
Why thou art thus Incenſt? Let him go *Gertrude.*
Speake man.
Laer. Where's my Father?
King. Dead.
Qu. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.
To hell Allegeance: Vowes, to the blackeſt diuell.

IV. v.

King. VVhat is the cauſe *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes ſo gyant like?
Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe not feare our perſon, [75
There's ſuch diuinitie doth hedge a King,
That treaſon can but peepe to what it would,
Act's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incenſt, let him goe *Gertrard*.
Speake man.
Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Quee. But no by him.
King. Let him demaund his fill.
Laer. How came he dead, I'le not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackeſt deuill,
Conſcience and grace, to the profoundeſt pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I ſtand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'le be reueng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.
King. Who ſhall ſtay you?
Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes I'le husband them ſo well,
They ſhall goe farre with little.
King. Good *Laertes*, if you deſire to know the certainty
Of your deere Father, i'ſt writ in your reuenge,
That ſoopſtake, you will draw bothfriend and foe
Winner and looſer.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Conſcience and Grace, to the profoundeſt Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I ſtand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd
Moſt throughly for my Father.
King. Who ſhall ſtay you?
Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them ſo well,
They ſhall go farre with little.
King. Good *Laertes*: [274b
If you deſire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,
That Soop-ſtake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looſer.

Lear. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope mine arms,
And locke them in my hart, but to his foes,
I will no reconcilement but by bloud.
king Why now you ſpeake like a moſt louing ſonne:

And that in ſoule we ſorrow for for his death,
Your ſelfe ere long ſhall be a witneſſe,
Meane while be patient, and content your ſelfe.
Enter Ofelia as before.

Lear. Who's this, *Ofelia?* O my deere ſiſter!
I'ſt poſſible a yong maides life,
Should be as mortall as an olde mans ſawe?
O heau'ns themſelues! how now *Ofelia?*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Laer. None but his Enemies.
King. Will you know them then.
La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repaſt them with my blood.
King. Why now you ſpeake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltleſſe of your Fathers death,
And am moſt ſenſible in greefe for it,
I ſhall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.
A noiſe within. Let her come in.
Enter Ophelia.
Laer. How now? what noiſe is that?
Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares ſeuen times ſalt,

IV. v.

Laer. None but his enemies,
King. Will you know them then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
Repaſt them with my blood.
King. Why now you ſpeake
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltleſſe of your fathers death,
And am moſt ſencibly in griefe for it,
It ſhall as leuell to your iudgement peare
As day dooes to your eye. *A noyſe within.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now, what noyſe is that?
O heate, dry vp my braines, teares ſeauen times ſalt [76
Burne out the ſence and vertue of mine eye,
By heauen thy madnes ſhall be payd with weight
Till our ſcale turne the beame. O Roſe of May,
Deere mayd, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia*,
O heauens, iſt poſſible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.
Oph. They bore him bare-faſte on the Beere, *Song.*
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.
Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and did'ſt perſwade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heauen, thy madneſſe ſhall be payed by waight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Roſe of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Siſter, ſweet *Ophelia*:
Oh Heauens, is't poſſible, a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of it ſelfe
After the thing it loues.

Ophe. They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:
And on his graue raines many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Had'ſt thou thy wits, and did'ſt perſwade Reuenge, it could not moue thus.

Ofel. Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:
Here, here is rew for you,
You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,
Heere's ſome for me too: you muſt weare your rew
With a difference, there's a dazie.
Here Loue, there's roſemary for you
For remembrance: I pray Loue remember:
And there's panſey for thoughts.

Lear. A document in madnes, thoughts, remembrance:
O God, O God!

Ofelia There is fennell for you, I would a giu'n you
Some violets, but they all withered, when
My father died: alas, they ſay the owle was
A Bakers daughter, we ſee what we are,
But can not tell what we ſhall be.
For bonny ſweete Robin is all my ioy. [52

Lear. Thoughts & afflictions, torments worſe than hell.

Ofel. Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:
I pray now, you ſhall ſing a downe,
And you a downe a, t'is a the Kings daughter
And the falſe ſteward, and if any body
Aske you of any thing, ſay you this.
To morrow is ſaint Valentines day,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ophe. You muſt ſing downe a-downe, and you call him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is the falſe Steward that ſtole his maſters daughter.

Laer. This nothings more then matter.

Ophe. There's Roſemary, that's for Remembraunce. Pray loue remember: and there is Paconcies, that's for Thoughts.

Laer. A document in madneſſe, thoughts & remembrance fitted.

Ophe. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's Rew for you, and heere's ſome for me. Wee may call it Herbe-Grace a Sundaies: Oh you muſt weare your Rew

IV. v.

Oph. You muſt ſing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the falſe Steward that ſtole his Maiſters daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Oph. There's Roſemary, thats for remembrance, pray you loue remember, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophe. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for you, & heere's ſome for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies, you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Daſie, I would giue you ſome Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed, they ſay a made a good end.
For bonny ſweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, paſſion, hell it ſelfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettines.

Oph. And wil a not come againe, *Song.*
And wil a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as ſnow,
Flaxen was his pole,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

with a difference. There's a Dayſie, I would giue you ſome Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dyed: They ſay, he made a good end;

For bonny ſweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Paſſion, Hell it ſelfe:
She turnes to Fauour, and to prettineſſe.

Ophe. And will he not come againe,
And will he not come againe:
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He neuer wil come againe.
His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pole:

IV. v.

All in the morning betime,
And a maide at your window,
To be your Valentine:
The yong man roſe, and dan'd his clothes,
And dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide
Neuer departed more.
Nay I pray marke now,
By giſſe, and by ſaint Charitie,
Away, and fie for ſhame:
Yong men will doo't when they come too't:
By cocke they are too blame.
Quoth ſhe, before you tumbled me,
You promiſed me to wed.
So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,
If thou hadſt not come to my bed.
So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.
God bwy you Loue. *exit Ofelia.*

Lear. Griefe vpon griefe, my father murdered,
My ſiſter thus diſtracted:
Curſed be his ſoule that wrought this wicked act.

210 *king* Content you good Leartes for a time,
Although I know your griefe is as a floud,
Brimme full of ſorrow, but forbeare a while,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away mone,
Gramercy on his Soule.

200 And of all Chriſtian Soules, I pray God.
God buy ye. *Exeunt Ophelia*

Laer. Do you ſee this, you Gods?

King. *Laertes*, I muſt common with your greefe,
Or you deny me rights: go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt Friends you will, [275a

IV. v.

He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away mone,
God a mercy on his ſoule, and of all Chriſtians ſoules,
God buy you.

Laer. Doe you this ô God.

King Laertes, I muſt commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right, goe but apart,
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will, [77
And they ſhall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct, or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in ſatisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we ſhall ioyntly labour with your ſoule
To giue it due content.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And they ſhall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Colaterall hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we ſhall ioyntly labour with your ſoule
To giue it due content.

IV. v.

And thinke already the reuenge is done
On him that makes you ſuch a hapleſſe ſonne.
Lear. You haue preuail'd my Lord, a while I'le ſtriue,
To bury griefe within a tombe of wrath,
Which once vnhearſed, then the world ſhall heare [53
Leartes had a father he held deere.

king No more of that, ere many dayes be done,
You ſhall heare that you do not dreame vpon. *exeunt om.*

IV. vi. *Enter Horatio and the Queene.*

Hor. Madame, your ſonne is ſafe arriv'de in *Denmarke*,
This letter I euen now receiv'd of him,
Whereas he writes how he eſcap't the danger,
And ſubtle treaſon that the king had plotted,
Being croſſed by the contention of the windes,
He found the Packet ſent to the king of *England*,
Wherein he ſaw himſelfe betray'd to death,
As at his next conuerſion with your grace,
He will relate the circumſtance at full.
Queene Then I perceiue there's treaſon in his lookes
That ſeem'd to ſugar o're his villanie:
But I will ſoothe and pleaſe him for a time,
For murderous mindes are alwayes jealous,
But know not you *Horatio* where he is?
Hor. Yes Madame, and he hath appoynted me
To meete him on the eaſt ſide of the Cittie
To morrow morning.
Queene O faile not, good *Horatio*, and withall, com-
A mothers care to him, bid him a while (mend me
Be wary of his preſence, leſt that he
Faile in that he goes about.
Hor. Madam, neuer make doubt of that:
I thinke by this the news be come to court:
He is arriv'de, obſerue the king, and you ſhall

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Laer. Let this be ſo:
His meanes of death, his obſcure buriall;
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall oſtentation,

IV. v.

Laer. Let this be ſo.
His meanes of death, his obſcure funerall,
No trophe ſword, nor hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall oſtentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.
King. So you ſhall,
And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
That I muſt call in queſtion.
King. So you ſhall:
And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me. *Exeunt*

IV. vi.

Quickely finde, *Hamlet* being here,
Things fell not to his minde.
Queene But what became of *Gilderstone* and *Roſſencraft?*
Hor. He being ſet aſhore, they went for *England*,
And in the Packet there writ down that doome
To be perform'd on them poynted for him:
And by great chance he had his fathers Seale,
So all was done without diſcouerie. [54
Queene Thankes be to heauen for bleſſing of the prince,
Horatio once againe I take my leaue,
With thowſand mothers bleſſings to my ſonne.
Horat. Madam adue.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

IV. vi. *Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.*

Hora. What are they that would ſpeake with me?
Ser. Saylors ſir, they ſay they haue Letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet.*

Enter Saylor.

Say. God bleſſe you Sir.
Hor. Let him bleſſe thee too.
Say. Hee ſhall Sir, and't pleaſe him. There's a Letter
for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambaſſadours that was

IV. v.

IV. vi. *Enter Horatio and others.*

Hora. VVhat are they that would ſpeake with me?

Gent. Sea-faring men ſir, they ſay they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted. If not from Lord *Hamlet.* *Enter Saylers.*

Say. God bleſſe you ſir.

Hora. Let him bleſſe thee to.

Say. A ſhall ſir and pleaſe him, there's a Letter for you ſir, it came frō th'Embaſſador that was bound for *England,* if your name be *Horatio,* as I am let to know it is.

Hor. Horatio, when thou ſhalt haue ouer lookt this, giue theſe fellowes ſome meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue vs chaſe, finding our ſelues too ſlow of ſaile, wee put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the inſtant they got cleere of our ſhyp, ſo I alone became theyr priſoner, they haue dealt with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

bound for England, if your name be *Horatio,* as I am let to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

HOratio, *When thou ſhalt haue ouerlook'd this, giue theſe Fellowes ſome meanes to the King: They haue Letters for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very Warlicke appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our ſelues too ſlow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boorded them: On the inſtant they got cleare of our Shippe, ſo I alone became their Priſoner. They haue dealt with mee, like Theeues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe*

IV. vi.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue ſent, and repaire thou to me with as much haſt as thou wouldeſt flye death. I haue words to ſpeake in your eare, will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. Theſe good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Roſincrance *and* Guildenſterne, *hold their courſe for England. Of them* 30 *I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.*

He that thou knoweſt thine,
Hamlet.

Come, I will giue you way for theſe your Letters,
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*

IV. vii. *Enter King and Laertes.*

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeal,

IV. vi.

doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue ſent, and repayre thou to me with as much ſpeede as thou wouldeſt flie death, I haue wordes to ſpeake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord of the matter, theſe good fellowes [78 will bring thee where I am, *Roſencraus* and *Guyldensterne* hold theyr courſe for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hor. Come I will you way for theſe your letters,
And doo't the ſpeedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

IV. vii. *Enter King and Laertes.*

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeale,
And you muſt put me in your hart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father ſlaine
Purſued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell mee
Why you proceede not againſt theſe feates
So criminall and ſo capitall in nature,
As by your ſafetie, greatnes, wiſdome, all things els
You mainely were ſtirr'd vp.

King. O for two ſpeciall reaſons
Which may to you perhaps ſeeme much vnſinnow'd,
But yet to mee thar ſtrong, the Queene his mother
Liues almoſt by his lookes, and for my ſelfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And you muſt put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father ſlaine,
Purſued my life.

Eaer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feates,
So crimefull, and ſo Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wiſedome, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd vp? [275b

King. O for two ſpeciall Reaſons,
Which may to you (perhaps) ſeeme much vnſinnowed,
And yet to me they are ſtrong. The Queen his Mother,
Liues almoſt by his lookes: and for my ſelfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,

IV. vi.

IV. vii. *Enter King and Leartes.*

King. Hamlet from *England!* is it poſſible?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

She's ſo coniunctiue to my life and ſoule;
That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not go,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too ſlightly timbred for ſo loud a Winde,
Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And ſo haue I a Noble Father loſt,
A Sifter driuen into deſperate tearmes,
Who was (if praiſes may go backe againe)

IV. vii.

She is ſo concliue to my life and ſoule,
That as the ſtarre mooues not but in his ſphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in theyr affection,
Worke like the ſpring that turneth wood to ſtone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, ſo that my arrowes
Too ſlightly tymberd for ſo loued Arm'd,
Would haue reuerted to my bowe againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.
Laer. And ſo haue I a noble father loſt,
A ſiſter driuen into deſprat termes,
Whoſe worth, if prayſes may goe backe againe
Stood challenger on mount of all the age [79
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.
King. Breake not your ſleepes for that, you muſt not thinke
That we are made of ſtuffe ſo flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be ſhooke with danger,
And thinke it paſtime, you ſhortly ſhall heare more,
I loued your father, and we loue our ſelfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Meſſenger with Letters.

Meſſen, Theſe to your Maieſtie, this to the Queene:
King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.
King. Breake not your ſleepes for that,
You muſt not thinke
That we are made of ſtuffe, ſo flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be ſhooke with danger,
And thinke it paſtime. You ſhortly ſhall heare more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine. ——

Enter a Meſſenger.

How now? What Newes?
Meſ. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet.* This to your Maieſty: this to the Queene.
King. From *Hamlet?* Who brought them?

What chance is this? they are gone, and he come home.

Lear. O he is welcome, by my ſoule he is:
At it my iocund heart doth leape for ioy,
That I ſhall liue to tell him, thus he dies.

king Leartes, content your ſelfe, be rulde by me,
And you ſhall haue no let for your reuenge.
Lear. My will, not all the world.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Meſ. Saylors my Lord they ſay, I ſaw them not:
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiu'd them.
King. *Laertes* you ſhall heare them:
Leaue vs. *Exit Meſſenger*

High and Mighty, you ſhall know I am ſet naked on your Kingdome. To morrow ſhall I begge leaue to ſee your Kingly Eyes. When I ſhall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) recount th'Occaſions of my ſodaine, and more ſtrange returne.
Hamlet.

What ſhould this meane? Are all the reſt come backe?
Or is it ſome abuſe? Or no ſuch thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?

IV. vii.

Meſſ. Saylers my Lord they ſay, I ſaw them not,
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes* you ſhall heare them: leaue vs.
High and mighty, you ſhall know I am ſet naked on your kingdom. to morrow ſhall I begge leaue to ſee your kingly eyes, when I ſhal firſt asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occaſion of my ſuddaine returne.

King. What ſhould this meane, are all the reſt come backe,
Or is it ſome abuſe, and no ſuch thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis *Hamlets* caracter. Naked,
And in a poſtſcript heere he ſayes alone,
Can you deuiſe me?

Laer. I am loſt in it my Lord but let him come,
It warmes the very ſicknes in my hart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth
Thus didſt thou.

King. If it be ſo *Laertes*,
As how ſhould it be ſo, how otherwiſe,
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I my Lord, ſo you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned
As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my deuiſe,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Kin. 'Tis *Hamlets* Character, naked and in a Poſtſcript here he ſayes alone: Can you aduiſe me?

Laer. I'm loſt in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warmes the very ſickneſſe in my heart,
That I ſhall liue and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddeſt thou.

Kin. If it be ſo *Laertes*, as how ſhould it be ſo:
How otherwiſe will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If ſo you'l not o'rerule me to a peace.

Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it; I will worke him
To an exployt now ripe in my Deuice,

King Nay but Leartes, marke the plot I haue layde,
I haue heard him often with a greedy wiſh,
Vpon ſome praiſe that he hath heard of you
Touching your weapon, which with all his heart,
He might be once tasked for to try your cunning.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Vnder the which he ſhall not chooſe but fall;
And for his death no winde of blame ſhall breath,
But euen his Mother ſhall vncharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I'ue ſeene my ſelfe, and ſeru'd againſt the French,
And they ran well on Horſebacke; but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat, [276a

IV. vii.

Vnder the which he ſhall not chooſe but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe,
But euen his Mother ſhall vncharge the practiſe,
And call it accedent.
Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuiſe it ſo
That I might be the organ.
King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of ſince your trauaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they ſay you ſhine, your ſumme of parts
Did not together plucke ſuch enuie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthieſt ſiedge.
Laer. What part is that my Lord?
King. A very ribaud in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull to, for youth no leſſe becomes
The light and careleſſe liuery that it weares
Then ſetled age, his ſables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two months ſince
Heere was a gentleman of *Normandy.*
I haue ſeene my ſelfe, and ſeru'd againſt the French,
And they can well on horſebacke, but this gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his ſeate,
And to ſuch wondrous dooing brought his horſe,
As had he beene incorp'ſt, and demy natur'd
With the braue beaſt, ſo farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of ſhapes and tricks
Come ſhort of what he did.
Laer. A Norman waſt?
King. A Norman.
Laer. Vppon my life *Lamord.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his Horſe,
As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beaſt, ſo farre he paſt my thought,
That I in forgery of ſhapes and trickes,
Come ſhort of what he did.
Laer. A Norman was't?
Kin. A Norman.
Laer. Vpon my life *Lamound.*

Lea. And how for this?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Kin. The very ſame.
Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Iemme of all our Nation.
Kin. Hee mad confeſſion of you,
And gaue you ſuch a Maſterly report,
For Art and exerciſe in your defence;
And for your Rapier moſt eſpecially,
That he cryed out, t'would be a ſight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenom with his Enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wiſh and begge,

IV. vii.

King. The very ſame.
Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
And Iem of all the Nation.
King. He made confeſsion of you,
And gaue you ſuch a maſterly report
For art and exerciſe in your defence,
And for your Rapier moſt eſpeciall,
That he cride out t'would be a ſight indeed
If one could match you; the Scrimures of their nation |81
He ſwore had neither motion, guard nor eye,
If you oppoſd them; ſir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo enuenom with his enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wiſh and beg
Your ſodaine comming ore to play with you
Now out of this.
Laer. What out of this my Lord?
King. *Laertes* was your father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrowe,
A face without a hart?
Laer. Why aske you this?
King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,
And that I ſee in paſſages of proofe,
Time qualifies the ſparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or ſnufe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes ſtill,
For goodnes growing to a plurifie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Your ſodaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.
Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?
Kin *Laertes* was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why aske you this?
Kin. Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
And that I ſee in paſſages of proofe,
Time qualifies the ſparke and fire of it:

King Mary Leartes thus: I'le lay a wager,
Shaibe on *Hamlets* ſide, and you ſhall giue the oddes,
The which will draw him with a more deſire,
To try the maiſtry, that in twelue venies
You gaine not three of him: now this being granted,
When you are hot in midſt of all your play,
Among the foyles ſhall a keene rapier lie,
Steeped in a mixture of deadly poyſon,
That if it drawes but the leaſt dramme of blood,
In any part of him, he cannot liue:
This being done will free you from ſuſpition,
And not the deereſt friend that *Hamlet* lov'de
Will euer haue Leartes in ſuſpect.
Lear. My lord, I like it well:
But ſay lord *Hamlet* ſhould refuſe this match.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Hamlet comes backe: what would you vndertake,
To ſhow your ſelfe your Fathers ſonne indeed,
More then in words?
Laer. To cut his throat i'th' Church.
Kin. No place indeed ſhould murder Sanctuarize;
Reuenge ſhould haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe cloſe within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, ſhall know you are come home:
Wee'l put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remiſſe,

IV. vii.

We ſhould doe when we would: for this would change,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this ſhould is like a ſpend thrifts ſigh,
That hurts by eaſing; but to the quick of th'vlcer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you vndertake
To ſhowe your ſelfe indeede your fathers ſonne
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his thraot i'th Church.

King. No place indeede ſhould murther ſanctuariſe.
Reuendge ſhould haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe cloſe within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd, ſhall knowe you are come home,
Weele put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The french man gaue you, bring you in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remiſſe,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruſe the foyles, ſo that with eaſe, |82
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chooſe
A ſword vnbated, and in a pace of practiſe
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for purpoſe, Ile annoynt my ſword.
I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplaſme ſo rare,
Collected from all ſimples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can ſaue the thing from death

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Moſt generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruſe the Foiles? So that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chooſe
A Sword vnbaited, and in a paſſe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for that purpoſe Ile annoint my Sword:
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplaſme ſo rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can ſaue the thing from death.

IV. vii.

King I'le warrant you, wee'le put on you
Such a report of ſingularitie, [55
Will bring him on, although againſt his will.
And left that all ſhould miſſe,
I'le haue a potion that ſhall ready ſtand,
In all his heate when that he calles for drinke,
Shall be his period and our happineſſe.

Lear. T'is excellent, O would the time were come!
Here comes the Queene. *enter the Queene.*
king How now Gertred, why looke you heauily?
Queene O my Lord, the yong *Ofelia*
Hauing made a garland of ſundry ſortes of floures,

Sitting vpon a willow by a brooke,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

That is but ſcratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly,
It may be death.
Kin Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our ſhape, if this ſhould faile;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not aſſaid; therefore this Proiect
Should haue a backe or ſecond, that might hold,
If this ſhould blaſt in proofe: Soft, let me ſee
Wee'l make a ſolemne wager on your commings,
I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry, 276b
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he cals for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him

IV. vii.

That is but ſcratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly, it may be death.
King. Lets further thinke of this.
Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our ſhape if this ſhould fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not aſſayd, therefore this proiect,
Should haue a back or ſecond that might hold
If this did blaſt in proofe; ſoft let me ſee,
Wee'le make a ſolemne wager on your cunnings,
I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prefard him
A Challice for the nonce, whereon but ſipping,
If he by chaunce eſcape your venom'd ſtuck,
Our purpoſe may hold there; but ſtay, what noyſe?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So faſt they follow; your Siſters drownd *Laertes.*
Laer. Drown'd, ô where?
Quee. There is a Willow growes aſcaunt the Brooke
That ſhowes his horry leaues in the glaſſy ſtreame,
Therewith fantaſtique garlands did ſhe make
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daiſes, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a groſſer name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

A Challice for the nonce; whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd ſtuck,
Our purpoſe may hold there; how ſweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So faſt they'l follow: your Siſter's drown'd *Laertes.*
Laer. Drown'd! O where?
Queen. There is a Willow growes aſlant a Brooke,
That ſhewes his hore leaues in the glaſſie ſtreame:
There with fantaſticke Garlands did ſhe come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dayſies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards giue a groſſer name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds

IV. vii.

The enuious ſprig broke, into the brooke ſhe fell,
And for a while her clothes ſpread wide abroade,
Bore the yong Lady vp: and there ſhe ſate ſmiling,
Euen Mermaide like, twixt heauen and earth,
Chaunting olde ſundry tunes vncapable
As it were of her diſtreſſe, but long it could not be,

Till that her clothes, being heauy with their drinke,
Dragg'd the ſweete wretch to death.

Lear. So, ſhe is drownde:
Too much of water haſt thou *Ofelia,*
Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares,
Reuenge it is muſt yeeld this heart releefe,
For woe begets woe, and griefe hangs on griefe. *exeunt.*

V. i. *enter Clowne and an other.*

Clowne I ſay no, ſhe ought not to be buried
In chriſtian buriall.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Clambring to hang; an enuious ſliuer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her ſelfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes ſpred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne diſtreſſe,
180 Or like a creature Natiue, and indued
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is ſhe drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

IV. vii.

Clambring to hang, an enuious fliuer broke, |83
When downe her weedy trophies and her ſelfe
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes ſpred wide,
And Marmaide like awhile they bore her vp,
Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne diſtreſſe,
180 Or like a creature natiue and indewed
Vnto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heauy with theyr drinke,
Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then ſhe is drownd.

Quee. Drownd, drownd.

Laer. Too much of water haſt thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her cuſtome holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will, when theſe are gone,
190 The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I haue a ſpeech a fire that faine would blaſe,
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it ſtart againe,
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

V. i. *Enter two Clownes.*

Clowne. Is ſhee to be buried in Chriſtian buriall, when ſhe wilfully ſeekes her owne ſaluation?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Laer. Too much of water haſt thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her cuſtome holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will; when theſe are gone
190 The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I haue a ſpeech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*

Kin. Let's follow, *Gertrude:*
How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it ſtart againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

V. i. *Enter two Clownes.*

Clown. Is ſhe to bee buried in Chriſtian buriall, that wilfully ſeekes her owne ſaluation?

V. i.

2. Why ſir?

Clowne Mary becauſe ſhee's drownd.

2. But ſhe did not drowne her ſelfe.

Clowne No, that's certaine, the water drown'd her.

2. Yea but it was againſt her will.

Clowne No, I deny that, for looke you ſir, I ſtand here, If the water come to me, I drowne not my ſelfe: But if I goe to the water, and am there drown'd, *Ergo* I am guiltie of my owne death: [56 Y'are gone, goe y'are gone ſir.

2. I but ſee, ſhe hath chriſtian buriall, Becauſe ſhe is a great woman.

Clowne Mary more's the pitty, that great folke Should haue more authoritie to hang or drowne Themſelues, more than other people:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Other. I tell thee ſhe is, and therefore make her Graue ſtraight, the Crowner hath ſate on her, and finds it Chriſtian buriall.

Clo. How can that be, vnleſſe ſhe drowned her ſelfe in her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found ſo.

Clo. It muſt be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee elſe: for heere lies the point; If I drowne my ſelfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall ſhe drown'd her ſelfe wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.

Clown. Giue me leaue; heere lies the water; good: heere ſtands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himſele; it is will he nill he, he goes;

V. i.

Other. I tell thee ſhe is, therfore make her graue ſtraight, the crowner hath ſate on her, and finds it Chriſtian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnleſſe ſhe drown'd herſelfe in her owne defence.

Other. Why tis found ſo.

Clowne. It muſt be ſo offended, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the poynt, if I drowne my ſelfe wittingly, it argues an act, & an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; the drownd her ſelfe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clowne. Giue mee leaue, here lyes the water, good, here ſtands the man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himſelfe, it is will | 84
he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, & drowne him, he drownes not himſelfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, ſhortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry i'ſt. Crowners queſt law.

Other. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould haue been buried out a chriſtian buriall.

Clowne. Why there thou ſayſt, and the more pitty that great folke ſhould haue countnaunce in this world to drowne or hang theſelues, more then theyr euen Chriſten: Come my ſpade, there is no auncient gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold vp Adams profeſsion.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himſelfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, ſhortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowners Queſt Law.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not [277a
beene a Gentlewoman, ſhee ſhould haue beene buried out of Chriſtian Buriall.

Clo. Why there thou ſay'ſt. And the more pitty that great folke ſhould haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themſelues, more then their euen Chriſtian. Come, my Spade: there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp *Adams* Profeſſion.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

V. i.

Goe fetch me a ſtope of drinke, but before thou
Goeſt, tell me one thing, who buildes ſtrongeſt,
Of a Maſon, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

2. Why a Maſon, for he buildes all of ſtone,
And will indure long.

Clowne That's prety, too't agen, too't agen.

2. Why then a Carpenter, for he buildes the gallowes,
And that brings many a one to his long home.

Clowne Prety agen, the gallowes doth well, mary howe dooes it well? the gallowes dooes well to them that doe ill, goe get thee gone:

And if any one aske thee hereafter, ſay,
A Graue-maker, for the houſes he buildes
Laſt till Doomeſ-day. Fetch me a ſtope of beere, goe.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Clo. He was the firſt that euer bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What; ar't a Heathen? how doſt thou vnderſtand the Scripture? the Scripture ſayes *Adam* dig'd; could hee digge without Armes? Ile put another queſtion to thee; if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſſe thy ſelfe ——

Other. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds ſtronger then either the Maſon, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outliues a thouſand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that doe ill: now, thou doſt ill to ſay the Gallowes is

V. i.

Clowne. A was the firſt that euer bore Armes.
Ile put another queſtion to thee, if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſſe thy ſelfe.

Other. Goe to.

Clow. What is he that builds ſtronger then eyther the Maſon, the Shypwright, or the Carpenter.

Other. The gallowes maker, for that out-liues a thouſand tenants.

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good fayth, the gallowes dooes well, but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to thoſe that do ill, nowe thou dooſt ill to ſay the gallowes is built ſtronger then the Church, argall, the gallowes may doo well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. VVho buildes ſtronger then a Maſon, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

Clowne. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Other. Marry now I can tell.

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Maſſe I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull aſſe wil not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this queſtion next, ſay a graue-maker, the houſes hee makes laſts till Doomeſday. Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a ſoope of liquer.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

built ſtronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds ſtronger then a Maſon. a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Other. Maſſe, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Aſſe will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are ask't this queſtion next, ſay a Graue-maker: the Houſes that he makes, laſts till Doomeſday: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a ſtoupe of Liquor.

V. i.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Clowne A picke-axe and a ſpade,
A ſpade for and a winding ſheete,
Moſt fit it is, for t'will be made, *he throwes vp a ſhouel.*
For ſuch a gheſt moſt meete.

Ham. Hath this fellow any feeling of himſelfe,
That is thus merry in making of a graue?
See how the ſlaue joles their heads againſt the earth.

Hor. My lord, Cuſtome hath made it in him ſeeme no-
(thing.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Sings.

In youth when I did loue, did loue,
me thought it was very ſweete:
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there was nothing meete.

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his buſineſſe, that he ſings at Graue-making?

Hor. Cuſtome hath made it in him a property of eaſineſſe.

Ham. 'Tis ee'n ſo; the hand of little Imployment hath the daintier ſenſe.

Clowne ſings.

But Age with his ſtealing ſteps
hath caught me in his clutch:

V. i.

In youth when I did loue did loue, *Song.*
Me thought it was very ſweet
To contract ô the time for a my behoue.
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio. [85

Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his buſines? a ſings in graue-making

Hora. Cuſtome hath made it in him a propertie of eaſines.
Ham. Tis een ſo, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier ſence
Clow. But age with his ſtealing ſteppes *Song.*
hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath ſhipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer been ſuch.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if were Caines iawbone, that did the firſt murder, this might be the pate of a pollitician, which this aſſe now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. I might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could ſay good morrow ſweet lord, how dooſt thou ſweet lord? This might be my Lord ſuch a one, that praiſed my lord ſuch a ones horſe when a went to beg it, might it not?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And hath ſhipped me intill the Land,
as if I had neuer beene ſuch.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once: how the knaue iowles it to th' grownd, as if it were *Caines* Iaw-bone, that did the firſt murther: It might be the Pateof a Polititian which this Aſſe o're Offices: one that could circumuent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could ſay, Good Morrow ſweet Lord: how doſt thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord ſuch a one, that prais'd my Lord ſuch a ones Horſe, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Clowne A pick-axe and a ſpade, a ſpade,
For and a winding ſheete,
Moſt fit it is for to be made,
For ſuch a ghoſt moſt meet.
Ham. Looke you, there's another *Horatio.*
Why mai't not be the ſcull of ſome Lawyer? [57
Me thinkes he ſhould indite that fellow
Of an action of Batterie, for knocking
Him about the pate with's ſhouel: now where is your
Quirkes and quillets now, your vouchers and
Double vouchers, your leaſes and free-holde,
And tenements? why that ſame boxe there will ſcarſe
Holde the conueiance of his land, and muſt
The honor lie there? O pittifull transformance!
I prethee tell me *Horatio,*

Is parchment made of ſheep-skinnes?
Hor. I my Lorde, and of calues-skinnes too.
Ham. Ifaith they prooue themſelues ſheepe and calues
That deale with them, or put their truſt in them.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Hor. I, my Lord. [277b
Ham. Why ee'n ſo: and now my Lady Wormes, Chapleſſe, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Reuolution, if wee had the tricke to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

Clowne ſings.

A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade.
for and a ſhrowding-Sheete:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for ſuch a Gueſt is meete.

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Caſes? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he ſuffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about

V. i.

Hor. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een ſo, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the maſſene with a Sextens ſpade; heere's fine reuolution and we had the tricke to ſee't, did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a ſpade a ſpade, *Song.*
for and a ſhrowding ſheet
O a pit of Clay for to be made
for ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his caſes, his tenurs, and his tricks? why dooes he ſuffer this madde knaue now to knocke him about the ſconce with a durtie ſhouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statuts, his recogniſances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt, will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his Lands will ſcarcely lye in this box, & muſt th'inheritor himſelfe haue no more, ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of ſheepe-skinnes?

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to [86

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which ſeeke out aſſurance in that, I wil ſpeak to this fellow. Whoſe graue's this ſirra?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recouery of his Recoueries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchaſes, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and muſt the Inheritor himſelfe haue no more? ha?

Hor. Not a iot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues that ſeek out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeake to this fellow: whoſe Graue's this Sir?

V. i.

There's another, why may not that be ſuch a ones
Scull, that praiſed my Lord ſuch a ones horſe,
When he meant to beg him? *Horatio*, I prethee
Lets queſtion yonder fellow.
Now my friend, whoſe graue is this?

Clowne Mine ſir.

Ham. But who muſt lie in it? (ſir.

Clowne If I ſhould ſay, I ſhould, I ſhould lie in my throat

Ham. What man muſt be buried here?

Clowne No man ſir.

Ham. What woman?

Clowne. No woman neither ſir, but indeede
One that was a woman.

Ham. An excellent fellow by the Lord *Horatio*,
This ſeauen yeares haue I noted it: the toe of the peſant,
Comes ſo neere the heele of the courtier,
That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,
How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Clo. Mine Sir:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for ſuch a Gueſt is meete.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou lieſt in't.

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lye in't, to be in't and ſay 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeſt.

Clo. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

V. i.

Clow. Mine ſir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyeſt in't.

Clow You lie out ont ſir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dooſt lie in't to be in't & ſay it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeſt.

Clow. Tis a quicke lye ſir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dooſt thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man ſir

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman ſir, but reſt her ſoule ſhee's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knaue is, we muſt ſpeake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio,* this three yeeres I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne ſo picked, that the toe of the peſant coms ſo neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long haſt thou been Graue-maker?

Clow Of the dayes i'th yere I came too't that day that our laſt king *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortenbraſſe.*

Ham. How long is that ſince?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but reſt her Soule, ſhee's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knaue is? wee muſt ſpeake by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the Lord *Horatio,* theſe three yeares I haue taken note of it, the Age is growne ſo picked, that the toe of the Peſant comes ſo neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long haſt thou been a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras.*

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clowne I faith ſir, if hee be not rotten before
He be laide in, as we haue many pocky corſes,
He will laſt you, eight yeares, a tanner
Will laſt you eight yeares full out, or nine.
Ham. And why a tanner? [58
Clowne Why his hide is ſo tanned with his trade,
That it will holde out water, that's a parlous
Deuourer of your dead body, a great ſoaker.
Looke you, heres a ſcull hath bin here this dozen yeare,
Let me ſee, I euer ſince our laſt king *Hamlet*
Slew *Fortenbraſſe* in combat, yong *Hamlets* father,
Hee that's mad.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Clo. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that: It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that was mad, and ſent into England.
Ham. I marry, why was he ſent into England?
Clo. Why, becauſe he was mad; hee ſhall recouer his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.
Ham. Why? [278a
Clo. 'Twill not be ſeene in him, there the men are as mad as he.
Ham. How came he mad?
Clo. Very ſtrangely they ſay.
Ham. How ſtrangely?
Clo. Faith e'ene with looſing his wits.

V. i.

Clow. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was horne: hee that is mad and ſent into *England.*

Ham. I marry why was he ſent into *England*?

Clow. Why becauſe a was mad: a ſhall recouer his wits there, or if a doo not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. Twill not be ſeene in him there, there the men are as mad (as hee.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very ſtrangely they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clow. Fayth eene with looſing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue been Sexten heere man and boy thirty yeeres.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot? [87

Clow. Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pockie corſes, that will ſcarce hold the laying in, a will laſt you ſom eyght yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will laſt you nine yeere.

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why ſir, his hide is ſo tand with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body, heer's a ſcull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin ſixeteene heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue many pocky Coarſes now adaies, that will ſcarce hold the laying in) he will laſt you ſome eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will laſt you nine yeare.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why ſir, his hide is ſo tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a ſore Decayer of your horſon dead body. Heres a Scull now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years.

V. i.

Ham. I mary, how came he madde?

Clowne Ifaith very ſtrangely, by looſing of his wittes.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clowne A this ground, in *Denmarke.*

Ham. Where is he now?

Clowne Why now they ſent him to *England.*

Ham. To *England!* wherefore?

Clowne Why they ſay he ſhall haue his wittes there,
Or if he haue not, t'is no great matter there,
It will not be ſeene there.

Ham. Why not there?

Clowne Why there they ſay the men are as mad as he.

Ham. Whoſe ſcull was this?

Clowne This a plague on him, a madde rogues it was,
He powred once a whole flagon of Rheniſh of my head,
Why do not you know him? this was one *Yorickes* ſcull.

Ham. Was this? I prethee let me ſee it, alas poore *Yoricke*
I knew him *Horatio,*
A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath caried mee twenty times vpon his backe, here hung thoſe lippes that I haue Kiſſed a hundred times, and to ſee, now they abhorre me: Wheres your ieſts now *Yoricke?* your flaſhes of meriment: now go to my Ladies chamber, and bid her paint her ſelfe an inch thicke, to this ſhe muſt come *Yoricke.* Horatio, I prethee tell me one thing, dooſt thou thinke that *Alexander* looked thus?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clo. A whoreſon mad Fellowes it was;
Whoſe doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A peſtlence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'rd a Flaggon of Reniſh on my head once. This ſame Scull Sir, this ſame Scull ſir, was *Yoricks* Scull, the Kings Ieſter.

Ham. This?

Clo: E'ene that.

Ham. Let mee ſee. Alas poore *Yorick,* I knew him *Ho-*

V. i.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clow. A whorſon mad fellowes it was, whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A peſtilence on him for a madde rogue. a pourd a flagon of Reniſh on my head once: this ſame skull ſir, was ſir *Yoricks* skull, the Kings Ieſter.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore *Yoricke,* I knew him *Horatio,* a fellow of infinite ieſt, of moſt excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thouſand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge riſes at it. Heere hung thoſe lyppes that I haue kiſt I know not howe oft, where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your ſongs, your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour ſhe muſt come, make her laugh at that.
Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

ratio, a fellow of infinite Ieſt; of moſt excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thouſand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge riſes at it Heere hung thoſe lipps, that I haue kiſt I know not how oft. VVhere be your Iibes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flaſhes of Merriment that were wont to ſet the Table on a Rore) No one now to mock your own Ieering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour ſhe muſt come. Make her laugh at that: prythee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hor. Euen ſo my Lord.
Ham. And ſmelt thus?
Hor. I my lord, no otherwiſe. [59
Ham. No, why might not imagination worke, as thus of *Alexander*, *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* became earth, of earth we make clay, and *Alexander* being but clay, why might not time bring to paſſe, that he might ſtoppe the boung hole of a beere barrell?

Imperious *Caſar* dead and turnd to clay,
Might ſtoppe a hole, to keepe the winde away.

Enter King and Queene, Leartes, and other lordes, with a Priest after the coffin.

Ham. What funerall's this that all the Court laments?
If ſhews to be ſome noble parentage:
Stand by a while.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Hor. What's that my Lord?
Ham. Doſt thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this faſhion i'th' earth?
Hor. E'ene ſo.
Ham. And ſmelt ſo? Puh.
Hor. E'ene ſo, my Lord.
Ham. To what baſe vſes we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble duſt of *Alexander*, till he find it ſtopping a bunghole.
Hor. 'Twere to conſider: to curiouſly to conſider ſo.
Ham. No faith, not a iot. But to follow him thether with modeſtie enough, & likeliehood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was conuer-

V. i.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dooſt thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this faſhion i'th earth?

220 *Hora.* Een ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo pah.

Hora. Een ſo my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe vſes wee may returne *Horatio?* Why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, till a find it ſtopping a bunghole?

Hor. Twere to conſider too curiouſly to conſider ſo.

230 *Ham.* No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modeſty enough, and likelyhood to leade it. *Alexander* dyed, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt, the duſt is earth, of earth vvee make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might they not ſtoppe a Beare-barrell? [88

Imperious *Cæſar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might ſtoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.

240 But ſoft, but ſoft awhile, here comes the King, *Enter K. Q. Laertes and the corſe.*
The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this they follow?
And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The corſe they follow, did with deſprat hand
Foredoo it owne life, twas of ſome eſtate,
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, marke.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

ted) might they not ſtopp a Beere-barrell?
Imperiall *Cæſar,* dead and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keepe the winde away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw.

240 But ſoft, but ſoft, aſide; heere comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with ſuch maimed rites? This doth betoken, [278b
The Coarſe they follow, did with diſperate hand,
Fore do it owne life; 'twas ſome Eſtate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

V. i.

Lear. What ceremony elſe? ſay, what ceremony elſe?

Prieſt My Lord, we haue done all that lies in vs,
And more than well the church can tolerate,
She hath had a Dirge ſung for her maiden ſoule:
And but for fauour of the king, and you,
She had beene buried in the open fieldes,
Where now ſhe is allowed chriſtian buriall.

Lear. So, I tell thee churliſh Prieſt, a miniſtring Angell ſhall my ſiſter be, when thou lieſt howling.

Ham. The faire *Ofelia* dead!

Queene Sweetes to the ſweete, farewell:
I had thought to adorne thy bridale bed, faire maide,
And not to follow thee vnto thy graue.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Laer. What Cerimony elſe?

Prieſt. Her Obſequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd.
As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-ſwaies the order,
She ſhould in ground vnſanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the laſt Trumpet. For charitable praier,
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, ſhould be throwne on her:
Yet heere ſhe is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Muſt there no more be done?

Prieſt. No more be done:
We ſhould prophane the ſeruice of the dead,

V. i.

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Doct. Her obſequies haue been as farre inlarg'd

As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great commaund ore-ſwayes the order,
She ſhould in ground vnſanctified been lodg'd
Till the laſt trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles ſhould be throwne on her:
Yet heere ſhe is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her mayden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Muſt there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone,
We ſhould prophane the ſeruice of the dead,
To ſing a Requiem and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſoules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted fleſh
May Violets ſpring: I tell thee churliſh Prieſt,
A miniſtring Angell ſhall my ſiſter be
When thou lyeſt howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*,

Quee. Sweets to the ſweet, farewell,
I hop't thou ſhould'ſt haue been my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt ſweet maide,
And not haue ſtrew'd thy graue.

Laer. O treble woe
Fall tenne times double on that curſed head, |89

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

To ſing ſage *Requiem*, and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted fleſh,
May Violets ſpring. I tell thee (churliſh Prieſt)
A Miniſtring Angell ſhall my Siſter be,
When thou lieſt howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Queene. Sweets, to the ſweet farewell.
I hop'd thou ſhould'ſt haue bin my *Hamlets* wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (ſweet Maid)
And not t'haue ſtrew'd thy Graue.

Laer. Oh terrible woer,
Fall ten times trebble, on that curſed head

V. i.

Lear. Forbeare the earth a while: ſifter farewell:
Leartes leapes into the graue.
Now powre your earth on *Olympus* hie,
And make a hill to o're top olde *Pellon*: *Hamlet leapes*
Whats he that coniures ſo? *in after* Leartes

280 *Ham.* Beholde tis I, *Hamlet* the Dane.

Lear. The diuell take thy ſoule.
Ham. O thou praieſt not well,
I prethee take thy hand from off my throate,
For there is ſomething in me dangerous,
Which let thy wifedome feare, holde off thy hand: [60

I lou'de *Ofelia* as deere as twenty brothers could:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Whoſe wicked deed, thy moſt Ingenious ſence
Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:
Leaps in the graue.
Now pile your duſt, vpon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
To o're top old *Pelion*, or the skyiſh head
Of blew *Olympus*.
Ham. What is he, whoſe griefes
Beares ſuch an Emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of Sorrow
Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them ſtand
280 Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.
Laer. The deuill take thy ſoule.

V. i.

Whoſe wicked deede thy moſt ingenious ſence
Depriued thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your duſt vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyeſh head
Of blew *Olympus*.
Ham. What is he whoſe griefe
Beares ſuch an emphaſis, whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Coniures the wandring ſtarres, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I
Hamlet the Dane.
Laer. The deuill take thy ſoule,
Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not ſpleenatiue raſh, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſedome feare; hold off thy hand,
King. Pluck them a ſunder.
Quee. Hamlet, Hamlet.
All. Gentlemen.
Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.
Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.
Quee. O my ſonne, what theame?
Ham. I loued *Ophelia*, forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all theyr quantitie of loue
Make vp my ſumme. What wilt thou doo for her.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Thou prai'ſt not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and raſh,
Yet haue I ſomething in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiſeneſſe feare. Away thy hand.
King. Pluck them aſunder.
Qu. Hamlet, Hamlet.
Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.
Ham. Why I will fight with him vppon this Theme,
Vntill my eielids will no longer wag.
Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?
Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*; fortie thouſand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Loue)
Make vp my ſumme. What wilt thou do for her?

V. i.

Shew me what thou wilt doe for her:
Wilt fight, wilt faſt, wilt pray,
Wilt drinke vp veſſels, eate a crocadile? Ile doot:
Com'ſt thou here to whine?

And where thou talk'ſt of burying thee a liue,
Here let vs ſtand: and let them throw on vs,
Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth therof,
Make Oofell as a Wart.

King. Forbeare *Leartes,* now is hee mad, as is the ſea,
Anone as milde and gentle as a Doue:
Therfore a while giue his wilde humour ſcope.

Ham What is the reaſon ſir that you wrong mee thus?
I neuer gaue you cauſe: but ſtand away,
A Cat will meaw, a Dog will haue a day.

Exit Hamlet and Horatio.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes,*

Qu. For loue of God forbeare him.

Ham. Come ſhow me what thou'lt doe.
Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy ſelfe?
Woo't drinke vp *Eſile,* eate a Crocodile?
Ile doo't. Doſt thou come heere to whine; [259a
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning Zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart. Nay, and thoul't mouth,
Ile rant as well as thou.

V. i.

King. O he is mad *Laertes.*
Quee. For loue of God forbeare him.
Ham. S'wounds ſhew me what th'owt doe:
Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't faſt, woo't teare thy ſelfe?
Woo't drinke vp Eſill, eate a Crocadile?
Ile doo't, dooſt come heere to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning Zone
Make Oſſa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe,
Ile rant as well as thou.
Quee. This is meere madneſſe,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as the female Doue
When that her golden cuplets are diſcloſed
His ſilence will ſit drooping.
Ham. Heare you ſir,
What is the reaſon that you vſe me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himſelfe doe what he may
The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet*
King. I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him. *and Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
Weele put the matter to the preſent puſh:
Good *Gertrard* ſet ſome watch ouer your ſonne,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Kin. This is meere Madneſſe:
And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Doue,
When that her golden Cuplet are diſclos'd;
His ſilence will ſit drooping.
Ham. Heare you Sir:
What is the reaſon that you vſe me thus?
I loud' you euer; but it is no matter:
Let *Hercules* himſelfe doe what he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit.*
Kin. I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,
Strengthen you patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
Wee'l put the matter to the preſent puſh:
Good *Gertrude* ſet ſome watch ouer your Sonne,

V. i.

Queene. Alas, it is his madnes makes him thus,
And not his heart, *Leartes.*
King. My lord, t'is ſo: but wee'le no longer trifle,
This very day ſhall *Hamlet* drinke his laſt,
For preſently we meane to ſend to him,
Therfore *Leartes* be in readynes.
Lear. My lord, till then my ſoule will not bee quiet.
King. Come *Gertred*, wee'l haue *Leartes*, and our ſonne,
Made friends and Louers, as befittes them both,
Euen as they tender vs, and loue their countrie.
Queene God grant they may. *exeunt omnes.*

V. ii. *Enter Hamlet and Horatio*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

This Graue ſhall haue a liuing Monument:
An houre of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

V. ii. *Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me ſee the other,
You doe remember all the Circumſtance.
Hor. Remember it my Lord?
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me ſleepe; me thought I lay
Worſe then the mutines in the Bilboes, raſhly,

V. i.

This graue ſhall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thirtie ſhall we ſee
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

V. ii. *Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. So much for this ſir, now ſhall you ſee the other,
You doe remember all the circumſtance,
Hora. Remember it my Lord.
Ham. Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me ſleepe, my thought I lay
Worſe then the mutines in the bilbo, raſhly,
And prayſd be raſhnes for it: let vs knowe,
Our indiſcretion ſometime ſerues vs well
When our deepe plots doe pall, & that ſhould learne vs
Ther's a diuinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.
Hora. That is moſt certaine.
Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My ſea-gowne ſcarft about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my deſire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

(And praiſe be raſhneſſe for it) let vs know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerues vs well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that ſhould teach vs,
There's a Diuinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
Hor. That is moſt certaine.
Ham. Vp from my Cabin
My ſea-gowne ſcarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my deſire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew

V. ii.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

To mine owne roome againe, making ſo bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnſeale
Their grand Commiſſion, where I found *Horatio*,
Oh royall knauery: An exact command,
Larded with many ſeuerall ſorts of reaſon;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, ſuch Bugges and Goblins in my life;
That on the ſuperuize no leaſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
My head ſhoud be ſtruck off.

Hor. Iſt poſſible?

Ham. Here's the Commiſſion, read it at more leyſure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

V. ii.

To mine owne roome againe, making ſo bold
My feares forgetting manners to vnfold [191
Their graund commiſsion; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many ſeuerall ſorts of reaſons,
Importing Denmarkes health, and *Englands* to,
With hoe ſuch bugges and goblines in my life,
That on the ſuperuiſe no leaſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
My head ſhould be ſtrooke off.

Hora. I'ſt poſsible?

Ham. Heeres the commiſsion, read it at more leaſure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hora. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play. I ſat me downe,
Deuiſd a new commiſsion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our ſtatiſts doe,
A baſeneſſe to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but ſir now
It did me yemans ſeruice, wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?

Hora. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earneſt coniuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull tributary,
As loue betweene them like the palme might floriſh,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Hor. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I ſate me downe,
Deuis'd a new Commiſſion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statiſts doe,
A baſeneſſe to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans ſeruice: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord. [259b

Ham. An earneſt Coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
As loue betweene them, as the Palme ſhould flouriſh,

V. ii.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

As Peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten Garland weare,
And ſtand a Comma 'tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like Affis of great charge,
That on the view and know of theſe Contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſſe,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſodaine death,
Not ſhriuing time allowed.

Hor. How was this ſeal'd?

Ham. Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purſe,
Which was the Modell of that Daniſh Seale:
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subſcrib'd it, gau't th' impreſſion, plac't it ſafely,
The changeling neuer knowne: Now, the next day

V. ii.

As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland weare
And ſtand a Comma tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like, as ſir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of theſe contents,
Without debatement further more or leſſe,
He ſhould thoſe bearers put to ſuddaine death,
Not ſhriuing time alow'd.

Hora. How was this ſeald?

Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers ſignet in my purſe
Which was the modill of that Daniſh ſeale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
Subcribe it, gau't th'impreſsion, plac'd it ſafely,
The changling neuer knowne: now the next day [92
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was ſequent
Thou knoweſt already.

Hora. So *Guyldenſterne* and *Roſencraus* goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conſcience, their defeat
Dooes by their owne inſinnuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baſer nature comes
Betweene the paſſe and fell incenced points
Of mighty oppoſits.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee ſtand me now vppon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene th'election and my hopes,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was ſement,
Thou know'ſt already.

Hor. So *Guildenſterne* and *Roſincrance,* go too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make loue to this imployment
They are not neere my Conſcience; their debate
Doth by their owne inſinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baſer nature comes
Betweene the paſſe, and fell incenſed points
Of mighty oppoſites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, thinkſt thee, ſtand me now vpon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in betweene th'election and my hopes,

V. ii.

Ham. beleeue mee, it greeues mee much *Horatio*,
That to *Leartes* I forgot my ſelfe:
For by my ſelfe me thinkes I feele his griefe,
Though there's a difference in each others wrong.

Enter a Bragart Gentleman.

Horatio, but marke yon water-flie,
The Court knowes him. but hee knowes not the Court.
Gent. Now God ſaue thee, ſweete prince *Hamlet.* [61
Ham. And you ſir: foh, how the muske cod ſmels!

Gen. I come with an embaſſage from his maieſty to you

Ham. I ſhall ſir giue you attention:

By my troth me thinkes tis very colde.
Gent. It is indeede very rawiſh colde.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch coozenage; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further euill.

Hor. It muſt be ſhortly knowne to him from England
What is the iſſue of the buſineſſe there.

Ham. It will be ſhort,
The *interim's* mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to ſay one: but I am very ſorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my ſelfe;
For by the image of my Cauſe, I ſee
The Portraiture of his; Ile count his fauours:
But ſure the brauery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towring paſſion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

V. ii.

Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch cuſnage, i'ſt not perfect conſcience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordſhip is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

Ham. I humble thanke you ſir.
Dooſt know this water fly?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him, He hath much land and fertill: let a beaſt be Lord of beaſts, and his crib ſhall ſtand at the Kings meſſe, tis a chough, but as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſsion of durt.

Cour. Sweete Lord, if your Lordſhippe were at leaſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Maieſtie.

Ham. I will receaue it ſir withall dilligence of ſpirit, your bonnet to his right vſe, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordſhip, it is very hot.

Ham. No belieue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indefferent cold my Lord indeed.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Enter young Oſricke. (marke.

Oſr. Your Lordſhip is right welcome back to Den-

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, doſt know this waterflie?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beaſt be Lord of Beaſts, and his Crib ſhall ſtand at the Kings Meſſe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I ſaw ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

Oſr. Sweet Lord, if your friendſhip were at leyſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Maieſty.

Ham. I will receiue it with all diligence of ſpirit: put your Bonet to his right vſe, 'tis for the head.

Oſr. I thanke your Lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleeue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is Northerly.

Oſr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

V. ii.

Ham. T'is hot me thinkes.

Gent. Very fwoltery hote:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very foultry, and hot for my Complexion.

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very foultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maiefty bad me fignifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head; Sir, this is the matter. [280a

V. ii.

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very fully and hot. or my complection.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very foultery, as t'were I cannot tell how: my Lord his Maieftie bad me fignifie to you, that a has layed a great wager on your head, fir this is the matter.

Ham. I befeech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my eafe in good faith, fir here is newly com to Court *Laertes*, believe me an abfolute gentlemen, ful of moft excellent differences, of very foft fociety, and great fhowing: in- [93
deede to fpeake fellingly of him, hee is the card or kalender of gentry: for you fhall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would fee.

Ham. Sir, his definement fuffers no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inuentorially, would dofie th'arithmaticke of memory, and yet but yaw neither in refpect of his quick faile, but in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a foule of great article, & his infufion of fuch dearth and rareneffe, as to make true dixion of him, his femblable is his mirrour, & who els would trace him, his vmbrage, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordfhip fpeakes moft infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy fir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Ift not pofsible to vnderftand in another tongue, you will too't fir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Cour. Of *Laertes*.

Hora. His purfe is empty already, all's golden words are fpent.

Ham. Of him fir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did fir, yet in faith if you did, it would not much approoue me, well fir.

Cour. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confeffe that, leaft I fhould compare with him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were to knowe himfelfe.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. I befeech you remember.

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine eafe in good faith:
Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

The King, ſweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your ſide.
Six Barbary horſe, againſt ſix french rapiers,
With all their acoutrements too, a the carriages:
In good faith they are very curiouſly wrought.

Ham. The cariages ſir, I do not know what you meane.

Gent: The girdles, and hangers ſir, and ſuch like.
Ham. The worde had beene more coſin german to the phraſe, if he could haue carried the canon by his ſide,
And howe's the wager? I vnderſtand you now.

Gent. Mary ſir, that yong Leartes in twelue venies
At Rapier and Dagger do not get three oddes of you,
And on your ſide the King hath laide,
And deſires you to be in readineſſe.

Ham. Very well, if the King dare venture his wager,
I dare venture my skull: when muſt this be?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham. What's his weapon?
Oſr. Rapier and dagger.
Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.
Oſr. The ſir King ha's wag'd with him ſix Barbary Horſes, againſt the which he impon'd as I take it, ſixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their aſſignes, as Girdle, Hangers or ſo: three of the Carriages infaith are very deare to fancy, very reſponſiue to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.
Ham. What call you the Carriages?
Oſr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.
Ham. The phraſe would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our ſides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on ſixe Barbary Hor-

V. ii.

Cour. I meane ſir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on him, by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The King ſir hath wagerd with him ſix Barbary horſes, againgſt the which hee has impaund as I take it ſix French Rapiers and Poynards, with their aſsignes, as girdle, hanger and ſo. Three of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reponſiue to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you muſt be edified by the margent ere you had done. |94

Cour. The carriage ſir are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would bee more Ierman to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our ſides. I would it be hangers till then. but on, ſix Barbry horſes againſt ſix French ſwords their aſsignes. and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet againſt the Daniſh, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King ſir, hath layd ſir, that in a dozen paſſes betweene your ſelfe and him, hee ſhall not exceede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordſhippe would vouchſafe the anſwere.

Ham. How if I anſwere no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the oppoſition of your perſon in triall.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it pleaſe his Maieſtie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

ſes againſt ſixe French Swords: their Aſſignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages. that's the French but againſt the Daniſh; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Oſr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen paſſes betweene you and him, hee ſhall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to imediate tryall, if your Lordſhip would vouchſafe the Anſwere.

Ham. How if I anſwere no?

Oſr. I meane my Lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in tryall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall: if it pleaſe his Maieſtie, 'tis the beathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the

V. ii.

Gent. My Lord, prefently, the king and her maiefty,
With the reft of the beft iudgement in the Court,
Are comming downe into the outward pallace.

Ham. Goe tel his maieftie. I wil attend him.
Gent. I fhall deliuer your moft fweet anfwer. *exit.*
Ham. You may fir, none better for y'are fpiced.
Elfe he had a bad nofe could not fmell a foole.
Hor. He will difclofe himfelfe without inquirie.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

King hold his purpofe; I will win for him if I can: if not, Ile gaine nothing but my fhame, and the odde hits.

Ofr. Shall I redeliuer you ee'n fo?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourifh your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordfhip.

190 *Ham.* Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himfelfe, there are no tongues elfe for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the fhell on his head.

V. ii.

Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe; I will winne for him and I can, if not, I will gaine nothing but my ſhame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you ſo?

Ham. To this effect ſir, after what floriſh your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordſhippe.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himſelfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runnes away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. A did ſir with his dugge before a ſuckt it, thus has he and many more of the ſame breede that I know the droſſy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of hifty colection, which carries them through and through the moſt prophane and trennowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maieſtie commended him to you by young *Ostricke*, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, he ſends to know if your pleaſure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they followe the Kings pleaſure, if his fitnes ſpeakes, mine is ready: now or whenſoeuer, prouided I be ſo able as now.

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe. [95

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene deſires you to vſe ſome gentle entertainment *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Ham. Shee well inſtructs me.

Hora. You will looſe my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke ſo, ſince he went into France, I haue bene

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee ſuck't it: thus had he and mine more of the ſame Beauy that I know the droſſie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yefty collection, which carries them through & through the moſt fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will loſe this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke ſo, ſince he went into France,

V ii.

Ham. Beleeue me *Horatio,* my hart is on the ſodaine
Very ſore all here about.
Hor. My lord forbeare the challenge then.

230 *Ham.* No *Horatio,* not I, if danger be now,
Why then it is not to come, theres a predeſtinate prouidence.
in the fall of a ſparrow: heere comes the King. [62

Enter King, Queene, Leartes, Lordes.

King Now ſonne *Hamlet,* we haue laid vpon your head,
And make no queſtion but to haue the beſt.
Ham. Your maieſtie hath laide a the weaker ſide.
King We doubt it not, deliuer them the foiles.
Ham. Firſt Leartes, heere's my hand and loue,
Proteſting that I neuer wrongd *Leartes.*
If *Hamlet* in his madneſſe did amiſſe,
That was not *Hamlet,* but his madnes did it,
And all the wrong I e're did to *Leartes,*
I here proclaime was madnes, therefore lets be at peace,
And thinke I haue ſhot mine arrow o're the houſe,
And hurt my brother.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

I haue beene in continuall practice; I ſhall winne at the oddes: but thou wouldeſt not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.
Hor. Nay, good my Lord.
Ham. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kinde of gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman.
Hor. If your minde diſlike any thing, obey. I will foreſtall their repaire hither, and ſay you are not fit.
230 *Ham.* Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a ſpeciall Prouidence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now: if it be not now; yet it will come; the readineſſe is all, ſince no [280b man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue betimes?

V. ii.

in continuall practiſe, I ſhall winne at the ods; thou would'ſt not thinke how ill all's heere about my hart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is ſuch a kinde of gamgiuing, as would perhapes trouble a woman.

Hora. If your minde diſlike any thing, obay it. I will forſtal their repaire hether, and ſay you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie augury, there is ſpeciall prouidence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come, the readines is all, ſince no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ift to leaue betimes, let be.

A table prepard, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cuſhion, King, Queene, and all the ſtate, Foiles, daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon ſir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this preſence knowes.
And you muſt needs haue heard, how I am punniſht
With a ſore diſtraction, what I haue done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake, I heare proclame was madneſſe,
Waſt *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes?* neuer *Hamlet.*
If *Hamlet* from himſelfe be ſane away,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

Kin. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.
This preſence knowes,
And you muſt needs haue heard how I am puniſht
With ſore diſtraction? What I haue done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madneſſe:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Neuer *Hamlet.*
If *Hamlet* from himſelfe be taine away:

Lear. Sir I am ſatisfied in nature,
But in termes of honor I'le ſtand aloofe,
And will no reconcilement,
Till by ſome elder maiſters of our time
I may be ſatisfied.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

And when he's not himſelfe, do's wrong *Laertes,*
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? His Madneſſe? If't be ſo,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His madneſſe is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.
Sir, in this Audience,
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me ſo farre in your moſt generous thoughts,
That I haue ſhot mine Arrow o're the houſe,
And hurt my Mother.
Laer. I am ſatisfied in Nature,
Whoſe motiue in this caſe ſhould ſtirre me moſt
To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor
I ſtand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,

V. ii.

And when hee's not himſelfe, dooes wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* dooes it not, *Hamlet* denies it,
Who dooes it then? his madneſſe. Iſt be ſo,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madneſſe is poore *Hamlets* enimie,
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me ſo farre in your moſt generous thoughts
That I haue ſhot my arrowe ore the houſe
And hurt my brother. |96

Laer. I am ſatisfied in nature,
Whoſe motiue in this caſe ſhould ſtirre me moſt
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I ſtand a looſe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by ſome elder Maiſters of knowne honor
I haue a voyce and preſident of peace
To my name vngord: but all that time
I doe receaue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager franckly play.
Giue vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill ſhall like a ſtarre i'th darkeſt night
Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me ſir.

Ham. No by this hand.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Till by ſome elder Maſters of knowne Honor,
I haue a voyce, and preſident of peace
To keepe my name vngorg'd. But till that time,
I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue,
And wil not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankely play.
Giue vs the Foyles: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill ſhall like a Starre i'th' darkeſt night,
Sticke fiery off indeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

V. ii.

King Giue them the foyles.

Ham. I'le be your foyle *Leartes*, theſe foyles,
Haue all a laught, come on ſir: *a hit.*

Lear. No none. *Heere they play*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

King. Giue them the Foyles yong *Oſricke*,
Couſen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.
Ham. Verie well my Lord,
Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th'weaker ſide.
King. I do not feare it,
I haue ſeene you both:
But ſince he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.
Laer. This is too heauy,
Let me ſee another.
Ham. This likes me well,
Theſe Foyles haue all a length. *Prepare to play.*
Oſricke. I my good Lord.
King. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:
If *Hamlet* giue the firſt, or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,

V. ii.

King. Giue them the foiles young *Ostricke*, cofin *Hamlet*,
You knowe the wager.
Ham. Very well my Lord.
Your grace has layed the ods a'th weeker ſide.
King. I doe not feare it, I haue ſeene you both,
But ſince he is better, we haue therefore ods.
Laer. This is to heauy: let me ſee another.
Ham. This likes me well, theſe foiles haue all a length.
Ostr. I my good Lord.
King. Set me the ſtoopes of wine vpon that table,
If *Hamlet* giue the firſt or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwere of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King ſhall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the cup an Vnice ſhall he throwe,
Richer then that which foure ſucceſsiue Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet ſpeake,
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Cannons to the heauens, the heauen to earth,
Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*, come beginne. *Trumpets* [97
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye. *the while.*
Ham. Come on ſir.
Laer. Come my Lord.
Ham. One.
Laer. No.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
The King ſhal drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the Cup an vnion ſhal he throw
Richer then that, which foure ſucceſſiue Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne.
Giue me the Cups, [281a
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets ſpeake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,
Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet.* Come, begin,
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.
Ham. Come on ſir.
Laer. Come on ſir. *They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.

V. ii.

Ham. Iudgement.
Gent. A hit, a moſt palpable hit.
Lear. Well, come againe. *They play againe.*
Ham. Another. Iudgement.
Lear. I, I grant, a tuch a tuch.
King Here *Hamlet,* the king doth drinke a health to thee
Queene Here *Hamlet,* take my napkin, wipe thy face.
King Giue him the wine.
Ham. Set it by, I'le haue another bowt firſt,
I'le drinke anone.

Queene Here *Hamlet,* thy mother drinkes to thee.
Shee drinkes.

King Do not drinke *Gertred*: O t'is the poyſned cup!

Ham. Leartes come, you dally with me, [63
I pray you paſſe with your moſt cunningſt play.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Iudgement.
Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well: againe.
King. Stay, giue me drinke.
Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup,
Trumpets ſound, and ſhot goes off.
Ham. Ile play this bout firſt, ſet by a-while.
Come: Another hit; what ſay you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confeſſe.
King. Our Sonne ſhall win.
Qu. He's fat, and ſcant of breath.
Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,
The Queene Carowſes to thy fortune, *Hamlet.*
Ham. Good Madam.

V. ii.

Ham. Iudgement.
Ostrick. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpets and ſhot.*
Laer. Well, againe. *Floriſh, a peece goes off.*

King. Stay, giue me drinke, *Hamlet* this pearle is thine.
Heeres to thy health: giue him the cup.
Ham. Ile play this bout firſt, ſet it by a while
Come, another hit. What ſay you?
Laer. I doe confeſt.
King. Our ſonne ſhall winne.
Quee. Hee's fat and ſcant of breath.
Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,
The Queene carowſes to thy fortune *Hamlet.*
Ham. Good Madam.
King. *Gertrard* doe not drinke.
Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poyſned cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.
Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I doe not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience.
Ham. Come for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally.
I pray you paſſe with your beſt violence
I am ſure you make a wanton of me.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

King. *Gertrude,* do not drinke.
Qu. I will my Lord;
I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poyſon'd Cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,
By and by.
Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I do not thinke't.
Laer. And yet 'tis almoſt 'gainſt my conſcience.
Ham. Come for the third.
Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you paſſe with your beſt violence,
I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.

V. ii.

Lear. I! ſay you ſo? haue at you,
Ile hit you now my Lord:
And yet it goes almoſt againſt my conſcience.

Ham. Come on ſir.
They catch one anothers Rapiers, and both are wounded,
Leartes falles downe, the Queene falles downe and dies.
King Looke to the Queene.
Queene O the drinke, the drinke, *Hamlet,* the drinke.
Ham. Treaſon, ho, keepe the gates.
Lords How iſt my Lord *Leartes?*
Lear. Euen as a coxcombe ſhould,
Fooliſhly ſtaine with my owne weapon:

Hamlet, thou haſt not in thee halfe an houre of life,
The fatall Inſtrument is in thy hand.
Vnbated and invenomed: thy mother's poyſned,
That drinke was made for thee.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Laer. Say you ſo? Come on. *Play.*
Oſr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Haue at you now.
In ſcuffling they change Rapiers.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay come, againe.
Oſr. Looke to the Queene there hoa.
Hor. They bleed on both ſides. How is't my Lord?
Oſr. How is't *Laertes?*
Laer. Why as a Woodcocke
To mine Sprindge, *Oſricke,*
I am iuſtly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.

V. ii.

Laer. Say you ſo, come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Haue at you now.
King. Part them, they are incenſt.
Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Looke to the Queene there howe.
Hora. They bleed on both ſides, how is it my Lord?

Ostr. How iſt *Laertes?*
Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne ſprindge *Ostrick*,
I am iuſtly kild with mine owne treachery. [98
Ham. How dooes the Queene?
King. Shee ſounds to ſee them bleed.
Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, ô my deare *Hamlet*,
The drinke the drinke, I am poyſned.
Ham. O villanie, how let the doore be lock't,
Treachery, ſeeke it out.
Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*, thou art ſlaine,
No medcin in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous inſtrument is in my hand

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Ham. How does the Queene?
King. She ſounds to ſee them bleede.
Qu. No, no, the drinke, the drinke.
Oh my deere Hamlet, the drinke, the drinke,
I am poyſon'd.
Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, ſeeke it out.
Laer. It is heere *Hamlet.*
Hamlet, thou art ſlaine,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;
The Treacherous Inſtrument is in thy hand,

Ham. The poyſned Inſtrument within my hand?
Then venome to thy venome, die damn'd villaine:
Come drinke, here lies thy vnion here. *The king dies.*

Lear. O he is iuſtly ſerued:
Hamlet, before I die, here take my hand,
And withall, my loue: I doe forgiue thee. *Leartes dies.*

Ham. And I thee, O I am dead *Horatio*, fare thee well.

Hor. No, I am more an antike Roman.
Then a Dane, here is ſome poiſon left.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Vnbated and envenom'd: the foule practiſe
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,
Neuer to riſe againe: Thy Mothers poyſon'd:
I can no more, the King, the King's too blame. [281b
Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.
Hurts the King.
All. Treaſon, Treaſon.
King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Heere thou inceſtuous, murdrous,
Damned Dane,
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?
Follow my Mother. *King Dyes.*
Laer. He is iuſtly ſeru'd.
It is a poyſon temp'red by himſelfe:

Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practiſe
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me, loe heere I lie
Neuer to riſe againe, thy mother's poyſned,
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.
Ham. The point inuenom'd to, then venome to thy worke.
All. Treaſon, treaſon.
King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Heare thou inceſtious damned Dane,
Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?
Follow my mother.
Laer. He is iuſtly ſerued, it is a poyſon temperd by himſelfe,
Exchange forgiueneſſe with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,
Nor thine on me.
Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time, as this fell ſergeant Death
Is ſtrict in his arreſt, ô I could tell you,
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liueſt, report me and my cauſe a right
To the vnſatisfied.
Hora. Neuer belieue it;
I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,
Heere's yet ſome liquer left.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Exchange forgiueneſſe with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me. *Dyes.*
Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is ſtrick'd in his Arreſt) oh I could tell you.
But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liu'ſt, report me and my cauſes right
To the vnſatisfied.
Hor. Neuer beleeue it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet ſome Liquor left.

V. ii.

Ham. Vpon my loue I charge thee let it goe,
O fie *Horatio*, and if thou ſhouldſt die,
What a ſcandale wouldſt thou leaue behinde?
What tongue ſhould tell the ſtory of our deaths,
If not from thee? O my heart ſinckes *Horatio*.
Mine eyes haue loſt their ſight, my tongue his vſe:
Farewel *Horatio*, heauen receiue my ſoule. *Ham. dies.*

Enter Voltemar and the Ambaſſadors from England. [64
enter Fortenbraſſe with his traine.

Fort. Where is this bloudy ſight?
Hor. If aught of woe or wonder you'ld behold,
Then looke vpon this tragicke ſpectacle.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.
Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
(Things ſtanding thus vnknowne) ſhall liue behinde me.
If thou did'ſt euer hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicitie awhile,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in paine,
360 To tell my Storie.
March afarre off, and ſhout within.
What warlike noyſe is this?

Enter Oſricke.

Oſr. Yong *Fortinbras*, with conqueſt come frõ Poland
To th'Ambaſſadors of England giues rhis warlike volly.
Ham. O I dye *Horatio:*
The potent poyſon quite ore-crowes my ſpirit,

V. ii.

Ham. As th'art a man
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,
O god *Horatio*, what a wounded name [99
Things ſtanding thus vnknowne, ſhall I leaue behind me?
If thou did'ſt euer hold me in thy hart,
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world drawe thy breath in paine *A march a*
To tell my ſtory: what warlike noiſe is this? *farre off.*

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Young *Fortenbraſſe* with conqueſt come from Poland,
To th'embaſſadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I die *Horatio*,
The potent poyſon quite ore-crowes my ſpirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,
But I doe prophecie th'ellection lights
On *Fortinbraſſe*, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him, with th'occurants more and leſſe
Which haue ſolicited, the reſt is ſilence.

Hora. Now cracks a noble hart, good night ſweete Prince,
And flights of Angels ſing thee to thy reſt.
Why dooes the drum come hether?

Enter Fortenbraſſe, with the Embaſſadors.

For. Where is this ſight?

Hora. What is it you would ſee?
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England,
But I do prophefie th'election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and leſſe,
Which haue ſolicited. The reſt is ſilence. O, o, o, o. *Dyes*

Hora. Now cracke a Noble heart:
Goodnight ſweet Prince,
And flights of Angels ſing thee to thy reſt,
Why do's the Drumme come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and Engliſh Ambaſſador, with Drumme, Colours, and Attendants.

Fortin. Where is this ſight?

Hor. What is it ye would ſee;
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.

V. ii.

Fort. O imperious death! how many Princes
Haſt thou at one draft bloudily ſhot to death?

Ambaſſ. Our ambaſſie that we haue brought from *England*,
Where be theſe Princes that ſhould heare vs ſpeake?
O moſt moſt vnlooked for time! vnhappy country.

Hor. Content your ſelues, Ile ſhew to all, the ground,
The firſt beginning of this Tragedy:
Let there a ſcaffold be rearde vp in the market place,
And let the State of the world be there:
Where you ſhall heare ſuch a ſad ſtory tolde,
That neuer mortall man could more vnfolde.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

For. His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,
What feaſt is toward in thine eternall Cell.
That thou ſo many Princes, at a ſhoote,
So bloodily haſt ſtrooke.

Amb. The ſight is diſmall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are fenſeleſſe that ſhould giue vs hearing,
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,
That *Roſincrance* and *Guildenſterne* are dead: [282a
Where ſhould we haue our thankes?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.

V. ii.

For. This quarry cries on hauock, ô prou'd death
What feaſt is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhot
So bloudily haſt ſtrook?
Embaſ. The ſight is diſmall
And our affaires from *England* come too late,
The eares are fenceleſſe that ſhould giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfild,
That *Roſencraus* and *Guyldenſterne* are dead,
Where ſhould we haue our thankes?
Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But ſince ſo iump vpon this bloody queſtion
You from the *Pollack* warres, and you from *England.* [100
Are heere arriued, giue order that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeake, to yet vnknowing world
How theſe things came about; ſo ſhall you heare
Of carnall, bloody and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, caſuall ſlaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cauſe
And in this vpſhot, purpoſes miſtooke,
Falne on th'inuenters heads: all this can I
Truly deliuer.
For. Let vs haſt to heare it,
And call the nobleſt to the audience,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

But ſince ſo iumpe vpon this bloodie queſtion,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arriued. Giue order that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeake to th'yet vnknowing world,
How theſe things came about. So ſhall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, caſuall ſlaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cauſe,
And in this vpſhot, purpoſes miſtooke,
Falne on the Inuentors heads. All this can I
Truly deliuer.
For. Let vs haſt to heare it,
And call the Nobleſt to the Audience.

V. ii.

Fort. I haue ſome rights of memory to this kingdome,
Which now to claime my leiſure doth inuite mee:

Let foure of our chiefeſt Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a ſouldier to his graue:
For he was likely, had he liued,
To a prou'd moſt royall.

Take vp the bodie, ſuch a ſight as this
Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amiſſe.

Finis

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

For me, with ſorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I haue ſome Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are ro claime, my vantage doth [282b
Inuite me,

Hor. Of that I ſhall haue alwayes cauſe to ſpeake,
And from his mouth
Whoſe voyce will draw on more:
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Leſt more miſchance
On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let foure Captaines

V. ii.

For me, with ſorrowe I embrace my fortune,
I haue ſome rights, of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to clame my vantage doth inuite me.
Hora. Of that I ſhall haue alſo cauſe to ſpeake,
And from his mouth, whoſe voyce will drawe no more,
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, leaſt more miſchance
On plots and errores happen.
For. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a ſouldier to the ſtage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To haue prooued moſt royall; and for his paſſage,
The ſouldiers muſicke and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, ſuch a ſight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere ſhowes much amiſſe.
Goe bid the ſouldiers ſhoote. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F_1).

Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prou'd moſt royally:
And for his paſſage,
The Souldiours Muſicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a ſight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere ſhewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers ſhoote.

Exeunt Marching after the which, a Peale of Ordenance are ſhot off.

FINIS.

CORRECTIONS AND NOTES.

p. 21, *l.* 17, *dele comma after* thine.
p. 21, *l.* 3 *from bottom*, *read* looke.
p. 25, *l.* 20, *read* chiefeſt.
p. 26, *l.* 1 *from bottom*, *read* ſhould.
p. 32, *l.* 12, *read* Apparition comes: I.
p. 43, *l.* 11 *from bottom*, *put colon after* iudgment.
p. 55, *l.* 3 *from bottom*, *read* ſulphurous.
p. 56, *l.* 4, *read* my.
p. 61, *l.* 7 *from bottom*, *read* diſpatcht.
p. 62, *l.* 6 *from bottom*, *for* he, *read* be (b *imperfect, very like* h).
p. 73, *l.* 5 *from bottom*, *the* n *in* drabbing *is turned (but looks like* n, *only somewhat imperfect, in Halliwell's facsimile).*
p. 79, *l.* 8, *put full stop after* me.
p. 86, *l.* 4 *from bottom, for second* our, *read* out (t *very like* r).
p. 87, *l.* 1 *from bottom*, *read* Enterprize.
p. 88, *l.* 1, *read* of.
p. 90, *l.* 1 *from bottom*, *for* ſtav, *read* ſtay (y *imperfect, very like* v).
p. 91, *l.* 14 *from bottom, read "moue" (in Halliwell's facsimile, however, the word looks like "mone").*
p. 94, *l.* 14 *from bottom*, *read* Not.
p. 100, *l.* 6 *from bottom*, *full stop after* Lord *is correct (comma in Booth's reprint).*
p. 101, *l.* 12 *from bottom*, *read* Wee'l *(looks like* Wee'I *in Halliwell's facsimile).*
p. 102, *l.* 5 *from bottom*, *read* whether.
p. 103, *l.* 7 *from bottom*, *read* rill (*i. e.* ſter|rill).
p. 113, *l.* 23, *read* Striking.
p. 114, *l.* 11 *from bottom*, Priſoner *is correct* (priſoner *in Booth's reprint*).
p. 125, *l.* 11 *from bottom*, *put colon after* it.
p. 138, *l.* 1 *from bottom*, *put comma after* him.
p. 146, *l.* 20 *from bottom*, c *in* kercher *may be* e.
p. 150, *l.* 13, s *in* was *indistinct.*
p. 155, *l.* 5 *from bottom*, *read* barren *(very much like* barron *in Halliwell's facsimile).*

p. 157. *l.* 2, *dele one* the.
p. 158, *l.* 9, *put full stop after* face.
p. 160, *l.* 13 *from bottom, read* feed.
p. 165, *l.* 16 *from bottom, put comma after* extremitie.
p. 170, *l.* 9, *read* keepe.
p. 177, *l.* 13, gteat *can hardly be read* great *(although* t *and* r *are often very much alike).*
p. 182, *ll.* 12 *to* 16 *should stand two lines lower down.*
p. 205, *l.* 21, *for second* if, *read* it.
p. 207, *l.* 12 *from bottom, read "Ham.".*
p. 227, *l.* 3 *from bottom, put full stop after "diſtracted".*
p. 229, *l.* 9, ſnow *may be* fnow *(but it is often impossible to distinguish between* ſ *and* f).
p. 230, *l.* 10 *from bottom, put full stop after* Valentine.
p. 231, *l.* 11, *read* promiſd.
p. 232, *l.* 3 *from bottom, put comma after* Iudgment.
p. 242, *l.* 2 *from bottom, read* right.
p. 251, *l.* 16 *from bottom, put full stop after "Meſſen".*
p. 265, *l.* 8, *read* ſhe.
p. 269, *l.* 15, *read* twere.
p. 269, *l.* 18, *read* It.
p. 270, *l.* 8 *from bottom, dele full stop after "Spade" (full stop in Booth's reprint).*
p. 275, *l.* 2, horne *may be* borne (b *imperfect*).
p. 277, *l.* 9 *from bottom, put full stop after* it.
p. 278, *l.* 1 *from bottom, read* he.
p. 288, *ll.* 6 *and* 7 *from bottom, put commas at end of lines* (*colon after* life *in Booth's reprint*).
p. 312, *l.* 3 *from bottom,* rhis *can hardly be read* this.
p. 316, *l.* 11 *from bottom,* I *distinct in Br. Mus. copy C.* 39. *i.* 12 (*very like* T *in Halliwell's facsimile*).
p. 316, *l.* 10 *from bottom,* ro (*for* to) *is distinct.*

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